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CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

JANUARY, 1938

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET

for

JANUARY

1938

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DAVID A. SMART

PUBLISHER

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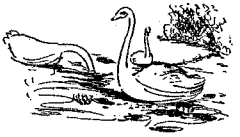
THE BEAUTIFUL SAVAGE

THE WORST HELL-KITE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM IS THE ONE THAT YOU WOULD LEAST SUSPECT



THE night of April 1, 1937, was closing down on the Manchester suburb of Cheetham when police, who had been searching for ten-year-old Eileen Foreman since noon found the child drowned in a pond near Barrow Hill.

It was not a large pond and, around the banks, was not more than waist deep. It was on Eileen's route to and from school.

A few scratches were on the girl's arms and hands. They may have been received in the ordinary course of play or they may have been received in a struggle by the side of the pond.

The police were fortunate in finding witnesses who had been in a position to observe that region during most of the noon hour. Eileen had been noticed going to the pond but no one else had been seen there.

It was unlikely the child had been drowned by any human agency. A number of her footprints were discovered on the low muddy bank where she had been standing, but the telltale mud revealed no one else's footprints nor did it show any trace of her having slipped in. The mystery deepened.

Suicide was possible but highly improbable.

How, then, had this youngster come to be drowned within a few minutes walk of her home and almost in plain sight of several dwellers?

It was mentioned in newspaper accounts of the tragedy that a solitary swan lived in the pond. Immediately the police received letters and a few phone calls all "putting the finger" on Mr. Swan as the murderer. This seemed ridiculous, but in the next few days the police of Cheetham learned a thing or two about swans and in the end, after a resolution in the municipal council to shoot the culprit had been passed and a last minute reprieve granted, the guilty bird was removed to another pond near which children did not go unattended.

That the swan swam to the edge of the bank where the girl was standing, caught her in a half bending position as she leaned over to admire it and pulled her in was more than likely. It is not just a handy explanation to advance in the absence of a human attacker; for the swan, so beautiful in outline, so graceful in motion, so in-

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spirational for poets and artists, is nevertheless the nastiest customer for its size and weight in the animal kingdom.

It is not generally known what a hell-kite this beautiful creature really is—that all its elegance conceals a savage nature combining the treachery of the snake, the ferocity of the wildcat and the tenacity of the bulldog.

Swans have killed dogs without number, drowned children, attacked and routed human beings after breaking arms and inflicting other serious injuries; and when swan meets swan in battle a bloody mêlée ensues which makes a really good dog fight look like the hearth rug game of kittens.

A bright afternoon in August, 1936, found Frank Thomas fishing in the Thames near Reading. Cries a hundred yards downstream brought him on the run to find four swans pulling a boy into midstream. Thomas plunged in to rescue the lad, Brian Barrett, aged six and, endowed with as much luck as courage, managed to get the boy away from his attackers and bring him, half drowned, to shore.

Brian had been picnicking with his parents farther downstream and after the lunch had wandered off by himself. Seeing the swans near the bank he had started tossing bits of cake to them when two of the birds suddenly seized him by the pant legs and pulled him in. Hissing like angry geese they clustered around their prey and while two pulled him from shore their mates pecked savagely at the helpless child; and a "peck" from a swan is in the category of a blow.

Why the swans did not turn on Brian's rescuer is strange, and fortunate for him. When a swan is in a malignant mood it will go for anything and when it can get its adversary in its own element the swan does not come off second best.

In the hundreds of battles between swans and other animals the swans are nearly always the victors. No dog, no matter how great his prowess as a fighter, comes out alive from such a scrap even when hostilities are begun on land.

When a fox terrier rushed a female swan sitting on her nest on the bank of the Clyde in Richmond Park, Glasgow, last May it did not take the head of the family long to appear on the scene. The female left everything to her consort who justified her confidence by knocking the invader senseless with a few well directed blows with beak and wings, then, picking the terrier up by the neck, took it into the stream and drowned it.

People living in the vicinity of Hampstead Heath pond were mystified during the early summer of 1930 by the disappearance of their dogs. Three pets disappeared in two weeks and a fourth was found drowned in the pond early in the third week of the strange disappearances. The fate of these dogs was cleared up later that same week when eye witnesses saw the fifth victim dispatched after a fight

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with Hercules, an old male swan which had inhabited the pond for three or four years.

Hercules left the water as soon as he saw the dog, a mongrel with Irish terrier predominating, trotting along the path by the pond's edge. They joined battle at once and for five glorious minutes the quadruped gave a good account of himself. Up and down the path and over on the grass the snarling hissing mass of fur and feathers rolled. Finally the bird's advantage in weight and weapons began to tell. As the terrier wilted the swan increased the venom of its attack, beating the animal with wings and beak until it was an inert blood-covered mass. When the victor began literally to wipe the path with its adversary two boys rushed to the rescue. But Hercules would not surrender his prey. He picked the dog up and swimming out to the middle of the pond administered the finishing touches beyond interference.

Hercules was seen to do in his sixth victim, after a shorter and less gory struggle, and although every dog in the neighborhood was carefully watched, two more found their way to the pond and death. Hercules was thus credited with eight killings in two months, but a shot, mysteriously fired one night, ended his bloody career.

On a June day in 1925, Jean Carpin was cycling along the road a few miles north of Metz when he was suddenly crashed to the ground by a swan which had fallen on him. Bewildered by this attack and probably stunned by the fall, the youth was a defenseless victim for what followed. With two vicious thrusts of the beak in as many seconds the swan broke Carpin's nose and ruined the sight of his right eye forever. Further injury was mercifully avoided by the arrival of a peasant from a nearby field.

The peasant, whose name was Jesus, had responded to Carpin's cries. He was armed with a clumsy wooden rake. The first swipe of the rake went wild, striking the road and breaking the handle off short. With this more useful weapon Jesus managed to beat the swan off. The affray was just beginning, however. A second swan appeared from the blue and rushed at Carpin's rescuer. The first swan then felt able to resume hostilities and in a wild few minutes the two had borne the peasant to the ground and with a blow with a wing broke his left arm.

But there were yet more reserves. Three men in an automobile appeared and rushed to give aid. One of the men caught No. 1 swan off guard and promptly wrung its neck; but No. 2 swan showed no inclination to leave the field to superior numbers. Hissing furiously it rushed at the newcomers with the result that two, intimidated by the attack and no doubt appalled by the sight of the casualties, turned tail and fled. The third man was the hero of this episode. Grabbing the club from the now hysterical Jesus, he closed with the bird and killed it.

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How the first swan came to fall on Carpin remains unexplained. The Moselle River flowed close by so both swans must have been in flight either to or from the Moselle. There are many instances of swans entangling in telephone wires and radio aerials. They seem unable to gain sufficient altitude to avoid such things and the possibility that the upper branches of a tree on the Metz road brought Carpin's attacker down is the only explanation. The second bird probably saw or sensed what was happening below and came down of its own volition.

At Alton, Hants, not long ago a swan crashed into telephone wires in the center of the town, bringing so many down that the service was interrupted for five hours. The swan was uninjured. It strolled into a museum where it spent an interested half-hour while curators and attendants stood in perspiring expectancy for it to go berserk and smash cases and their priceless contents. Everyone was afraid that an attempt to herd it out of the building would only hasten the destruction. But the swan ambled out without causing damage, walked into the middle of the street where it held up traffic for twenty minutes then submitted meekly to the embraces of a policeman who carried it to the park pond.

The Black Swan of Australia is indigenous to that continent. Four of these fellows were shipped to the Thames a few years ago as a present from the Commonwealth to the Vintners' Company which, with the King and Dyers' Company, owns all the swans in the river.

The good will gesture was completely lost on both the immigrants and the Vintners' white swans. As soon as blacks and whites came within sight of each other the fight was on.

Scores of people near Richmond Park saw the battle of blacks vs. whites. Half a dozen white swans ranged against the Aussies and for twenty minutes the river was thrashed into a blood shot foam. The hisses were heard for a quarter of a mile. The battle "field" was like a cauldron from which ten writhing necks emerged like battling serpents. From time to time a black and a white would rise a few feet from the water like game cocks, their murderous beaks still jabbing away.

The black swans finally retreated, followed a mile downstream by the whites who, though victorious, covered the stream with their feathers and blood.

Eric Baumer, the seven-year-old son of a Dortmund manufacturer was sent to live with his grandparents at Ludinghauser during the summer of 1920.

The lad's grandparents had often taken him to the River Stever, a mile or so from their home.

On July 16 consent was given Lisa Wolffe, a neighbor's child of adolescent years who had often served as voluntary nursemaid to the child, to take him to the river.

A short time later Lisa returned

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alone—that is, without her charge, for two men came with her, partly to help the distracted girl home and partly to help her tell the story of Eric's fate.

Lisa and Eric had walked along the river bank until half a mile from the outskirts of town where Eric suggested they remove their shoes and stockings and wade for a bit. Lisa had not favored this scheme for herself but allowed Eric to do so.

While the boy waded about in the river Lisa sat under a tree about twenty feet from him. In a few minutes three swans came floating from around a bend in the river to where the boy stood. At this point he was in about a foot of water and less than two feet from the bank.

The swans came right up to him, forming a semi-circle around him. Eric and the swans stared at each other for a few seconds and Lisa, sensing trouble, called to him to come out of the water, at the same time rising and coming over to him.

She had taken less than half a dozen steps when the center bird suddenly lunged at Eric, grabbing his shirt front in its beak. The swan hung on, its weight pulling the child into the water. The horrified girl broke into a run but one of the swans left the water to meet her on shore. It rushed her head on. Although she valiantly tried to get between the bird and the boy enough time was lost in her game of tag with the swan for its two mates to take the boy farther out.

Lisa was forced to run from the spot with the swan in pursuit for several yards. When the swan turned back to the river Lisa kept running to find help.

She met two men there who of course ran to the river bank but the time lost had been fatal. When they arrived at the spot where Eric had been attacked neither he nor his attackers were in sight; but the swan which had chased Lisa was retreating around the same bend in the river from which all three had made their appearance shortly before.

The men and girl ran along the bank until they saw the other swans, apparently still mauling the boy but, alas, too far out for a rescue.

Neither of the men could swim and a boat was not procurable for a mile in either direction. While one man attempted to wade out the second ran for additional help. The wading attempt was useless. He could not get within twenty yards of the murder being enacted before their eyes.

Man and girl stood helplessly on the bank. Help in the form of a boat arrived half an hour later but little Eric was long since beyond saving.

Eric Baumer is the only case of a human being attacked and killed by swans before witnesses.

But after this glance at the crime sheet of the Jekyll and Hyde of bird-land the charge against the Cheetham swan appears obvious. It is sufficiently conclusive evidence on which to hang this swan in particular and all swans in general by their proudly arched necks.

—Frank E. Croft

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WE AUSTRIANS

EXPLAINING A PEOPLE WHO, BY THE FRANK ADMISSION OF ONE OF THEM, ARE CHARMING

WE AUSTRIANS, as you doubtlessly know, are an extremely charming people. And we know it, too, and depend on it. It has got us out of many a mess. I really can't see the reason why you have to come here if you doubt that fact. We Austrians are charming, very charming, and that is the end of it. No, it isn't, for we love to be told at intervals how charming we are. As long as you do that occasionally (about twice a day) we shall get along splendidly together.

We Austrians adore foreigners, especially the Anglo-Saxons. We love the looks of them, their behavior and their cash. Last of all their cash. We are fearful snobs about everything Anglo-Saxon; as a matter of fact some say we go too far. If you talk English we will pull ourselves to bits for you. God knows why. If, after a week's acquaintance, you ask us whether we were born or brought up in England, as our English is so perfect, we will willingly die for you.

We Austrians are on the whole good-natured as long as you don't rub us up the wrong way. So are cats.

We Austrians are pleasure-loving and we take our pleasure where we find it. We are not so fearfully particular about it.

We Austrians have a strong sense of humor and we roar with laughter at things that don't seem funny to others at all. At you, maybe, or at ourselves.

We Austrians love fancy dress and theatre. Any kind of display will send us into fits of enthusiasm, and Lotte Lehmann's singing seems much more important to us than, for instance, the League of Nations.

We Austrians are fearfully polite. We kiss hands as often as we get a chance, and flap our eyelashes. We say the nicest things to the most dreadful people, and only afterwards feel sick.

We Austrians have hardly any manners at all. That is part of our charm, and funnily enough people get quite used to it.

We Austrians are all geniuses. At least we believe we are, and that is good enough for us, as it ought to be for you. A genius must be forgiven many things. So please do.

We Austrians are essentially people

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of leisure. We are not exactly lazy, but leisure is a thing we cannot do without. Time may be money, but it takes a lot of leisure to get at the best things in life. It took us a thousand years to get the Salzburg festival started. I am sure they would not have taken a month about it the other side of the Lindbergh lake. They would have turned it out something different, too. Indeed, very different.

We Austrians are extraordinarily musical. Still, we don't go about singing arias all day long, nor do we yodel all night. We know all sorts of better things to do.

We Austrian boys always make love to a girl in a taxi. Why I don't know. Maybe the taxi has that sort of influence on us, or perhaps it is because we think that the girl expects us to. If you get into a taxi with one of us you will be hugged. Tell us beforehand that you don't care for hugging and we shall probably be greatly relieved and won't. But then you wouldn't really do that, would you?

We Austrians will grumble at anything Austrian, but woe betide you if you start grumbling too. Only we are allowed to grumble. You have got to put up with it.

We Austrians all have a soul of our own. Most of us carry it on the tips of our tongues, too. Say something nice about it if you can. It is so easy, for our soul is such a lovely thing, and we do so appreciate your noticing it.

We Austrians have all got a past. A lovely past where everything was so much better and we had more money and less troubles, and so on for many hours. Don't shoot, just quietly leave the room.

We Austrian girls are not half as fast as we look, and as long as we still are girls we are inclined to take love seriously. So you had better not start doing things to us, lest we fall in love.

We Austrians do resent having lost the one and only World War, so don't, please, go about telling us that you really had "nothing against Austria" and "you're sorry it happened." So are we.

We Austrians have long ago forgotten how nice it is to have money. Don't make us envious by showing us your pass-book. Your Rolls is just as much as we can bear.

We Austrians only feel really happy when we are pitied. We have then got something to laugh off and to be proud of. Pity us for that at least, please.

We Austrians—my tongue is in its proper place once again—are so completely one with nature and the beauties of the soil and art, that we take them naturally. If people can't just take in beauty calmly, but have got to tell the world about it every time a sun sets, then we keep away from them. To us beauty is as natural as breathing. Although, of course, some of us too have sickly lungs.

Now lastly, please, don't grumble at the Austrian inefficiency. Inefficiency is part of our charm. Have you ever found efficient people charming?

—F. Czernin

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CRIPPLES ARE HUMAN, TOO

A PARALYTIC HOLDS UP A MIRROR IN WHICH WE SEE, FOR ONCE, NOT HIS FAULTS BUT OUR OWN

THE other day as I sat in a barber's chair a badly deformed man laboriously hobbled past on the street. One of the waiting customers idly remarked to another, "Wouldn't you hate to be in his shape?"

"I'd commit suicide," his young friend laconically replied.

I had an impulse to shout "You're a liar!" though his attitude is not very unusual, and would have probably found an echo in my own view five years ago. No doubt the mind harbored by the vigorous body which I then possessed would have professed a preference for death "or anything" to such a condition. But since an attack of infantile paralysis has left that body crippled I find life just about as interesting as ever.

While physical deformity is greatly dreaded because it is the most noticeable of all defects in the individual, it is in reality less disadvantageous than many common shortcomings which are more easily concealed. The inability to enjoy literature; an unbridled temper; a bigoted mind—I would not exchange my lameness for a permanent marriage to any of these less obvious but more deplorable ills.

The principal disadvantage of my condition is not directly a physical one at all. It is that so many people insist on regarding the cripple as a being utterly different from themselves—somewhat of a freak mentally as well as physically—and cannot bring themselves to look upon him as an ordinary human. His defects are apparent at a glance, while theirs are sometimes never found out. Therein lies the difference.

One of my early schoolmates was a lame boy who could not participate in the many activities that make a youngster's life so full of adventure. We boys felt superior to him and thought of him with undisguised contempt, as if his lameness implied an all-round inferiority. Yet there was certainly no justification for this attitude, for he is turning out to be a more intelligent and successful young man than the average.

In later years I noticed an occasional cripple with an indifference which was not altogether free from this same sense of superiority, as though the "poor devil," as I thought

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of him, were crippled because of some inexcusable lack of effort or will power on his part—some weakness in his character. I suppose I had the vague idea that if a person just made up his mind firmly enough against it, he would not remain in such an imperfect state.

The restricted activity of the cripple limits somewhat his circle of friends; but the attitude of others also tends to keep him at a distance. In his presence they become embarrassed or awkward, or shy, or over-voluble, or stickily sympathetic. Upon being introduced to him even the most tactful persons will at times lose their usual air of self-possession.

In the presence of the cripple who is a stranger, people often feel that some effort at condolence is expected of them. I have learned to forestall such unwanted displays of sympathy to a large extent by taking the offensive at once when speaking with a new acquaintance. Whereas I formerly sat back and waited for the opening question which almost inevitably came—"What seems to be your trouble?" or "How did you ever get in such a shape?"—I now try to get the conversational ball rolling on some topic of broader interest.

It is understandable that people may have a slight natural aversion to any avoidable contact with cripples. There is in the public mind an unconscious association of mental with physical infirmity. Therefore people are likely to believe subconsciously that the latter must necessarily be accompanied by the former. They do not actually think about this, and would deny it should you ask them. But the prejudice is none the less there, as evidenced by the sometimes contemptuous connotation of the word "cripple" itself.

Employers do not usually like to hire cripples even for jobs requiring little activity, though in this age of specialization there are many positions which may be held by partly disabled persons as well as by anyone else, other things being equal. The cripple should not, as a rule—and does not wish to—be in a position which entails much direct contact with the public, such as that of salesman. But the fact that a man stumps around on an artificial leg or two does not in any way impair his mental efficiency. He may possibly be a more valuable employe than the average man, since his spare time is more likely to be used for self-improvement, and he frequently compensates for his physical shortcoming by acquiring an unusual degree of proficiency in doing those things for which he is not handicapped.

Since I have been trying to make my way in the world again after a long period of hospitalization, the exaggerated gulf between the able-bodied man and the lame one has become more marked than before. I now get around very well, though by no means gracefully, with the aid of crutches and braces. One day I went to a certain man whom I did not

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know in answer to a help-wanted ad. His eyes seemed to say, after quickly looking me over, "What do you think *you* could do?" And from a face containing a smile of amused tolerance he told me that the position had already been filled, although I subsequently learned that a later applicant had received the job. I had considered myself well qualified for this place; but he was not interested in my qualifications. The fact that I was crippled apparently precluded any chance I might have had, although it would not have interfered in the least with the actual performance of the work.

Fortunately most people do not take such an unreasoning attitude; indeed some go to the opposite extreme, ostentatiously "helping" the cripple by making him a victim of direct charity instead of letting him stand on his own whenever possible. No thinking cripple either expects or wants any deference or special privileges given him because of his infirmity. He does expect to be given credit for having normal mental faculties—an expectation in which he is often disillusioned. All he asks is an opportunity to compete with others on a basis of merit, without any prejudice for or against his lameness entering into consideration.

Tactfulness is at times found unexpectedly. A cab-driver with whom I recently rode, instead of making conversation with such drivel as "What a pity for such a young man to be crippled like that!" (an exclamation of which I am heartily sick, having heard variations of it literally dozens of times), pleasantly remarked that I had a nice-looking pair of crutches. This was said in the same manner one might have used to compliment a well-chosen suit or cravat, and since I had recently put a fresh coat of varnish on my crutches, the comment was appreciated.

It is very easy to adjust oneself to the physical limitations of being a cripple, for the loss in activity is more than offset by the increased stimulus to mental and other less strenuous pursuits. But the working out of a harmonious relationship with society is not so simple. The cripple is after all human; consider his lameness a big fault, if you will, but remember that perhaps even you have shortcomings which, were they as outwardly obvious as his, would cause you much greater difficulty. Daily life would be more pleasant for us as well as for those who come in contact with us if people would simply use the same speech and tactics in dealing with cripples as with anyone else, instead of treating us as beings apart from the normal run of humanity. Incidentally, they might occasionally be repaid by making a valued acquaintance. Someone has said that no place can be so lonely as a crowd. I say that no one can feel such a sense of isolation as the cripple surrounded by a world of robust and exuberant fellow-men who refuse to accept him as a person with normal thoughts, desires, hopes and dreams.

—ANONYMOUS

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CHOOSE YOUR DREAM

WHAT A PRANKISH TWIST THAT FOOL GAVE HER FLIGHT ON THE WINGS OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS

When Madame Roulebois, to whom her sixty years had given the desire to have a few wrinkles removed, entered the clinic, white, bare, and chromiumed, where this small adjustment was to take place, she showed some apprehension.

"You will feel nothing, dear madame," the eminent practitioner impressed upon her, however. "Nothing, I assure you. Besides, you will think of something else. To begin with, at the moment that I send you to sleep, choose your dream. So your thoughts will lead you to the land of your choice."

Choose one's dream! Madame Roulebois, a pre-war wife, is romantic and sentimental. A picture comes over her mind: Venice. Was there anywhere more charming for her imagination to roam than in those alleys, those little canals, where she had strolled so tenderly on the arm of her first as of her second husband, and of some dear friends who succeeded them?

Venice. Already she is embroidering on the slightly worn web of her memory, mixing up dates, confounding people. No matter. We shall go, she thinks, and listen to the serenata, try the ices at Florian's, dine at Murano's. She weaves and orders her dream, even while letting herself slip little by little into a gentle felicity.

The soporific.

However, at the moment of sinking completely into sleep, she has time to hear a voice, hard, precise, the voice of an assistant, probably, command in a peremptory and unanswerable tone:

"Let out the water! Come, hurry up, let out the water!"

Madame Roulebois is asleep. She is in Venice; but by a strange phenomenon the last sentence she heard is working in her mind. "Let out the water!" Who gave that order, then? Most strange of all, it is being carried out. Perched like a heron on the steps of her hotel, Madame Roulebois, who was preparing poetically to descend into a gondola, observes with terror that the water is sinking, disappearing, down, lower, a great deal lower than the steps.

Then Madame Roulebois, aghast, is present at a terrifying but truly un-

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forgettable spectacle. In all directions, drawn by a powerful pump, obeying what are evidently superior orders, the water of Venice subsides. With a disturbing gurgle the little canals empty themselves and splutter their last drops into the Grand Canal, in the middle of which there shivers a ridiculous little river which lessens, lessens, and disappears in its turn. Opposite, the Salute, perched on its piles, rests stupidly on a pocket of air. Madame Roulebois, who has a sense of the fitness of things, is moved to press the end of her parasol upon the church in order to make it go down to a level with the ground. But a look cast about her gives her vertigo, and at the sight of all these palaces half suspended in space she loses balance, and falls into the mud.

Ah, that lamentable walk! Madame Roulebois is in despair. She walks in the middle of the most fearsome junk-market conceivable. All the things that, for centuries, the Venetians have got rid of by throwing them into the water are there before her. Old casseroles, broken furniture, the shells of gondolas, she finds something of everything . . . even to the gold wedding-rings that the Doge threw into the lagoon. Near the Academy she stumbles against a piano. A piano, good heavens, and why a piano? And as Madame Roulebois is a romantic and professes to know her history of the Most Serene Republic she sees other things as well.

Before each door is a skeleton pierced by a dagger, something sewn into a sack, half a dozen hired bullies whom a threatened lover has accounted for by threading them on his sword in one thrust . . . Finally, before the prisons, a jostle of skeletons; under the Bridge of Sighs, a heap . . .

But the crowning point is that in the middle of her astonishing journey she discovers faces that she thought she had forgotten. Here are, together, arm in arm, her first and her second husband: "You see, Hortense, we had the same tastes, we got on very well with each other!" And then it is that little Argentine who treated her so badly, here, in Venice:

"Antonio!"

In crying out, Madame Roulebois wakes up. There is a buzzing in her ears. With a great noise the water rushes back once more into Venice.

The first movement of this estimable lady is a little violent.

"Fools!" she cries, furious. "Fools! Who talked about letting out the water?"

"It's nothing," murmurs the aesthetic surgeon to his assistant. "It's nothing, a slight reaction."

Even as he speaks, from his outstretched hands he has presented a mirror to Madame Roulebois, who suddenly sees herself, in her swathings, rejuvenated by thirty years.

Her anger falls. She is silent. It comes over her with a rush that at this age she did not yet know Venice. How could she have memories?

—MICHEL ROBIDA

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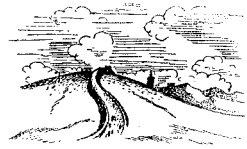
CHINA'S ONE-WAY GATE

HISTORY TEACHES HOWEVER EASILY THE BARRIER MAY SWING INWARD, IT NEVER OPENS OUTWARD



ONCE more China is invaded. She has withstood many invasions and only a few of these she has resisted. The Great Wall was built to keep out the warring tribes of the north. But this gigantic piece of masonry, built with much labor and expense, proved absolutely useless for when the Tartars consolidated their tribes and decided to invade China, they had but to bribe one of the gate keepers. The doors were unlocked at night.

When this great calamity was reported to the Emperor he sent for one of his sage advisers. This gentleman of wisdom and minister of state regarded the invasion very coolly.

"But what shall we do?" cried the Emperor. And with usual Chinese acquiescence and non-resistance, the minister replied: "We will go away and let the invaders come and live here and enjoy the luxury that they were never used to. In a very short time this luxury will corrupt them. And then, when they are corrupt, they will be weak and we can return."

"And how long will all this take?" asked the Emperor.

"Only a hundred years or more," replied the minister with utmost calm.

As fantastic as this may sound, it is true that the Khan Emperors had a very short dynasty, and luxury brought forth a great degeneracy. And the last of the emperors, Kublai Khan, suffered badly from gout or some such illness and was unable to go into battle except reclining on a couch which was carried on the back of an elephant.

The prophecy came true. For in little more than a century the old dynasty returned. And very little today remains of this invasion or any of the other invasions of China. Robbed of their identity, the invaders could neither return to their former country or remain in China as a separate class.

In the fourth century the Nestorian Christians brought the cross into China and all that remains today are a few inscriptions carved in stone. In the seventh century Jews from Arabia settled in China and, while Jews have retained their identity in all other countries, they have been completely absorbed in China. Absorption requires no war; no violence. The Chinese themselves say: "China is a sea that salts all rivers." —MANUEL KOMROFF

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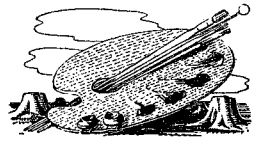
HISTORY AS IT WAS LIVED

SIGHTING, IN A SEA OF WORDS, A BRIEF PICTORIAL MOORING POINT TO THE PAST



THE chronicles of history are a cold dish at best. Its vast carcass plucked clean of flesh, the dry bones are conscientiously preserved in the refrigerators of our textbooks and encyclopedias. And even when the hash is rehashed, warmed over and served up in fictionized form, the appetite appeal may be increased but the vitamin content remains the same.

That would be Count No. 1 in a blanket indictment. Count No. 2 would challenge the right to precedence of Big Names and Important Dates. For between the lines of the usual accounts of superficial historical events on the grand scale we get mighty little conception of fundamental historical evolution on the human scale.

Those are merely the negative reasons why we owe a tangible debt of gratitude to one Simon Bening, or Benninck, or perhaps it was one Gerhard Hoornback, or Hoenbout—the authorities differ. But whoever he was and however he spelled his name, he painted the twelve Flemish calendar miniatures reproduced on the following pages and in so doing accidentally gave us a small but juicy slice of living history. His epoch was the early 16th century, his scene was Bruges. Not, to be sure, a very exciting conjunction of time and place as measured by accepted textbook standards, but that was not his fault.

At any rate, he was there. He saw and portrayed with marvelous realism the people of his own day, how they looked, how they worked, how they played—in short, how they lived. He omits the monarchs who are the figure-heads of history but he gives us an intimate glimpse of the fine gentry, the industrious townsmen and the stolid peasants who are the body of history. He omits the battles which are the false landmarks of history, but he conveys a sense of two significant chapters of evolutionary history — the emergence of the city as the focus of social development and the first faint rumblings of the drum of democracy as the middle class began to strut a growing consciousness of its purse-string power.

Even so his work stands as a document of tiny scope, but it is still a living sprig in a gigantic forest of dead trees.

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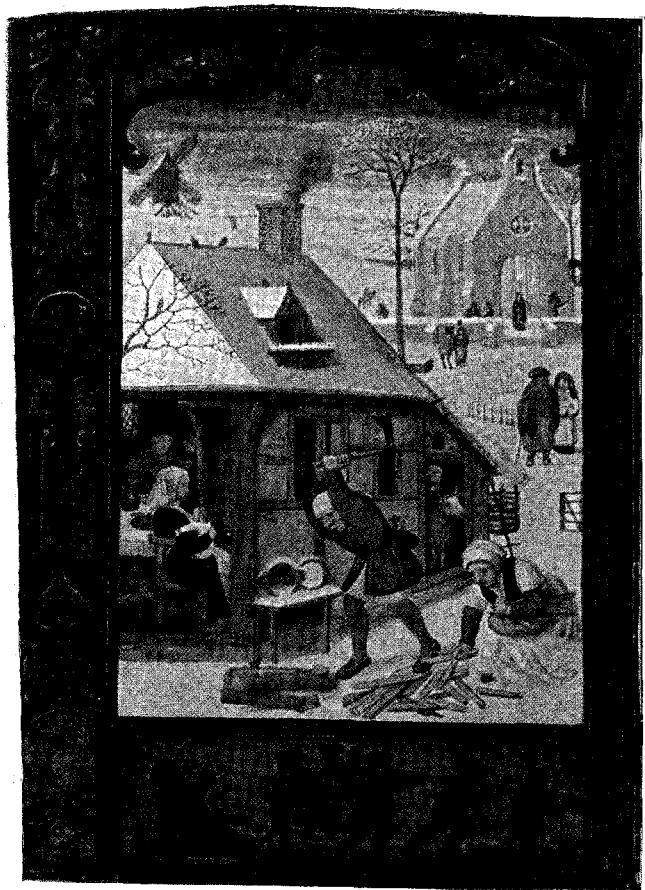

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

THE MONTHS' OCCUPATIONS: JANUARY

COTTAGER CHOPPING LOGS

Below: SLEDGING

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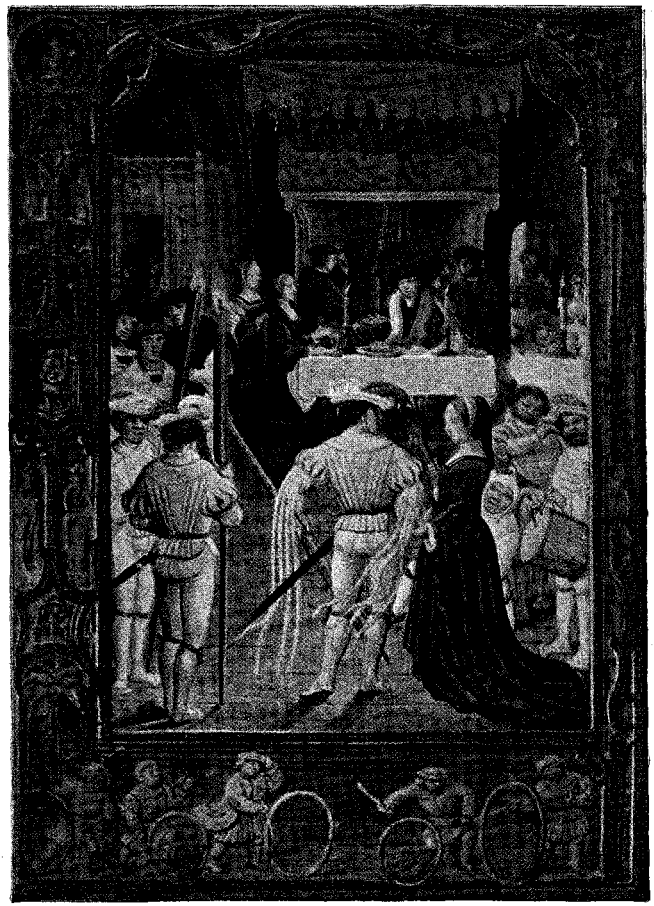

FEBRUARY

TORCH DANCE AT A FEAST

Below: BOWLING HOOPS

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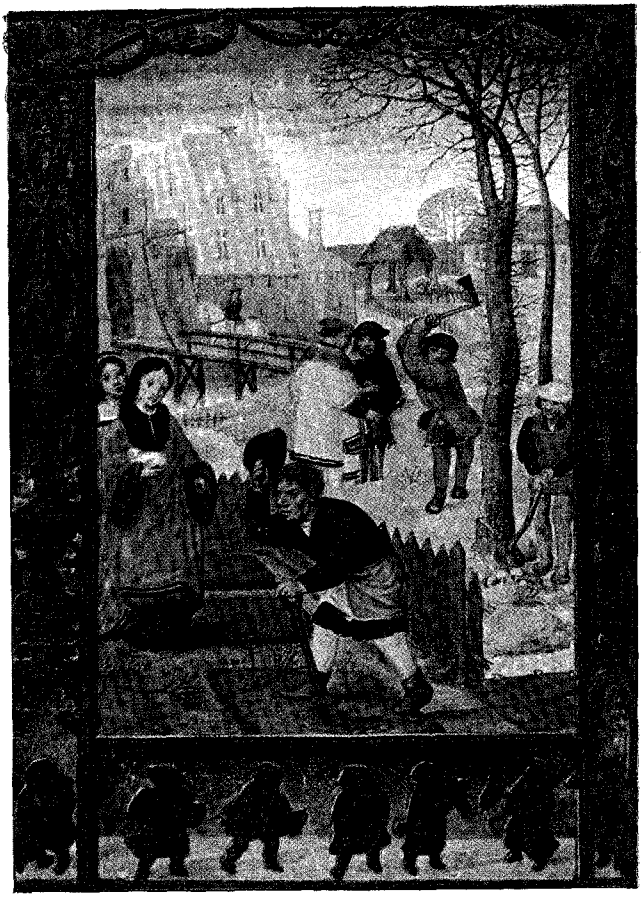

MARCH

GARDENING, FELLING TREES

Below: GAME OF RATTLES

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APRIL

LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS IN A GARDEN

Below: GAME OF STOOL-BALL

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MAY

BOATING PARTY ON A RIVER

Below: ARCHERY CONTEST

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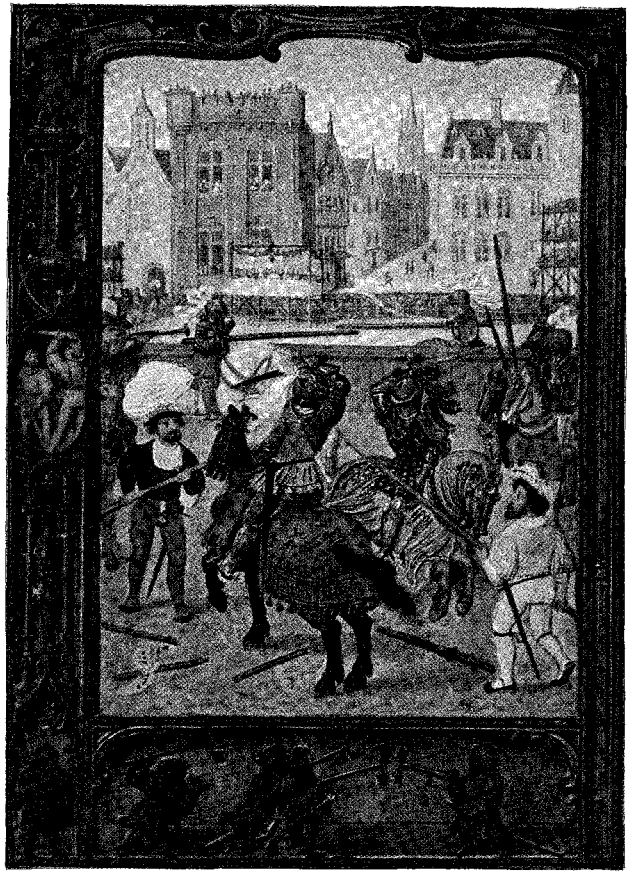

JUNE

TOURNAMENT WITH ARMORED COMBATANTS

Below: GAME OF HOBBY-HORSES

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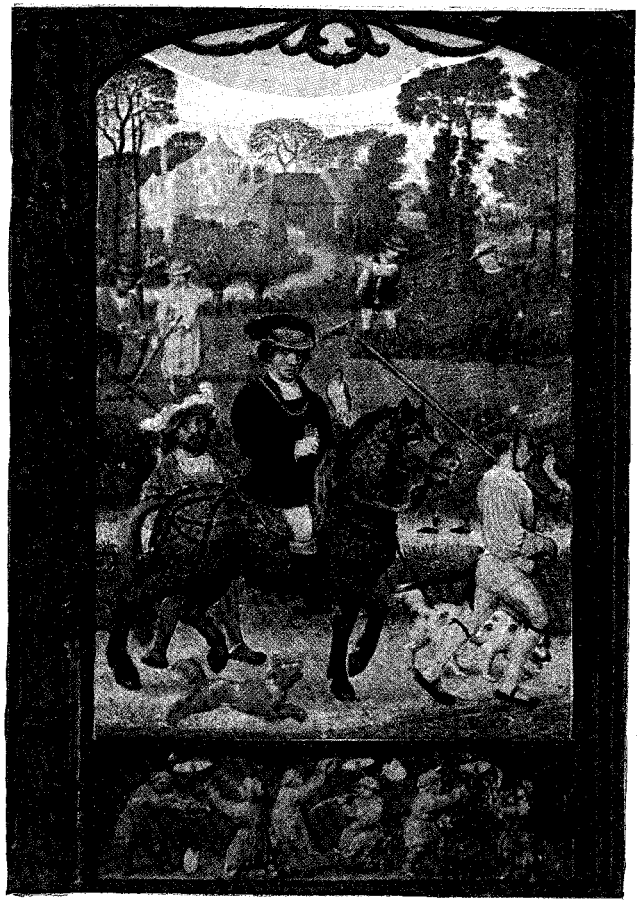

JULY

HUNTING WITH FALCONS, HARVESTING HAY

Below: CHASING BUTTERFLIES

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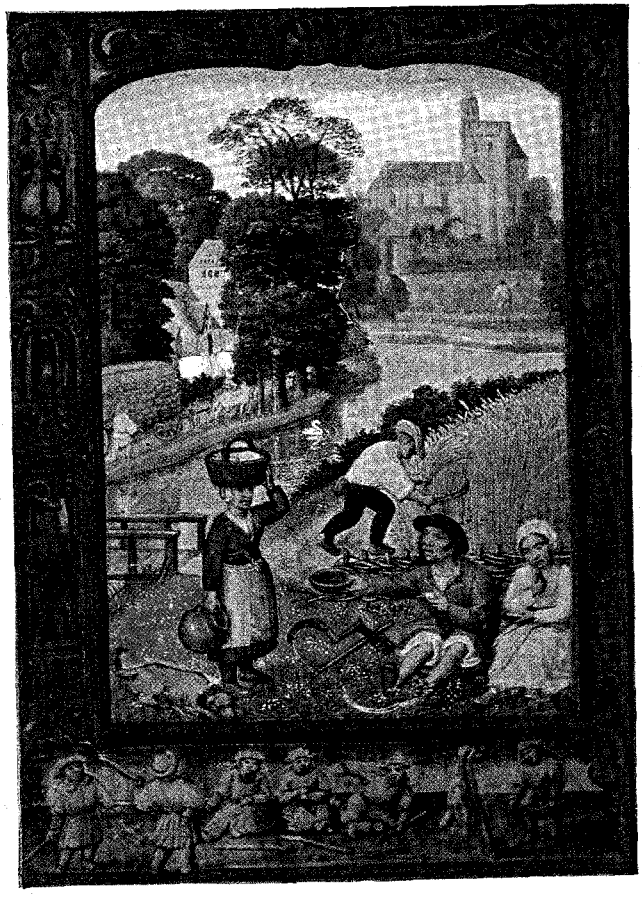

AUGUST

HARVESTING THE GRAIN CROP

Below: COCK-THROWING

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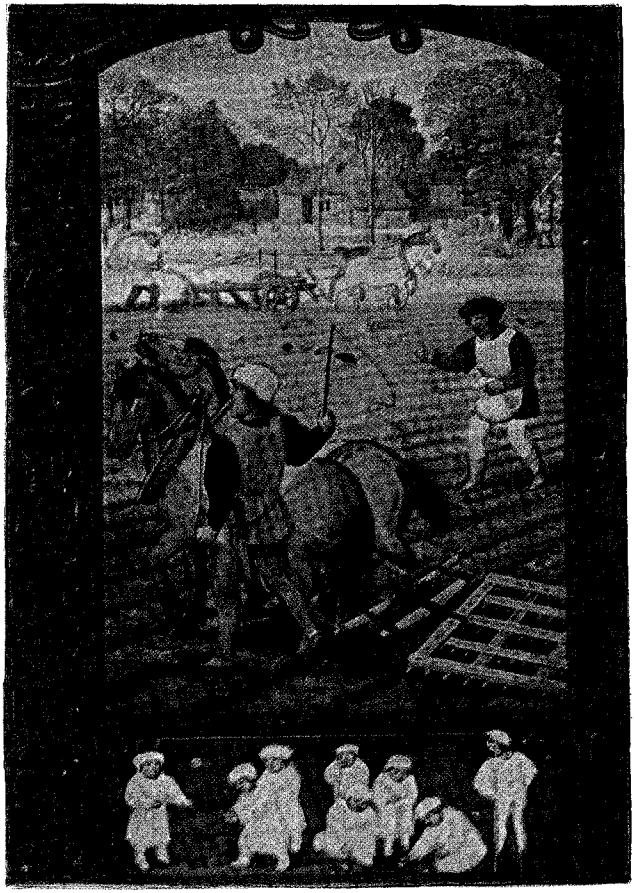

SEPTEMBER

PLOUGHING, SOWING AND HARROWING

Below: MARBLES AND STILTS

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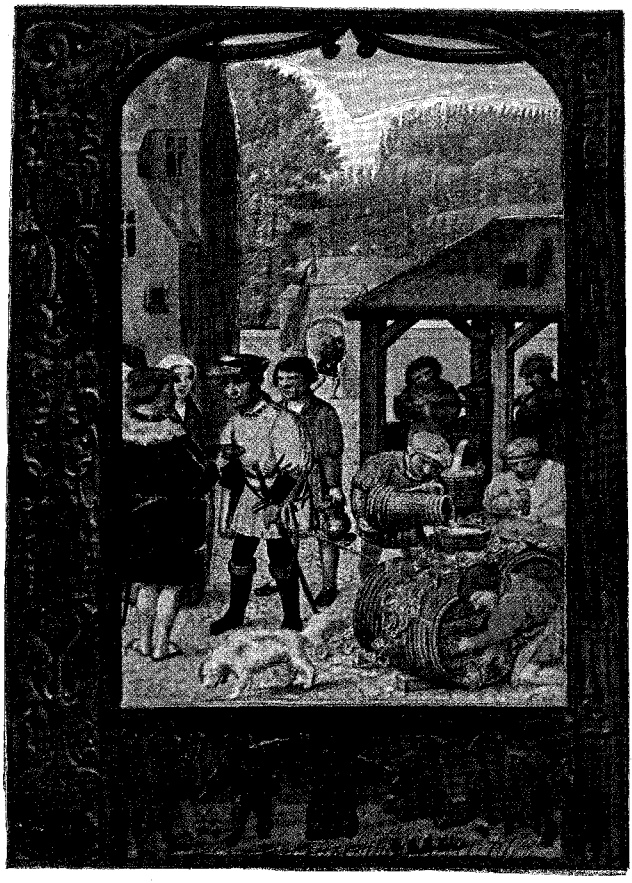

OCTOBER

PRODUCING THE SEASON'S VINTAGE

Below: GAME OF SKITTLES

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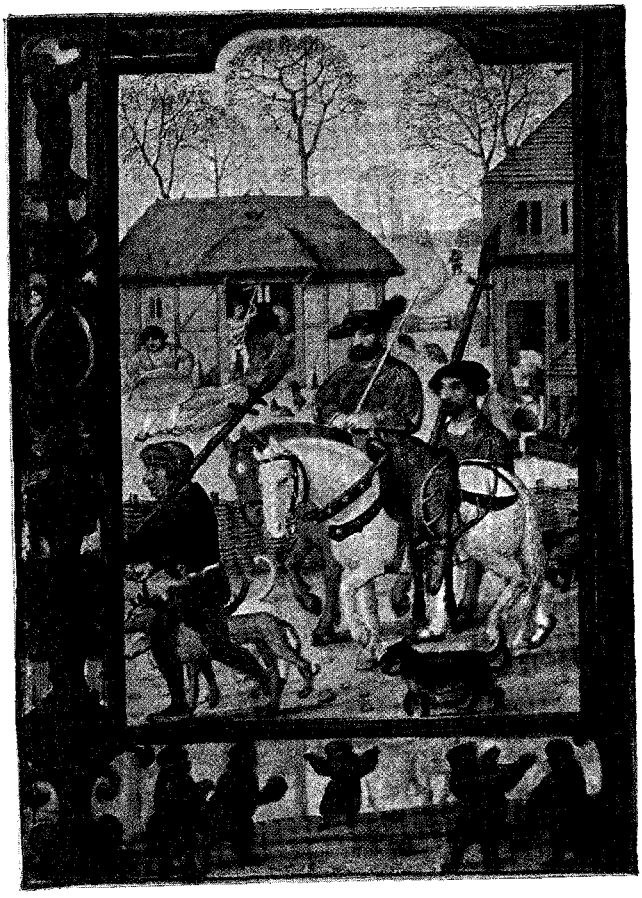

NOVEMBER

RETURNING FROM THE CHASE

Below: GAME OF BOWLS

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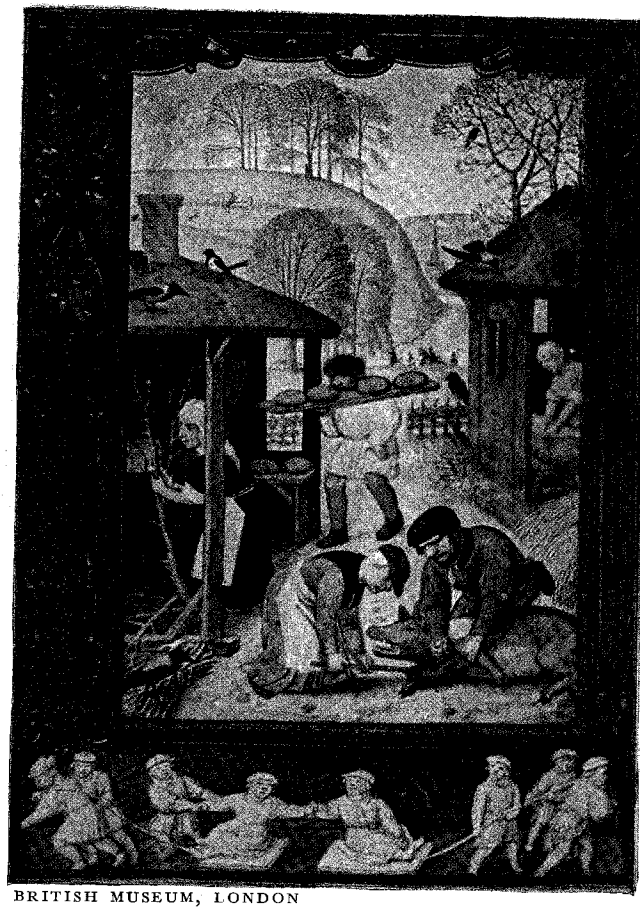

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

DECEMBER

PIG-KILLING, BAKING BREAD

Below: TUG-OF-WAR

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THE IMPRESSIONISTS

"THE IMPRESSION PRODUCED," SAID A SAGE, "IS THAT OF A MONKEY RUN OFF WITH A PAINT-BOX"

"THE sun," wrote Georges Clemenceau in 1895, "shines for everybody but the painters." Since Virgil and Theocritus the natural world had inspired the poets but little, and the painters scarcely at all. The masters of the Renaissance were content to paint strange and conventional landscapes of trees and cavernous rocks and mountains as the background of their figure studies. Until La Fontaine and Jean Jacques Rousseau, French literature was silent on the subject of the life of the fields. The landscape painters created a world of their own, dark, mysterious, unfathomable, as little related to the world they inhabited as the Apocalyptic visions of the Bible.

"In Ruysdael, in Hobbema," writes Gustave Geffroy in his study of the Imrpessionists, "the foliage is metallic and the colour of ink, the sun is extinguished, everything is illuminated with the sombre light of the studio." Yet civilized mankind on the whole accepted as accurate and even as inspired these gloomy interpretations of nature. The vision of the average man corresponded to the vision of the painters. "The sense of light could not exist in a work of art," said Geffroy, "since it did not yet exist in man's consciousness . . . Painting, like all other forms of human expression, had to reflect the slow discovery of the world and of the individual which is the basis of man's destiny."

Nevertheless the education of the human eye had begun. In England Constable and Turner were the precursors of the revolution in light. In France, Delacroix and Corot. Manet, in the *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* and in the *Olympia*, although not yet a painter of the *plein air*, and still struggling with the blacks and browns of his Spaniards, had shown what realist painting of the figure might be. And now came a joyous band of young painters, all in their early twenties, who seized on the challenge of Manet as an inspiration, and within a few years the hillside of Montmartre, the banks of the Seine at Argenteuil and Asnières, were invaded by strange-looking, shaggy men with long hair and beards, with high crowned and wide-brimmed straw hats and sheepskin coats and thigh-boots, rising at dawn to catch the earliest rose tints of the sun, sitting

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from sunrise to sunset in rapt contemplation of the changing hues of nature. They took their studio equipment into the fields: sometimes, as in the case of Monet with his four canvases, on a wheelbarrow.

Unlike the painters of the bitumen school, they painted in clear tones and even in pure color, having discovered that a red and a blue tone in juxtaposition produced the effect of a more brilliant violet on the eye than any violet tint mixed on the palette. They eliminated from their palette all but the primary colors and their immediate derivatives. They did not seek their motifs in mythology, in classical history or in literature, nor were their studios, when they returned to them from the fields and forests and rivers of France, encumbered with the medieval armor, sham Gothic, Arab shawls, pseudo Greek draperies, and plaster columns which had so long filled the background of the immense museum pieces of their contemporaries. They painted the world around them, not a world arranged, purged and idealized in the studio. They reproduced, in their strange bright key, with their new, violent and—to most people at that time—repulsive technique of strokes and stripes, of whirls and dashes, and later of dots and stipples, the life of their planet, the figures of their fellow men and women, the changing light and aspect of the visible world. They painted workmen and peasants, absinthe-drinkers and card-players in cafés, women nude and clothed, women seated at pianos, sewing, washing, ironing, street scenes, leafless trees in the snow. They did not select in nature the obviously beautiful, the *motif à peindre*. They took a roadside, a garden fence, a green balcony, a ruined and discolored wall, a wind tormented pine, and above all, surfaces which reflected light. "I will paint any woman," said Renoir, "so long as her flesh does not repel the light."

Among these wild men, their animator and their leader, was a young painter from Le Havre, named Claude Oscar Monet. During his apprenticeship an event of profound importance for the future group occurred. At the Martinet gallery on the Boulevard des Italiens he saw a small exhibition of fourteen works by a painter eight years older than himself: Edouard Manet. The *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, which was the sensation of that year's Salon des Refusés was not among them, but enough of Manet's boldest and directest manner was evident in these early works to overwhelm the younger man with admiration. He was literally dazed with astonishment and excitement. He found his incoherent and confused stumblings towards naturalism and clear tones suddenly given vigor and direction. Manet had opened a new world of vision to him. Filled with excitement he rushed to communicate his discovery to his friends Renoir, Bazille and Sisley, and henceforth the four friends, reinforced shortly by Cézanne and Pis-

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sarro, constituted the vanguard of the defenders and admirers of Manet in his successive challenges to the accepted principles of French painting.

In 1866 Monet attempted his first composition of figures out-of-doors: a *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, after the manner of Manet's rejected composition three years earlier, and painted in the forest of Fontainebleau. The picture was intended for the Salon of that year but was never exhibited. At the suggestion of his friend Courbet, Monet introduced new figures into the design, then, dissatisfied with the changes, painted them out, and finally rolled up the canvas in disgust and painted another work for the Salon, a portrait of a woman in a green dress, originally called *Camille* and even more obviously inspired by Manet. The rolled-up canvas of the abandoned *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, was later further mutilated by accident, and Monet cut out the damaged portions. The remnant now hangs in the Museum of Frankfort, or did until the summer of 1937 when Adolf Hitler began his campaign against modern art.

Piqued by what seemed to be a clumsy effort to imitate his own style on the part of a painter who was so narrowly his own homonym, Manet exclaimed irritably, "I do not know if he will succeed in stealing my technique, but in the meantime he is trying to steal my name." This sign of mortification in the older painter, who had attained notoriety but not recognition, was immediately regretted. Manet was too much of an artist and too generous a personality to cherish rancor against a younger rival, and moreover a rival who so obviously acknowledged Manet's inspiration and leadership. He asked a mutual friend to bring Claude Monet to his studio. The meeting was cordial, and was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

The gatherings of the small group of future Impressionists had already begun at the Café Guerbois, and Monet was at first an assiduous frequenter of the café. During the Franco-Prussian war the friends were dispersed. Claude Monet took refuge in Amsterdam, painting Dutch canals and windmills, and later joined Pissarro in London. There he came under the second momentous influence of his career in painting: the influence of Turner. Henceforth he practically abandoned the painting of the figure. He found in Turner the mainspring of that tremendous excitement which had begun to well up in his own consciousness since he had been take by Boudin, as a boy of sixteen, to paint the seas and skies of the French coast. Like Turner, he was henceforth to be almost exclusively preoccupied by the problem of light. French critics have neglected this critical passage of his destiny, but in the lives of Monet and Pissarro, the real founders of the Impressionist school in painting, the influence of Turner was of more far-reaching consequence

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than that of Manet. They had seen the *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe* when Monet was twenty-three and Pissarro ten years older. Both were then scarcely emerged from the student period. But the sun of Turner burst upon them in their maturity. From the overwhelming impression made upon them by his works, then seen for the first time in any number, they never recovered. Their secret intimations were now convictions.

They returned to Paris in 1872, after the war and the Commune, to find the Third Republic established on the ruins of the Empire. They found their fellowship of the pre-war years difficult to re-create in its early naïve simplicity and charm. The friends of Manet now assembled at the Nouvelle Athenes instead of the Café Guerbois. A newcomer, Degas, had appeared among them. Manet was now an accepted and no longer an insurrectionary painter. Frederic Bazille, a young and brilliant painter of the earliest days at Gleyre's academy, had been killed in the war. Sisley was impoverished and living outside Paris. Cézanne had left Paris for Aix en Provence, and returned to the capital only for short periods. And Monet and Pissarro themselves, now convinced painters of landscape, decided to eschew the city and its cafés and boulevards and abandon themselves to their excited contemplation of skies and fields and rivers.

They returned to Paris in 1874 with the first fruits of their harvest. In this year the group decided to hold an independent exhibition of its works. A series of rooms in the center of Paris, then occupied by the photographer Nadar, at 35 Boulevard des Capucines, was hired for the occasion. In order to attract the attention of as large a public as possible, the friends and followers of Manet—Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Cézanne and Guillaumin—decided to invite a number of other advanced artists to join them. A company was formed to accept legal responsibility for the exhibition —the *Sociéte anonyme des artistes peintres, sculpteurs et graveurs*. In all thirty painters, sculptors and engravers exhibited in the rooms of the photographer Nadar, and their works were shown to the public for the first time on April 15, 1874, a date destined to become historic in the annals of painting.

From the outset there was no lack of public attention. The Nadar gallery was on one of the great boulevards of Paris. Posters at the door challenged the eye of the passer-by. The price of admission, one franc, was not excessive. No such entertainment in all Paris could be had for the money. The Parisians flocked to the show, and held their sides with mirth. They, the flower of an art-loving and art-making nation had never been treated to such a display before. One of them, an art critic brighter than the rest, even hit on a title for the new group. Hitherto the friends of Manet had

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lacked a name. The critic provided it, happily inspired thereto by the title of one of the pictures of Claude Monet, called *Impression, Soleil Levant*. The critic, whose name was Louis Leroy, jumped at the hint. He headed his description of the show *Exposition des Impressionistes* and his article in the *Charivari* newspaper made history. "This painting," wrote the erudite scribe Leroy, without any particular malice aforethought, "at once vague and brutal, appears to us to be at the same time the affirmation of ignorance and the negation of the beautiful as well as of the true. We are tormented sufficiently as it is by affected eccentricities, and it is only too easy to attract attention in *painting worse than anyone has hitherto dared to paint*." And the critic of the elegant *Figaro*, then the criterion of art and letters, went to the root of the matter. "It is in colour what certain reveries of Wagner are in music. The impression produced by these impressionists is that of a cat walking on the keyboard of a piano, or of a monkey which has run off with a paint-box."

Two years after their first exhibition, the Impressionists made a second appeal to the public. This time they held their exhibition in the rue Le Peletier at the galleries of the young art dealer Durand-Ruel. The second exposition provoked the same storm of opposition, hilarity and bewilderment as the first. The redoubtable Albert Wolff, art critic of the *Figaro*, wrote more in sorrow than in anger. "The rue Le Peletier," he observed, "is an unlucky street. After the burning down of the Opera, here is a new calamity to afflict the quarter. An exhibition said to be one of painting has just been opened *chez* Durand-Ruel. The inoffensive passer-by enters and a cruel spectacle is offered to his startled gaze. Five or six lunatics, one of whom is a woman, have chosen to meet there to exhibit their works. There are some people who burst into laughter at the sight of these things. As for me, I am sick at heart. These self-styled artists call themselves Intransigents and Impressionists. They take canvas, colour and brushes, fling on a few tones at hazard, and sign it. In the same way mental deficients pick up pebbles on the high road and think they are diamonds." The same learned critic after explaining that Degas was completely ignorant of both design and color described the members of the group as being "entirely deficient in any artistic education."

The following year Monet and his friends re-entered the lists. They had hired on this occasion a large empty apartment in the same street as the gallery of Durand-Ruel, an apartment of large and lofty rooms with wall space enough for the 241 canvases to be hung. They were now reduced to the handful of pioneers who clung like Monet and Pissarro to painting directly from nature, with a palette limited to the colors of the solar spectrum—eighteen of them in all, with

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Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Cèzanne, Guillaumin and Caillebotte as the vanguard. Their works were even more audacious, in the eyes of the public, than those of the first exhibition in 1874. For three years the group had been gaining in cohesion and in experience of the technique of the division of tones. The two earlier exhibitions had been relieved by the presence of Cals, Lepine, Boudin and other painters who had only joined the Impressionists out of professional loyalty and not out of aesthetic conviction. But this time the Impressionists stood alone. The walls of the apartment at No. 6 rue Le Peletier presented an united front to the philistines. The effect was even more sensational than the exposition of 1874. The hilarity of the public began in the street, at the very entrance to the building. Once inside the exhibition rooms the hilarious spectator became almost hysterical with mirth. The professional visitor, critic, dealer or collector, merely registered horror. The greatest opprobrium or most unrestrained mirth was reserved for the works of Monet and Cézanne. The latter was, even more than Monet, the particular butt of the enlightened Paris world of art. The critics denounced him as a monster.

The *Chronique des Arts et de la Curiosité*, a leading art journal, condemned the exhibition in sententious language. "MM. Claude Monet and Cézanne, eager to seize the opportunity of displaying themselves, exhibit respectively thirty and fourteen canvases. They must be seen to be imagined. They excite laughter but should rather provoke grief. They denote the most profound ignorance of design, of composition and of colour. When children play with paper and paints, they do better than this." As to Pissarro and the others, the critic of this journal judged them not even worthy of notice.

The effect of this overwhelming and almost universal storm of opposition was to condemn the Impressionsists to surrender to the academy or to starve. Their chances of finding a dealer or a private collector were now practically annihilated. Durand-Ruel, the only dealer who had supported them from the first, had exhausted his capital to fill his cellars with unsold and (for many years) unsalable pictures. At this period Monet and Renoir only escaped starvation by planting a field with potatoes and living on the meagre proceeds. The few friends who had aided them to keep themselves and their young families alive, were too poor to aid them further. Claude Monet found an occasional, if not disinterested supporter in the baritone Faure, one of the stars of the Paris Opera. He had already bought a number of Manets fairly cheaply, and he encouraged Claude Monet in the belief that so long as the price did not exceed fifty francs, the celebrated Faure might consent to acquire a few Monets.

One day Monet called on the bari-

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tone with a canvas under his arm. Faure greeted him cordially but when he examined the picture, protested that there was not enough paint on the canvas. "If I buy your pictures without bargaining it is for the paint. Here there is no paint. Only the canvas. It is not enough. Go back and put some more paint on, and I may very well buy your picture."

Six years later, when the tide had begun to turn in favor of the Impressionists Faure visited Monet's studio, saw a picture on an easel, admired it vociferously in his most operatic voice, and finally offered six hundred francs for it.

"Have you forgotten" asked Monet indignantly, "that you refused me fifty francs for it six years ago? Today I will tell you this.

"Not only will you not have had it for fifty francs. You will not have it for six hundred and if you were to offer me fifty thousand francs, you would not have it either."

Public opinion was slow in changing in favor of the Impressionists. But nevertheless it changed. In 1876 the novelist Duranty wrote a courageous pamphlet on "The New Painting" in which he asserted:

"In colour they (the Impressionists) have made a real discovery, the origins of which cannot be found elsewhere . . . They have not merely been concerned with the delicate and supple play of colour which results from the observation of the most sensitive values . . . Their discovery properly consists in the recognition that colours change in tone in the full light of day, that the sunlight reflected from objects tends, by its sheer intensity, to merge them in a luminous unity, as the seven prismatic rays of the spectrum are merged in a single colourless state which is light.

"Proceeding from intuition to intuition, they have gradually succeeded in decomposing solar light into its elements, and in recomposing it by the general harmony of the irised tones they spread on their canvas. From the standpoint of delicacy of vision, and the subtle inter-penetration of tones, the result is extraordinary. The most learned physicist could find nothing to criticise in their analysis of light."

In 1878 Theodore Duret, who had been among the earliest critics to perceive the talent of Manet, and who now actively championed the cause of the younger school, wrote his justly celebrated defense of the Impressionists.

Meanwhile Monet and his friends, undaunted by the failure of their first three exhibitions, continued to boycott the Salon and to appeal directly to the public. Exhibition succeeded exhibition.

In 1880 Monet gave the first independent showing of his works. His friend Manet, already mortally stricken, illustrated his catalogue with a crayon sketch of the artist. He sold practically nothing.

—George Slocombe

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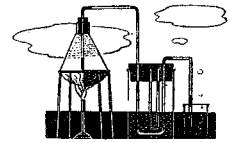
LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

THE WAY TO CURB A SCIENTIST'S EGO IS TO ASK HIM TO DEVISE A SUBSTITUTE FOR H—O-H



THE Stanford University professor E. C. Franklin has pointed out that the stuff which is most fundamental to the science of chemistry—and through chemistry to our daily lives—is the commonest thing on the face of the Earth, and the most marvelous: water.

Our living world is a continual interaction of many materials, solids, liquids, and gases, and the whole mechanism of nature which moulds the surface features of our planet and conditions and serves life, rests on foundations of water. Water dissolves things. It combines with things. Because water is the versatile mixer and activator that it is, chemical change occurs, our life is made possible, and our Earth is enabled to stave off the fate of the corpse which haunts our skies—the waterless lifeless Moon.

When the quest is for a material of inexplicable behavior, of unique and spectacular qualities, water has all other chemicals licked for first place. True, it is the most abundant material on the Earth's surface. If suddenly all the water on the Earth could be broken into its constituent gases and released into the air, the atmospheric pressure (now 15 pounds) would become 6000 pounds to the square-inch. That's how much water there is. And its quantity is increasing continually. Every fire we light, every explosion we set off, every puff of a cigarette, combines some particles of hydrogen with particles of oxygen to build new water and release it to the air. Yes, water is common, and continually becoming more so.

And yet, it is the most marvelous compound we know. If you want to give the synthetic chemist a hard job, ask him to fabricate a practicable substitute for water. You can stump the laboratory man there. Water has properties that are unpredictable in chemical theory. It possesses characteristics which in their range and variety are not approached by any other substance. We are wont to speak of the living stuff, protoplasm, as mysterious. But more than three-fourths of protoplasm is water. The properties of the animate material appear to depend directly on the properties of the inanimate solvent.

The elements of water are easily

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determined. When 1 cubic-inch of water is traversed by an electric current, the liquid breaks up and readily expands into two gases: 1,244 cubic-inches of hydrogen and 622 cubic-inches of oxygen. Thus the two ingredients when uncombined occupy a volume 1,866 times that of their volume when combined. To squeeze the two gases down into the space of their equivalent water, a pressure of 25,000 pounds to the square-inch would be needed. But flash a spark in the mixture: instantly each atom of oxygen pulls to itself two atoms of hydrogen, and the powerful forces touched into action by the spark condense the 1,866 volumes of gases to 1 volume of liquid.

The chemist out to provide a substitute for water must make a substance that remains liquid at comparatively high temperatures, not boiling until about 212° is reached. Otherwise our accustomed cooking arrangements would be seriously handicapped and it would be impossible to prepare food by boiling except in sealed containers under pressure. At the same time, though, the chemist must bear in mind the important atmospheric functions of water and provide a substance that on boiling forms a vapor lighter than air. Otherwise steam would lurk along the ground, and never rise to permeate the air with the necessary trace of water vapor and condense in clouds to form rain.

Water is almost unique in its possession of these qualities. Other liquids which boil at that temperature give off a heavy gas. To evaporate into a gas lighter than air water ought to boil at about 212° *below* zero.

Not only its behavior of vaporization, but also the actions attending the solidifying of water are exceptional. Just as substances condense as they change from the gaseous into the liquid state, so they shrink some more as they pass to the solid state. This is true of almost every liquid except water. Water indeed contracts as it cools from the boiling point down to lower temperatures until it is just a little above freezing. Then, as it solidifies, suddenly it expands about one-tenth of its liquid volume. If water behaved as most substances do, its solid form would be denser than its liquid, ice would sink in rivers, lakes, and seas, ocean beds would be permanently littered with vast frozen deposits, perhaps ship navigation would be impracticable, ocean temperatures and land climates would be different.

It is beyond the power of chemical theory to explain the possession by water of this combination of low vapor density, high boiling point, and expansion on freezing—to name only three of many characteristics. No one doubts that the story is locked up in the structure of the water molecule. And the foundation of the mystery rests, we believe, on the fact that the water molecule is polar, it has a positive end and a negative end, a head and a tail.

Irving Langmuir's experiments with

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oil on water illustrate certain effects of polar structure in physical behavior. There are certain oils, the mineral oil known as Nujol is one of them, which will not spread on the surface of water. If you put a drop on a pan of clean water, the oil lies on the surface as a globule or breaks up into a series of bulging droplets. There are other oils that act quite differently. They spread readily, and spread into a thin film, so that a mere trace of olive oil, for example, will cover a considerable area and produce the iridescent sheen of colors which we associate with oil on water.

Dr. Langmuir points out that there is a marked structural difference between the oils that spread and those that hold themselves apart. The spreaders usually have at one end of their molecule an atom of oxygen linked with an atom of hydrogen, whereas the non-spreaders possess no such O-H group. Experiments with other substances show that all which have an O-H as part to their architecture either attach themselves to water as a surface film or else dive beneath its surface to dissolve and mix. Thus, alcohol has an O-H group—and alcohol and water are mixers, as every bartender knows. But gasoline has no O-H group—and cheaters early discovered the futility of trying to stretch gasoline by diluting it with water. Sugar has several O-H groups; so a lump of sugar dropped in water quickly dissolves.

But a mothball won't; it has no O-H.

Experiments show that a molecule containing an O-H may be regarded as a magnet with the O-H end as its negative pole. They also show that an atom of hydrogen (or of some other element or a group which behaves electrically like hydrogen) serves as the positive pole. In the light of such experiments examine the water molecule, and lo! you find a polar structure par excellence. For H_2O consists entirely of poles, a positive H and a negative O-H whose arrangement we may write as

H—O-H

When a drop of oil spreads on water, we picture a rapid scurrying of the oil molecules. Each wants to attach its negatively charged O-H to the positively charged H of some water particle; hence the spreading until a film one molecule thick has covered as much of the water surface as it can. So too, when a lump of sugar finds itself in water; every sugar molecule hastens to seek a water molecule for each of its O-H's.

But oil can push its head into only the top layer of the water and hold to whatever particles it finds free. Similarly the sugar can circulate among the water particles only as a guest, and never become a member of this closely knit family. For each water molecule has strong affinity for all the other water molecules; its O-H end attracts the H end of its nearest fellow.

This polar reaction of water molecule to water molecule seems to be a clue to many aqueous properties, notably

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the high surface tension. Water prefers water. Its family ties are strong. Only after its particles have been excited to high speeds do they recklessly break through the surface and escape as steam.

Perhaps the most surprising upturn in our study of water is the discovery that it exists in many forms. Within the last ten years chemists found that oxygen and hydrogen are not the standardized things we thought: hydrogen weighing 1 unit per atom, and oxygen weighing 16. Now, they learn, some hydrogen atoms are double weight, others triple weight. Also, while most of the oxygen does weigh 16, an occasional atom tips the scale at 17, and a rarer one at 18. Consequently twenty-seven different kinds of water are possible. At one extreme you may have a heavy oxygen of weight 18 combine with two heavy hydrogens of weight 3 each, to form water weighing 24. At the other, a combination of the lightest hydrogen with the lightest oxygen gives a water molecule weighing 18. Since most of the world's oxygen and hydrogen are of the light-weight kinds, most of the world's water weighs around 18.

Heavy water has been isolated. It shows a higher boiling point and a higher freezing point than ordinary water.

Recently the Edinburgh professor J. E. Kendall announced that reactions in heavy water proceed more slowly than those in ordinary water. He suggests this as a possible elixir for lengthening the life span, since "the person drinking heavy water would be living nearly half as fast as a person drinking ordinary water."

If this indeed should prove to be Methuselah's secret, the chemists will find themselves with a man-size job. Every 6,000 gallons of water that flow through your kitchen faucet contain about one gallon of heavy water diffused through their mass; but so laborious are present processes of separation that to get the precious gallon out and into the water pitcher costs about $3,500.

However, there are lots of products now plentiful and cheap that at their inception cost more than $3,500 a gallon. Dr. Kendall seems to have faith in his prescription. He predicts that improved processes of extraction will come, and that within fifteen years the drinking of heavy water will be common practice among persons of sixty years and older. Perhaps, with the extension of the new soilless horticulture which grows fruits and vegetables from vats of chemically enriched water, we may be able eventually to buy heavy-water melons, tomatoes, potatoes, grapes, and other foods guaranteed to lengthen the days and stretch the years.

That would be the final triumph of the uniqueness of water—to find that Ponce de León's fountain was a rational dream after all. Unfortunately, in the present state of our knowledge of the biological effects of heavy water, it is still only a dream.

—GEORGE W. GRAY

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THE LADY FROM UVALDE

OLD-FASHIONED WIFE AND MODERN EXECUTIVE: A NOTE ON THE SECOND LADY OF THE LAND

THE most remarkable partnership political Washington has ever known is the firm of Garner and Garner. It began its career close onto forty years ago when "Miss Ettie," as she is familiarly called, came to the Capital as the bride of an obscure congressman, and today this partnership is more strongly entrenched than ever.

Ever since she was born, Marietta Rheiner Garner's cup has brimmed over, and "Miss Ettie" is today the same calm and contented person who brought the simplicity of the frontier to our national city in that long ago.

To begin with, she was born on a ranch in southwestern Texas and raised in that great outdoors. She was blessed with a wise stepmother, who taught her all the things a girl being reared in that day should know. She learned to cook, to sew, to clean house, and to do all the work incidental to farm life. For recreation, her hobby was riding horses all over that big ranch.

When she was eighteen she was persuaded to go with a girl friend to San Antonio to take up a course in stenography; permission was given, but she was not to entertain the idea of taking a job, for the men folks of that day were opposed to it.

Fate, however was stronger than tradition, for on the train she was introduced to a twenty-year-old judge —John Nance Garner.

The romance grew apace, but she finished her secretarial course more from the habit of early training that she must finish any task begun than with the idea that she would have use for this training. The following year they were married and soon thereafter the young judge decided to make the race for Congress.

There was little money and there were so many letters to write that the campaign seemed hopeless; for the ambitious candidate could not afford to employ anyone else to write them, so this resourceful "companion" brushed up on the old shorthand curves and pothooks which became her husband's biggest asset.

Since that early campaign, she has been so busy taking over little by little routine work and petty worries that she simply could not stop. She studied his problems when he was minority

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leader in the House. Detail irritated him so she did all of the detail work, including typing, filing, dictation, and bookkeeping, along with the never neglected duty of bringing up their son.

It seems to her that husband and wife and children are all a part of a definite partnership agreement and that there is no other task quite so important as this.

Beginning her career as secretary to the struggling young lawyer in Uvalde, to Congressman Garner, to Speaker Garner, and finally to Vice-President Garner, "Miss Ettie" has kept step with her husband's career.

She has watched him plan until she can answer almost anything that comes to his office with but a suggestion from him. So well does she know the workings of her husband's mind that she even knows where to insert the "cuss-words" in some of the letters that go from her desk.

The wife of any sort of genius, whether he majors in science, art or politics, has no easy task, but "Miss Ettie" accepts no responsibility save that of keeping in physical trim the other half of this lasting partnership, and being the wife of the Vice-President of the United States and the Second Lady of the land is no small job.

Social usage is as old as the presidency, enmeshing one in a welter of rules and precedence, but the accepted theory that the Vice-President's function is largely social has been shattered by the Garners; for they make no social engagements outside of their official duties, which are practically mandatory.

They have one formula for almost all invitations—"The Vice-President and Mrs. Garner regret—" although up to this Administration the principal duty of the Vice-President, outside of the Senate, was to attend all those functions where the President and First Lady could not be present. But now, except for the President's dinner to the Vice-President and the Vice-President's own dinner, the Garners accept no invitations, but continue the even tenor of their old-fashioned ways.

While the Vice-President manages to decline social invitations, his wife cannot escape occasional luncheon parties, which according to Washington standards are not of frequent occurrence. But when she does go out she proves to be a delightful guest with a gift of repartee.

During her son's school days, she had the additional care of an apartment, but after he had grown up and gone away they moved to a hotel where she has no domestic responsibilities to keep her from her office.

"Miss Ettie" has been in a sea of politics all her life, yet she takes no active part in the things that so vitally concern her private life.

She is just an old-fashioned wife after all, and her viewpoint does not square with that of the average feminist when she declares: "Woman was created to be the helpmeet of her husband and ought to reflect his views."

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This Texas woman has the knack of doing everything well that she undertakes and you will know from her laughter that she gets a lot of fun out of life.

Though most Washington folks do not know it—horsewoman that she is—many a morning 5:30 o'clock finds her riding through the parks or along the bridle trails.

The Garners' amusement in Uvalde involved rural activities, not social soirées. Life there meant early hours, and Washington with all its pomp and political illusionment has not made her relax the tradition of easy-going informality.

She is equally at home behind a typewriter or at the place of honor at an important official dinner. She makes no speeches, attends no women's political rallies, yet she is the best loved woman on "The Hill." All of her friends know where to find her, that is, until 5:30, which is the hour usually set for the firm of Garner and Garner to close shop for the day.

She is slim, vivacious, with reddish brown hair, dimpled cheeks with kindly penetrating blue eyes that light to merriment or penetrate alertly at a difficult question. She is not interested in clothes, and she tells you this herself.

She does not spend more than $100 a year on attire. She has never owned a Paris gown and gets quite as much joy out of a suit she knit with her own hands, while "her man" John listened to the radio, as she could possibly get out of an imported creation.

The Second Lady is a pleasant homey woman with the rugged belief that everyone is put on earth for a purpose and that purpose is not bridge-playing or gadding about. In fact she is just old-fashioned enough to believe that every girl, no matter how rich she is nor how little she is expected to do, should learn to cook, for then she will at least learn the art of ordering meals and become a homemaker, which should be woman's highest achievement.

The four room suite in the Senate office building is something of a home, for it is here that Mrs. Garner receives her friends after 4 o'clock. It is the nearest thing to a home this side of Uvalde, for she regards the hotel suite more as a retreat.

In the Senate office, the Lady from Uvalde has a chance to practice her culinary art; for luncheon each day is prepared in the tiny kitchenette. The staff shares in these repasts and the Vice-President sometimes participates, claiming that it is the best boarding-house in the city.

The Garners are early-to-bed and early-to-rise addicts, and at 6:30, which official Washington regards as the hideous hour for dining, they may be found in the coffee shop (not the dining room) of their hotel.

At seven, they arrive at their retreat, take in their door-latch and telephone cord, and at nine, for them, the day is done. —Annabel Lee

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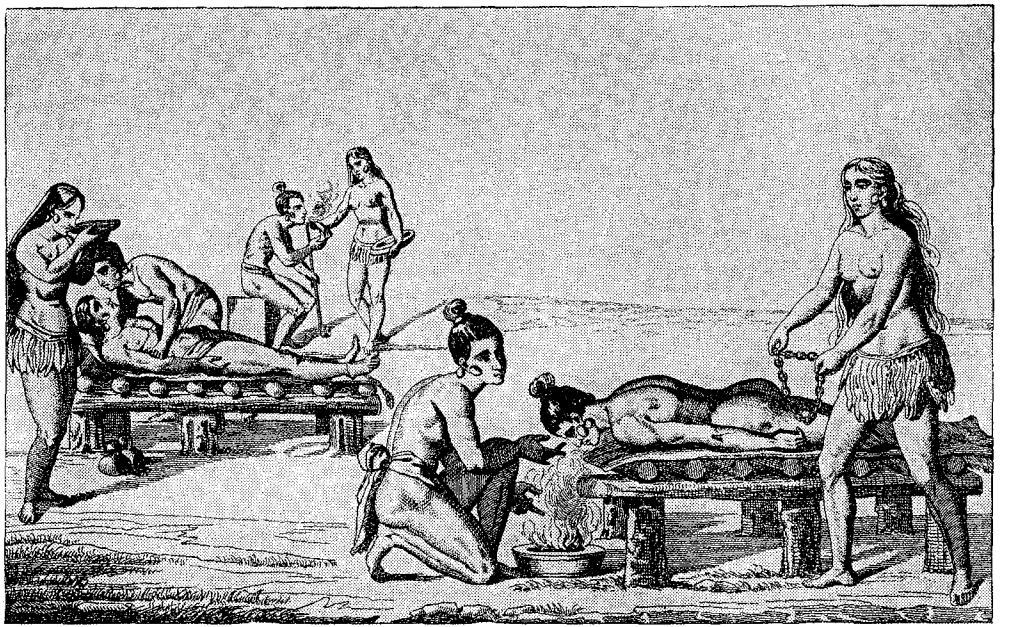

FIVE FRENCH ENGRAVINGS OF AMERICAN INDIANS

Exactly a century ago there appeared in Paris a book entitled *L'Univers Pittoresque*. To one de Rochelle as writer and to one Vermier as illustrator was accorded the task of establishing America's place in the picturesque universe. Chiefly fascinated with the savage Indian, together they did a vivid job of it.

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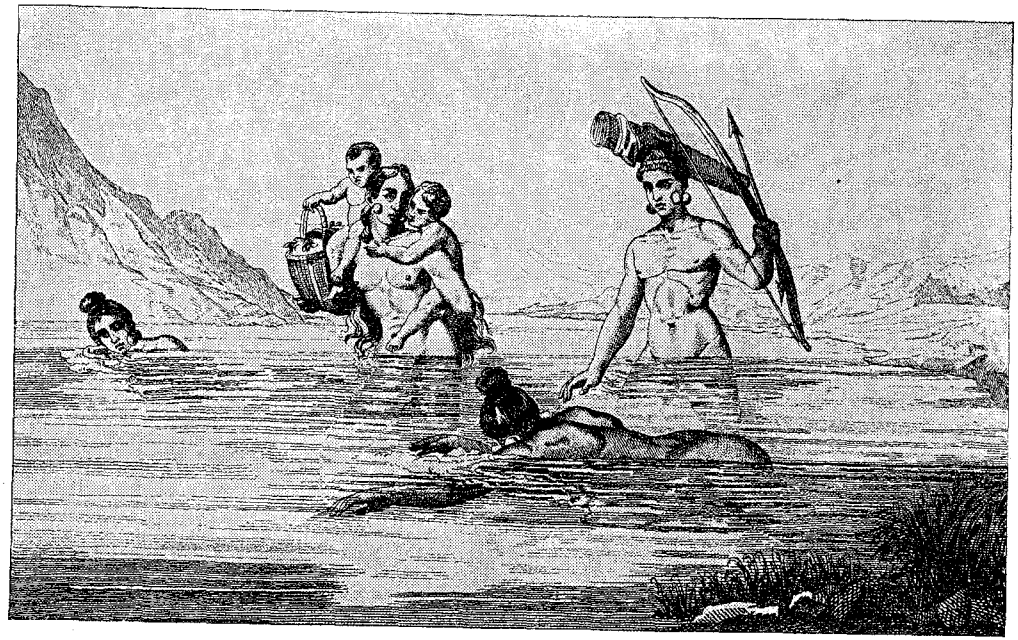

FORDING A RIVER

"The Indian's agility enables him to scale precipitous heights and throw himself down their steep slopes, to open a passage through the forests, and to search out a ford in the rivers or swim across them, carrying his weapons which he never puts aside and which are indispensable to sustain and defend himself."

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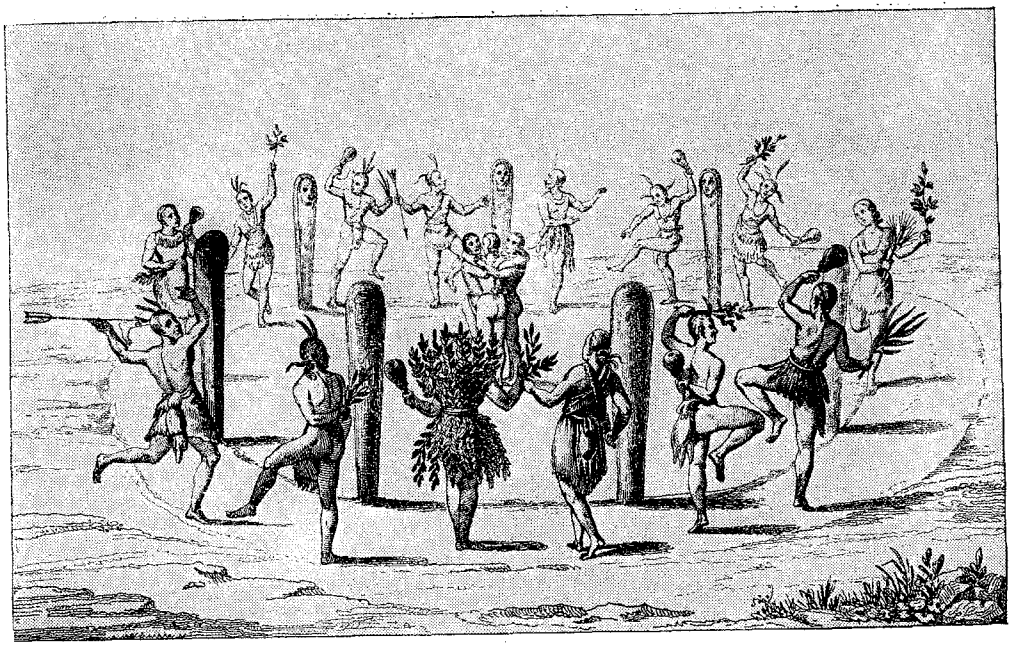

INDIAN CEREMONIAL DANCE

"Suddenly there springs from the forest a band of Indians, their bodies painted diverse colors. Gathering in a circle around a fire, they begin their savage chant and commence to dance, meanwhile uttering piercing cries. This is repeated several times. Then they dash back to the forest from which they emerged."

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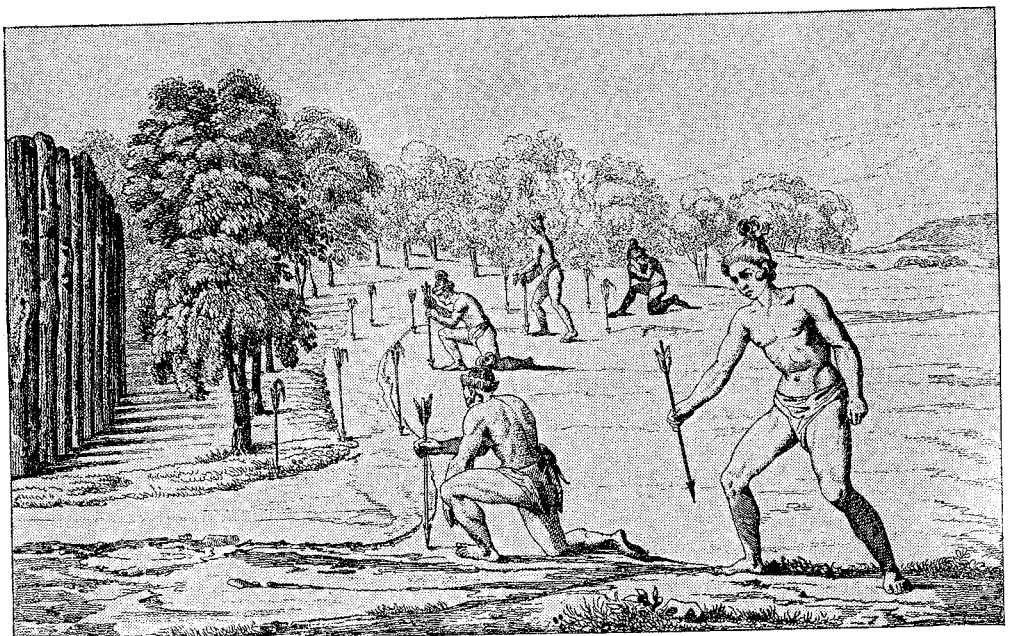
EXCHANGE OF VOWS AROUND A FIRE

"The tribes arrived at a common understanding, they were prepared to act at a given signal. Assembled around their fires, they repeated their vow: 'War to our enemies! Vengeance for the red men they have slain. This is the land of our fathers, once free soil—may it open now and devour our despoilers!' "



THE DECLARATION OF WAR

"The entire Indian nation was aroused and everywhere they prepared for war. They chopped down trees to blockade the river and cut off retreat to the fort, solitary soldiers were slain and ambushes were set for the troops. Visible in the fields were long arrows, planted in the earth with scalps fastened on top."

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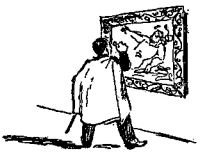
VOICE FROM THE GALLERY

A CHANCE TO DISPLAY YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS, OR VICE VERSA



HERE is a list of fifty famous paintings. Following each title are the names of two painters, one of which is correct. Count 2% for each correct answer. A score of 70% is fair, 80% is good, over 90% is excellent. Answers on page 86.

1. MONA LISA
   (*a*) Leonardo da Vinci
   (*b*) Pietro Perugino
2. THE DOGE
   (*a*) Correggio
   (*b*) Giovanni Bellini
3. THE ANGELUS
   (*a*) Jean François Millet
   (*b*) Herbert Van Eyck
4. THE HORSE FAIR
   (*a*) Rosa Bonheur
   (*b*) Marie Louise Lebrun
5. THE NIGHT WATCH
   (*a*) Albrecht Dürer
   (*b*) Rembrandt
6. VENUS AND CUPID
   (*a*) Velasquez
   (*b*) Jacob Ruisdael
7. GEORGE WASHINGTON
   (*a*) Joseph M. W. Turner
   (*b*) Gilbert Stuart
8. JANE SEYMOUR
   (*a*) Hans Holbein
   (*b*) Nicholas Maes
9. NORTHEASTER
   (*a*) Sir William Beechey
   (*b*) Winslow Homer
10. THE AGE OF INNOCENCE
    (*a*) Joshua Reynolds
    (*b*) John W. Alexander
11. THE BLUE BOY
    (*a*) John Hoppner
    (*b*) Thomas Gainsborough
12. KING HENRY VIII
    (*a*) Anton Van Dyck
    (*b*) Hans Holbein
13. L'ETUDE
    (*a*) Jean Honoré Fragonard
    (*b*) Theodore Rousseau
14. LA VIERGE AU LAPIN
    (*a*) Titian
    (*b*) Sandro Botticelli
15. THE SONG OF THE LARK
    (*a*) Jules Adolphe Breton
    (*b*) Claude Lorraine
16. THE LACE MAKER
    (*a*) Jan Vermeer
    (*b*) William Van de Velde
17. LA SOURCE
    (*a*) J. Alden Weir
    (*b*) Jean Ingres

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18. The Anatomy Lesson
(a) Rembrandt
(b) Meindert Hobbema

19. Surrender of Breda
(a) Constable
(b) Velasquez

20. Souvenir of Italy
(a) Jean Baptiste Corot
(b) Raphael

21. The Gleaners
(a) Jean François Millet
(b) Jean Antoine Watteau

22. Mrs. Wolf
(a) Sir Thomas Lawrence
(b) William Hogarth

23. Mother of The Artist
(a) James A. McNeill Whistler
(b) William Francis Brangwyn

24. The Garden of Eden
(a) Lucas Cranach
(b) Hans Holbein

25. Mrs. Siddons
(a) Sir James T. Thornhill
(b) Thomas Gainsborough

26. Sunflowers
(a) Vincent Van Gogh
(b) Pablo Picasso

27. The Maja Nude
(a) Francisco de Goya
(b) Jean Charles Cazin

28. Two Sisters
(a) Joaquin Sorolla
(b) Titian

29. The Grand Canal, Venice
(a) Joseph M. W. Turner
(b) George Romney

30. Laughing Cavalier
(a) Franz Hals
(b) Peter Paul Rubens

31. Old Woman Cutting Her Nails
(a) John Twachtman
(b) Rembrandt

32. The Last Supper
(a) Leonardo da Vinci
(b) Giotto

33. The Straw Hat
(a) Adolf Schreyer
(b) Peter Paul Rubens

34. Agony in The Garden
(a) El Greco
(b) Sir Anthony Van Dyck

35. Philip of Spain
(a) Velasquez
(b) Zuloaga

36. Improvisation No. 30
(a) John Constable
(b) Kandinsky

37. The Night Watch
(a) Rembrandt
(b) Murillo

38. The Persistence of Memory
(a) Salvador Dali
(b) Abbott H. Thayer

39. Nude Descending the Stairs
(a) Marcel Duchamp
(b) John Copley

40. Mme. Recamier
(a) Puvis de Chavannes
(b) Jacques Louis David

41. Odalisque
(a) Daubigny
(b) Henri Matisse

42. Miss Simplicity
(a) Joshua Reynolds
(b) George Hitchcock

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43. THE MONEY CHANGERS
(*a*) Thomas De Keyser
(*b*) Rembrandt
44. STOKE-BY-NAYLAND
(*a*) John Constable
(*b*) François Clouet
45. AMERICAN GOTHIC
(*a*) Grant Wood
(*b*) John Singer Sargent
46. THE THAMES
(*a*) Claude Monet
(*b*) Fantin-Latour
47. THE BATHERS
(*a*) Marie Laurencin
(*b*) Paul Cézanne
48. DÉJEUNER SUR L'HERBE
(*a*) Anton Mauve
(*b*) Edouard Manet
49. TWO TAHITIANS
(*a*) Paul Gauguin
(*b*) Leon Augustin L'Hermitte
50. SHORE LEAVE
(*a*) Paul Cadmus
(*b*) Henry Raeburn

—A. I. GREEN

TELLING TALES I

It is hard to estimate how many Bibles are printed in a single year but one of the large printing establishments in New York has been doing almost a million for the Bible House. But one day a frantic telephone call stopped all presses. A mistake had been discovered and it was no simple mistake or one that could be easily passed over. It meant reprinting that entire sheet. For in the place where it says that if you do this and if you do that, immortality of the soul is assured to you, instead of the word "immortality" it read "immorality." How so great an error could have passed so many proofreaders is a mystery.

But then again the Oxford Bible was supposed to be entirely free from any mistakes and at one time a guinea reward was offered to anyone in England who could find an error in the new edition. This edition had been carefully gone over by fourteen different proofreaders. It has been reported that within twelve months after this offer was made about fifteen guineas had been paid.

And some mistakes are even more ridiculous. At one time Albert Boni, the New York publisher, was printing some small books in Germany because of a special color process. One of these books was entitled: "The Love Life of Plants" but when the book arrived in America the cover read: "The Love Life of Pants."

And one of the strangest mistakes occurred in a volume of memoirs which was sent to Houghton Mifflin in Boston by a New York newspaper editor. In sending the manuscript he wrote: "I send you my book because your proofreading is perfect." Proud of this compliment the Boston publisher reprinted this line on the jacket of the book, but the letter "r" fell out and it read: "because your poofreading is perfect." —MANUEL KOMROFF

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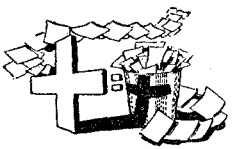
THOUGHTS ON WASTE EFFORT

WHY, IN OUR COMMUNICATIONS, MUST WE ALWAYS SAY IT THE HARD WAY?



IN dictating a letter to a stenographer I said something about a $5 hat. She wrote $5 thus: $5.00. (Nearly all stenographers if you don't watch them will do that.)

When I asked her why she added those unnecessary ciphers and a period, three unnecessary marks, she said: "Don't you wish to make it plain that it was exactly $5 and no cents?"

"If I had meant $5.30 or something else wouldn't I have said so?" I asked.

"But with the ciphers added it makes it plain," she argued.

"Does it though?" I asked. "Mightn't those needless ciphers confuse a person reading hastily into thinking it was $500 instead of $5?"

"Anyhow, that's the way the secretarial school taught us all to do it," she declared.

Probably so. But why? Why do we persist in so much monkey-business in writing letters? Why so many pompous words and roundabout phrases instead of directness and simplicity? Why don't we aim in all activities, including letter-writing, so important in business, to do things better, more quickly, more easily, and more cheaply?

From letters received within a few days I made a little list of what people wrote and what they could have said or meant to say:

the sum of $10—$10
the city of Philadelphia—Philadelphia
the purchase of—buying
put in an appearance—appeared
a large number of—many
a majority of the people—most people
it is often the case that men behave—men often behave
in regard to the matter of—about
purchasing agent—buyer
true in the case of men—true of men
extend an invitation—invite
take into consideration—consider
enough so that it will do—enough to do
employ—use
gratis—free
donation—gift
reside—live
per annum—yearly

I had asked a business man to go to lunch with me. He wrote: "Your esteemed favor of the tenth inst. to hand and in reply beg to state it will give

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me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation." Surely he might have said simply: "Thanks for your invitation. I'll be glad to come." Or even, "Thanks. I'll come."

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his book on the art of writing quotes a sentence "I was indifferent as to the results of the game, caring not whether I made gains or sustained losses." All the writer was trying to say was "I didn't care if I won or lost."

I am even wondering if we could bring ourselves to dispense with meaningless salutations and endings of letters—"Dear Sir" and "Very truly yours." Sometimes they represent not only banal routine but hypocrisy, for we use them when writing letters filled with indignation and disrespect. Why not end non-intimate letters as army officers do their reports, with a period and a signature?

Waste effort in writing and reading is by no means confined to letters. It might be interesting to know just how much space might be saved in newspaper columns by eliminating unnecessary use of the word "the." A statistical bureau found that in a count of 60,000 words *the* occurred 4277 times, and probably half of these were needless. We read in most papers a heading The Weather. Why not just Weather?

Books still slow us down by using Roman figures in headings and elsewhere, though we are more accustomed to Arabic figures, probably the simplest set of symbols ever devised. Why is Henry VIII preferable to Henry 8th? And what advantage comes with writing LXXXVIII for 88?

It is in wedding invitations however that we reach heights or depths of conspicuous waste in expressing a simple idea. To begin with, we usually insist that the invitation must be engraved rather than printed, regardless of the beauty and individuality possible in modern printing. Hence wedding invitations all look about alike, but they do serve to show that the bride's parents have not been niggardly, have spared no expense, since engraving costs more than printing. But we do not stop merely with engraving but engrave the greatest possible number of letters to show the maximum possible cost. Instead of giving the date of the wedding simply and naturally as June 27, 1937, it is spelled out "the twenty-seventh of June nineteen hundred and thirty-seven"—the cost presumably based on the number of letters. I had known a bride's father for years but had never heard his middle name. His official signature has never included even his middle initial, but his middle name is on the wedding invitation. The street number, too, is spelled out in full, a form of address nobody would think of using in everyday life: One hundred and twenty-seven west sixty-fourth street. The whole invitation could have been prepared more readably and better for a fraction of the cost. It was both wasteful and snobbish.

—Fred C. Kelly

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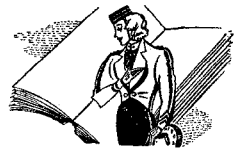
MISS SMALTZER AND MY NOVEL

SO ANNOYING! BUT HOW, BY THE WAY, IS THAT NOVEL REALLY COMING ALONG?



THE situation between Miss Smaltzer, elevator operator, and myself is one-sided, to my disadvantage, because she's unaware of it. It started the afternoon (I'd had lunch with a bad influence) when I confessed, somewhere between One and Ten, that I was working on a novel.

Miss Smaltzer keeps asking me how I'm coming along with my novel. When we're alone, going up to the tenth floor, she asks me. I feel safe when others are in the elevator, Miss Smaltzer never asks then; but sometimes she gives me a look that says, "I'd ask about your novel if these people weren't here." That makes it a little secret between us, sort of *our* novel.

In theory, I could say to her, "Listen, Miss Smaltzer, I'm sick of your asking about my novel. So please stop. Forget it." Miss Smaltzer might feel hurt, but she would only smile with distant coziness and explain, "But I'm interested, really."

She's not interested, though. She's practicing charm. She associates my face with "writing novel," and is making me like her by expressing interest.

Twice I've announced that my novel is off. After five days, first time, and a week, second time, she suddenly realized she had been neglecting me, and said, "Oh, I've been intending to ask how you're getting along with your novel."

Yesterday I tried to be mean. I said, "I've been intending to ask if you were intending to ask how I was coming along with my novel." Miss Smaltzer turned on me a dazzling smile of polite interest and said, "Beg pardon?" I said, "I said let me out at four, please, I've got to see a guy."

So nothing came of that, except a walk up six flights of stairs. I wondered, while climbing, if Miss Smaltzer has a friend I might go to, somebody who could speak to her and make her stop asking about my novel.

But I decided I'd be taking a big chance, seeing them. Because maybe all Miss Smaltzer's friends are like Miss Smaltzer. Maybe she's told them about me. And maybe all her friends would say, "Well! Miss Smaltzer has mentioned you often. *You* and your novel. How you coming with your novel, anyway?"—RICHARD ADAMSON

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DEATH OF A POET

SUICIDE WAS BUT A FINAL GESTURE IN THE UPROOTING OF AMERICA'S MADDEST GENIUS

SINCE the morning five years ago last April when Hart Crane threw off his topcoat beside the rail of the S.S. *Orizaba* and, clad only in pajamas, vaulted into the water of the Gulf Stream to his death, his name has come to stand as a symbol and a milestone in the chronicles of modern American literature. That melodramatic and tragic gesture, coinciding as it did with the depth of the depression, marked the end of a period, not only in literature, it would seem, but in society as well.

Yet despite the change of literary tides, Crane's poetry has already become a powerful current in the mainstream of American letters. His verse is taught in many colleges throughout the country; it is the subject for student theses from Seattle to New York; it is represented in all important anthologies, always in larger selections.

The surprising thing, however, is not the homage that has been paid him, but the abuse that has been heaped on his head. He has been called in print a debauched drunkard, a charlatan, a weakling, an ingrate, a homosexual, a cadger, a whiner, an insane egotist—in short, a human monstrosity. Some of these charges are true, some are false. Probably no American poet since Poe has been more spiritually tormented and morally disordered in his personal life than Crane. But even Poe's most bitter enemies, living in an era of self-righteous Victorian morality, were not so blindly intolerant of his weaknesses as some contemporary critics have been towards Crane's. In view of our modern knowledge of mental and spiritual sickness, our insights into the nature of delusions of persecution, compulsive ideas, and sexual aberrations, it is startling to find certain critics of today calling names with the livid fanaticism of 16th century heresy-hunters. It is especially strange when one considers that Crane's life was, in many ways, a parable of our times. Like a seismograph it recorded with pointed exaggerations the spiritual tremors and moral upheavals of the 20th century. If properly understood, it reveals a great moral significance; and it is this, together with his great literary achievement, that makes him the most fascinating, if not the

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most important, American poet since Whitman.

Unlike Poe, and many other poets of disordered lives, Crane was not conditioned by ill-health or physical weakness. He was of medium height, of a stocky, muscular build that made him look more like a halfback than a poet. His high animal spirits were reflected in his vivid coloring, his brilliant eyes, his incessant bodily animation. Possibly this appearance of lively health caused many to condemn his debauchery and violence as deliberately cultivated. Without realizing that his displays of obscenity, drunkenness, and boorishness were often only the reverse side of a sense of guilt, of frustration, of mental anguish, they took his gestures at their face value. They only knew that he would turn up at a party and disrupt the affair by breaking furniture, insulting total strangers, shouting and declaiming. Sometimes he would violate all rules of decency by describing in mixed company the sordid details of his sexual conquests among sailors and hangers-on of the waterfront.

Almost everyone in New York who knew Crane at all knew of his vicious pursuits along Sand Street and the alleys under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge. If they had looked more deeply they might have seen more than sheer accident in the sinister proximity of the scenes of his self-degradation to the Bridge that was the symbol and subject of his most exalted poetry. Sometimes in mockery, sometimes in a spirit of genuine camaraderie, he would bring these sailors to his friends' parties; at other times he turned up in the dead of night tagged by a cab-driver and begging for money.

Such behavior was not characteristic of his life till after 1927, but as it became more extreme, his friends could find little room for the respect they had formerly felt for him. When they remonstrated with him, he either met them with exaggerated remorse or, with the genius he had for turning what was essentially revolting or tragic into something fantastically funny, made their reproaches an occasion for hilarity. In the end his friends could do little but shrug their shoulders and try to avoid him in his worst moods. When one of them once said: "Hart is like Lord Byron, only harder on his friends because he's still around"—the point was justly made.

On the other side of Crane's moral ledger, however, there appear sterling and distinguished assets. Most important from the point of view of posterity was genius of a high order. There were also human qualities that commanded the genuine affection of all who knew him in his better moments: generosity, kindness, extraordinary loyalty, rigorous honesty, and even a kind of moral courage. Curiously, side by side with his debauchery, he had an almost childlike naïveté that showed itself in the boundless affection he lavished on his friends, and particularly in the need

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he felt to be constantly reassured, in return, of their devotion to him. The same naïveté appeared in the tremendous zest he had for simple amusements: painting an old farmhouse, snitching biscuits from under the nose of the general storekeeper, playing with the children of his friends, who were inordinately fond of him. He also took a childish delight in getting himself up in outlandish costumes. One memorable evening he appeared in the midst of a party at Paterson rigged out with the bracelets, bands, shield and weapons of an African chief, which he had bought at an antique shop, his face daubed with lampblack and his body ludicrously clothed in winter underwear. His boisterous spirits, his gift of mimicry and burlesque, made him the center of any group he was with.

But juggling with debits and credits does not bring a real understanding of Crane's life. His gestures were superficial surface signs pointing to internal disturbances. Obviously a man who wrote poetry of such spiritual exaltation, and almost mystical fervor, is not to be easily discarded as a charlatan or drunkard; the genuine sincerity of his work has been too widely recognized for that. Actually, Crane was a man who needed for his well-being some kind of faith or a moral equivalent for it. He clung fiercely to his poetry as the only thing that could possibly justify his own existence. For him there were no other means to grace. Born at the very turn of the century, he entered a world on the verge of a great cataclysm. By the time he reached young manhood he had been uprooted from all those traditional institutions and values that give a man stability and purpose in life.

The process of extirpation, which did not affect most of the younger generation till after the War, began with Crane in early childhood. The sense of moral and social responsibility that most men acquire from a solid family life was not for him. When he was nine years old, his parents separated after a painful crisis. Hart, bewildered and frightened, was sent to live with his grandmother in Cleveland. There his parents were precariously reconciled, but when he was seventeen, the family again broke up. This time his mother filed suit for divorce, while Hart dropped out of school and went to live in New York. But the end was not yet. The next year his parents were again reconciled and arrangements made for a remarriage. Before the ceremony, however, his father disappeared and his mother in a state of nervous collapse came to live with him in New York for a while. From the effects of this childhood Crane never fully recovered.

Ordinarily, the normal course of education might have remedied some of the damage, but in 1917 with the war-fever emptying the colleges, he was left to his own devices and stayed on in New York. The American Renaissance, centering around Washington

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Square, was at its height. It was a time for free verse, free love, free thought; and the freedom was exhilarating to a young man. Crane met many of the older poets of the day; attended soirées, exhibitions, concerts; and had his first poems published in little magazines. There was plenty of excitement, but no discipline, no responsibility, and little education. In 1918, when the government asked every young man to do his bit, Crane returned to Cleveland to work in a munitions plant at a conveyor belt, then as a riveter in a shipyard on Lake Erie, and finally, after the Armistice, as a reporter. In the fall of 1919 a truce between father and son led to a series of jobs with the prosperous Crane Chocolate Company: behind the counter of an Akron store, selling candy in Washington, heaving barrels of sugar and chocolate in a Cleveland warehouse. After two years of this the suspicion that his father was trying to break his spirit led to a violent quarrel between them, and again Hart was out on his own. For another two years he stayed in Cleveland, working for advertising firms, making his first literary friends, and late at night laboring over his poetry —a jug of wine and a blaring phonograph beside him to rouse his sensibilities. His work was appearing in magazines in New York, New Orleans, and in Paris. Early in 1923, Crane left Cleveland for New York.

He was twenty-three years old, faced with the problem of earning his living without sacrificing his poetry. He had the benefits neither of family nor education to help him strike roots in the world. Many of his new friends among the young writers in New York were getting married. That, at least, was a step towards security and a moral anchorage. Most women were attracted to Crane and he could easily have found a wife. But the disordered emotional life of his childhood and adolescence prohibited that: he was already acknowledging himself a homosexual. More than ever, poetry became his sole prop and purpose in life. And he worked at it stubbornly, after hours of office work, during flights to the country, even in the midst of drinking parties. It was his one obsession.

By 1925 he had finished the manuscript of his first book of poems, *White Buildings*. On the basis of that, Otto Kahn subsidized him for two thousand dollars so that he could devote all his time to writing his most ambitious work, *The Bridge*. Crane thought it would take him a year; actually it was not finished till 1929. The summer of 1927 found his inspiration run dry, his money gone. Three-fourths of *The Bridge* was already written, but haunted by the fear that his genius was failing him, he began to lose all control over himself. Without any support to cling to now, without any moral ties to leash him, he turned for escape to travel, to heavier dissipations, only to wander deeper into the nightmare of fear and frustration.

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He fled to California to join his mother, but after a bitter quarrel with her, returned to New York, and upon receiving a small bequest from his grandmother's estate, sailed for London, then Paris and Marseille. Everywhere he made public displays of violence and debauchery. Unerringly he found his way to the waterfronts and returned with his sweater pinned over with tokens of his vice. After an almost legendary fight with ten gendarmes in Montparnasse he was thrown into jail for more than a week.

When he finally returned to New York in 1929 and under pressure of his publishers finished *The Bridge* in a fury of despair, his fate was sealed. For the next year his behavior verged on insanity. He tormented his friends with phone calls at all hours of the day and night, to abuse them, to beg their forgiveness, to ask their help; his drinking became almost incessant; he suffered from delirium tremens, from feelings of persecution; he said that the past would like to destroy him; he raved against his mother whom he had vowed never to see again; and his rages actually threatened the safety of those about him.

When in the spring of 1931 he received a Guggenheim Fellowship and set sail for Mexico, his friends had every reason to fear that he would accomplish nothing. For one month, however, in the midst of renewed dissipations, there was a brief dawn of recreation. A new man seemed to emerge.

He wrote one beautiful poem, his last, which was, ironically, the fruit of his first normal love affair. But it came too late; he had lost the way back, and his life reeled forward to its end. When the term of his Fellowship was up in the spring of 1932, the critical moment had arrived. He had no place to go. He had, literally, no home of his own, not even a room. His friends, overwhelmed by the depression, were turning to new beliefs and a new kind of literature in which he could not participate. Now that his poetry, his sole reason for living, had apparently failed him, his last tie to the world was severed. Already the blind instinct of self-destruction welled up in him and trembled on the brink of action. One day shortly before leaving Mexico, seized by one of his insane rages, he drew a razor and slashed to tatters the fine portrait of himself by the Mexican painter, Siqueiros, and then drank off a bottle of iodine and another of mercurochrome.

The attempt failed, but the gesture was a symbolical augury of what followed. It was fulfilled on the morning two weeks later when he ascended to the playdeck of the S.S. *Orizaba* and soberly and deliberately dropping his topcoat by the rail, plunged overboard into the boiling wake. He had with his own hands taken the one remaining root that held him to life and torn it up. The process of extirpation was at last completed.

—PHILIP HORTON

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THE ART OF THATCHING

THE BACK-TO-NATURE IDEA IN ROOFING AFFORDS A CHARM ALL ITS OWN—AND MORE

IT CAN happen in America as well as in England. In the latter country, the art of thatching roofs dates back to an age when the lack of transportation facilities made it imperative to use local materials. As the finger of time pushed the frontiers of industry into rural communities, the scales began to balance accordingly until today the age-honored families of thatchers are few. But the appearance of ease and comfort and the restful lines which thatching has afforded England's countryside will ever remain a precious heritage of her people.

Among the few in the United States who have ventured into exotic roof styles and proved that it can be done are Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kofoed of Nassau County, New York. An architect and an authority on roofs, Mr. Kofoed chose to have a grass roof on his home and is frequently seen conditioning it with water and a small lawn-mower. The grass grows on eight inches of sod laid on a water-proof foundation and bears all the charm of autumn as it turns from summer green to russet brown.

Esthetically, thatch bears a charm that is indefinable. Though it weathers quickly, it is attractive even on a new house, replacing hard lines and surfaces with a softness that is altogether pleasing. Flexibility is the word, for the ease with which thatch can be adapted to eaves and ridges is one of its distinct assets. The material is held in place by means of "swais."

There are many practical points in favor of thatching. Above all, it keeps a house warm in winter and cool in summer. This means economy of space and money by eliminating the necessity for attics.

In first cost, the use of thatch is an advantage over tile and slate. Also, it is cheaper to put on and there is definite saving in accessories. Being light weight, less timber is needed for rafters, and battens can be placed farther apart.

The wide projections at the eaves not only protect the walls from the weather, but obviate the necessity for rainwater drains and down pipes, as well as gutters. If gutters are preferred, however, the material should be wood and elm is advised.

Speaking of material, reed (in Eng-

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land the Norfolk reed) is by far the best and often lasts twenty-five years before needing repairs. Being hard and woody, birds avoid it. But in straw or heather, also frequently used for thatching, nesters feel quite at home.

In any event, repairs should be made promptly for wet weather will increase the damage done to weak spots.

Round reed desirable for thatch grows in many parts of England and the United States, especially in the middle Atlantic states. The cutting—a rather difficult task—is done during the winter after the first frost has killed the leaves.

If straw is used, it is advisable to thresh it by hand as it should be long and unbroken. The tool used in this process called "knocking up," is a "legget." Wheat straw is better than oat straw; but rye straw, though hard to get, is the best.

The risk of fire occasions the harshest criticism of thatching, but it is said by authorities that the danger is almost negligible with a properly designed roof of reed thatch. Whether of reed or straw, an old roof is not liable to fire.

The chimney should be of fair height and placed on the ridge of the roof, and in turn, the roof should be at a steep pitch. Fire is often charged to thatch when a defective flue is to blame. To emphasize, it is the design that counts, and it is equally important to keep electric wiring from close proximity. The fire hazard would seem to be somewhat discounted by the fact that many thatched cottages have weathered a century and more in England, and each year finds new ones on the skyline.

"When I built my house in Kent fifteen years ago," writes Archibald Hurd of Rhuarden, Grantown-on-Spey, to the London *Times* in August, 1936, "I realized an ambition which I had long cherished. As a precaution against fire a complete under-roof of asbestos was provided and on that basis the thatchers work. The chimneys were carried higher than in old cottages.

"The roof has been no expense until this year, when the verges were repaired; has been free from vermin, and owing to the wiring at the edges, has not been damaged by birds. The insurance is no higher than in the case of a tiled or slated house and I have the blessing of a home which is pleasing to the eye, besides being warm in winter and cool in summer. I am assured that it will last sixty or seventy years."

Switzerland's appreciation of thatch as a mark of beauty has taken the form of prohibiting the use of corrugated iron roofing in defined areas of certain Swiss cantons. The movement was promoted by preservation societies and tourist agencies. It is a matter of common regret abroad that the problem of obtaining skilled thatchers is becoming more and more difficult. —GLADYS L. COCHRAN

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FOUR PAINTINGS BY ABRAHAM RATTNER

To be rated the best draftsman in the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* in Paris is no small honor. But to be considered the craziest student in the school is a unique distinction, virtually unheard of for an American. Both mantles once rested comfortably and simultaneously on the shoulders of Abe Rattner, who has been an exceedingly competent rebel ever since his anti-academic painting caused a respectably boisterous rumpus at the Corcoran school in Washington, D. C. Born in America of a Roumanian mother and Russian father, he received or rather seized, his early training in this country, including the study of anatomy by dissecting corpses with Washington medical students.

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ABE RATTNER: BACKGROUND

While painting a war mural in 1917, Rattner was requested to participate in the real thing. This ranged from fighting at Château-Thierry to designing camouflage ideas. After that, a *Beaux-Arts* scholarship and eight years of painting nature among the peasants of France.

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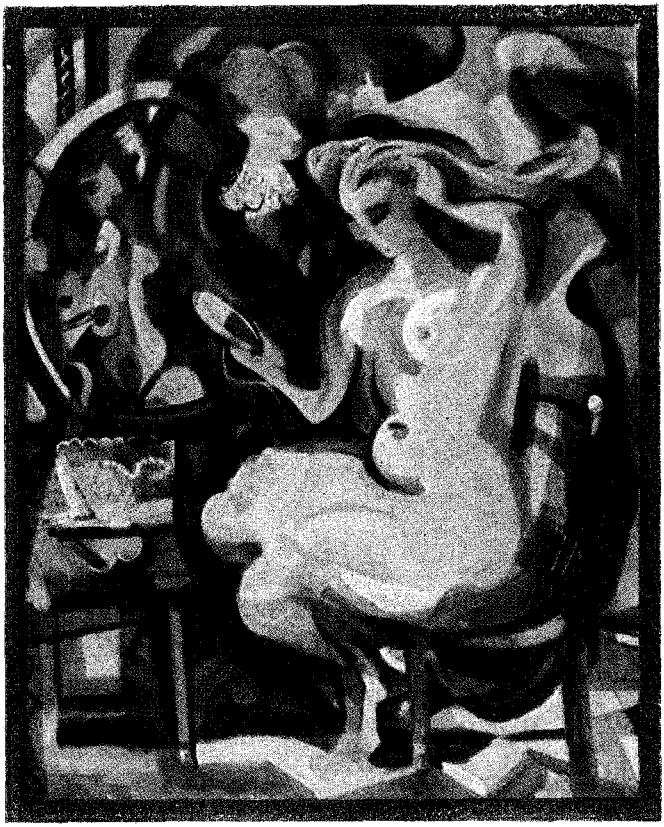

ABE RATTNER: FOREGROUND

Rattner's world on canvas is the milieu of interpenetrating planes and overlapping objects wherewith he expresses, as in *Vanity* above, his conception of the colorful, rhythmic impetuosity of modern life. The feeling is genuine, its articulation spontaneous and sensitive.

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AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

Paris and Abe Rattner have mutually adopted each other. There, understanding is accorded the ultimate rebellion of his fiery brush against all that is frigid in modern art. And there, qualms are felt as to how far this bold innovator will be misunderstood in his native land.

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AUTHOR OF TYRANTS

IT IS NOT MACHIAVELLI'S FAULT THAT MEN'S DEEDS ARE AS BLACK AS HE PAINTED THEM

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI heads the list of Authors Quoted But Not Read. Not Goethe nor Freud nor Marx has been as influential and as little consulted in the original, and not even Marx has been so freely maligned. Careless souls undoubtedly confuse Machiavelli with Mephistopheles, but even to the discreet and cautious the Italian statesman, child of the Renaissance, has been a Judas, an Anti-Christ. Generations have vilified his name and held it in scorn and "Machiavellism" has for four hundred years been a synonym for craftiness, cunning and treachery. Yet Niccolo Machiavelli was a diplomat and statesman, a thinker and no mean man of letters, and a sincere patriot.

When Machiavelli was born in 1469 in the Florence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Italy was not a unified state. Spain, France and Germany had developed along nationalistic lines but in Italy city-republics had grown up and the more powerful of these warred with each other constantly. These republics were republican only in the sense that the wealthier classes enjoyed citizenship. The actual governing was done by oligarchies or tyrants. A strong republic tended to swallow its weaker neighbors and to dominate surrounding areas. When two well-matched groups opposed each other bloody conflict was inevitable. Conscription was rarely employed and so bands of mercenaries, generally poor soldiers, did the fighting, frequently moving from camp to camp as more gold was offered them. From such a situation the civil population could expect no more than higher taxes to support these armies and looting and pillaging when they ran amuck.

The city of Florence was such a city-republic, but the autocratic De Medicis ruled it and their influence had made them masters of most of Tuscany. All of Europe was in turbulence at this time. The Papal Court itself, headed by Alexander VI, a rascal totally unworthy of his spiritual crown, was so corrupt as to have little influence upon the warring groups; indeed, it connived and intrigued with one against the other to serve its own ends. And from the freely-sown seed of Alexander VI

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sprang the bastard Caesar Borgia.

Into such a chaotic world was born Niccolo Machiavelli, "of poor but noble family." A century of discovery and exploration was about to begin, the printing press was already in operation. Soon the Renaissance would in travail produce the Reformation. But in Machiavelli's youth Lorenzo the Magnificent ruled Florence and because of his power and diplomacy there was peace in Tuscany. However, in the year that a Genoese navigator set out from the harbor of Palos to cross the Sea of Darkness, Lorenzo died. With his death all of Italy was plunged into war again and two years later the Medicis were expelled from Florence as Charles VIII of France invaded Tuscany. Soldiery from every army in Europe fought in Italy and harassed the populace. The republics warred with each other and against the invaders and with the invaders against each other and, truly, every man's hand was turned against his neighbor. The state of affairs was in grievous contrast to the tranquillity that had prevailed under the great Lorenzo. If the Florentine Machiavelli was as observant now as we know he was later he had ample opportunity to see and despair.

Then his old master, the grammarian Adriani, entered the public service of the city as second chancellor of the commune, and his pupil became a clerk under him. In 1498 Adriani became chancellor of the republic and Machiavelli succeeded to the position of second chancellor and secretary. From then on until 1512 he was a public official, a student of war but always eager to keep the peace, mastering the arts of diplomacy to keep his Florence intact and free from the yoke of neighbor as well as invader.

In 1499 he was appointed secretary to the *Dieci di Libertae' Pace*, or the Ten of Liberty and Peace, and in this capacity he was sent to several foreign courts as an envoy and ambassador. Much against his will, he was eventually sent to Romagna to the court of Caesar Borgia. At Romagna this ruthless soldier, duke and cardinal, had with French and papal aid carved out a powerful state for himself.

What did Machiavelli learn from Borgia? That a strong state could be built out of hostile elements if a powerful hand did the shaping. He could see more in such a state than the personal aggrandizement of a selfish prince, for to a large extent love of country stirred Machiavelli. A unified state for the whole peninsula, a consolidation of all the petty republics and monarchies, would make it possible to repel the invaders and so bring peace to Italy, and peace would allow commerce and trade to flourish and the profits would permit leisure and the pursuit of learning.

Undoubtedly Machiavelli felt that properly advised and inspired, Caesar Borgia could have accomplished all this. Caesar had audacity combined

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with a sagacious prudence. He was a firm administrator with no scruples whatever. Witnessing the weaklings in every court in Europe Machiavelli could appreciate the strong hand, but when ten years later he wrote *The Prince* he endowed his ideal leader with certain admirable qualities that could never have been found in the brigand of Romagna.

From his studies of Livy, the Latin historian, Machiavelli probably learned the value of native troops as against the hired soldiers that overran Italy. Such a national militia might expel the foreigner. So the next three years he worked on the idea of conscription and in 1506 saw his plan in operation.

When Pope Alexander VI died, Machiavelli was sent to the court of the new Pope, Julius II. Later he was at the court of the Emperor Maximilian. To a friend, Vettori, he wrote lengthy letters containing his reactions and the somewhat obscene commentaries that have excited all his critics and biographers.

But in 1512 the Medicis came back to Florence with the help of Spanish troops and, of course, all who had been associated with the previous regime were discredited. Machiavelli was dismissed from office. Later he was thrown into prison and was even tortured on the rack before he was finally released. And for the next thirteen years Machiavelli was out of public life. It was during this period that he wrote those treatises for which he has become famous—or rather infamous.

Machiavelli's most famous works are the *Discourses on the First Ten Books of Titus Livius*, in which he discoursed on republican institution, *The Prince*, in which he studied the monarchical state, and the essay on *The Art of War*, where he expounded his ideas for a national militia and treated of military tactics. It is *The Prince*, of course, that disturbed men long after its author was dead.

Up to the time of *The Prince*, which was written in 1513 and for twenty years circulated only in manuscript, political philosophy, however badly it worked out in practice, was always supposed to have an ideal, faint and dim, but an ideal nevertheless. Machiavelli made no claims to any ideals. He had found mankind anything but idealistic and in his essay he said so. He had seen deception and falsehood bring success and glory to strong leaders. He hoped for a strong leader to build a strong Italy. Why talk of ideals that no one practiced? And he tried to teach the art of deception and even the necessity of falsehood in statecraft. The end justifies the means, certain soldiers of the Church had from time to time insisted; but they were in the service of God. When Machiavelli taught the same doctrine he was only in the service of the state. There was the rub.

It was natural, then, that those who claimed ideals for mankind

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should criticize and malign him. He was charged with indifference to religion, with a hatred of the Papacy, with a leaning toward paganism and with a boundless admiration for antiquity, and he was doubtless guilty on all scores, although no one has charged against him either perfidy or personal treachery. In his own dealings he was apparently sincere and honest. He pilloried the faults of prince and pauper alike. As one writer has pointed out in his defense, a true rogue would not have disclosed so frankly his private scheme of roguery.

In the twenty-six chapters of *The Prince*, Machiavelli indulged in no political vagaries. He made statements and supported them with contemporary instances and with cases from antiquity. A strong hand, ruthless warfare, consolidation of gains, then the building of the state. He made no excuses for wanton assassination, terrorism, sadism nor any general authoritarianism. "*Whereupon it is to be noted*," says he, "*that in the laying hold of a State, the usurper thereof ought to run over and execute all his cruelties at once, that he be not forced often to return to them, and that he may be able, by not renewing them, to give men some security, and gain their affections by doing them some courtesies. He that carries it otherwise, either for fearfulness, or upon evil advice, is always constrained to hold his sword drawn in his hand. . . .*"

And he defends the broken promise: "*A wise Prince cannot, nor ought not, keep his faith given, when the observance thereof turns to his disadvantage, and the occasions that made him promise, are past. For if all men were all good, this rule would not be allowable; but being they are all full of mischief, and would not make it good to you, neither are you tied to keep it with them: nor will a Prince lack for lawful excuses to give color to his breach of promise.*" Further, he declared, men placed store by guile and two-facedness: "*Every man may come to see what you seem, few will come to perceive and understand what you are.*"

Men shed crocodile tears. What, he dares say this of mankind! A foul blackhearted man, Niccolo Machiavelli!

But he was an honest man and a sincere one and later Francis Bacon declared, "We are much beholden to Machiavelli and other writers of this sort who openly and unfeignedly declare what men do, and not what they ought to do." The blistering candor of *The Prince* was the first genuine contribution to the science of government since Aristotle; and down to our own day no man has contributed more to the psychology of politics.

A quarter century after Machiavelli's death in 1527, the Church placed all his works on the Index. But men did not cease to behave as Machiavelli had set down. Any who read the daily press can judge for themselves whether the tyrants of the twentieth century are not behaving more according to the tenets of Machiavelli's *The Prince* than according to the teachings of the Prince of Peace.

—Louis Zara

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THE LEAVENING

WHAT A RELIEF WHEN THE TWO AUTHORS AT LAST JOINED HANDS IN THE ULTIMATE BOND OF ENMITY

GEORGE RAGION, playwright and novelist, was in his study, doing nothing but reading his newspaper, and, what was worse, the front-page editorial of his newspaper, when his man-servant came to announce a caller:

"There is a lady at the door who wants to see you, sir. She doesn't want to give her name, but she is very insistent about being received."

No one dreads adventure more than one who makes a profession of inventing it. And a man who writes is exposed to women who read: certain of them are terrifying. As a matter of principle, Ragion did not answer letters and was suspicious of rings at the doorbell. However, as his man-servant assured him: "Her manner is very composed and she seems well-bred," he dropped his paper, seated himself behind his desk, opened the inkwell, took his pen in hand, assumed, in short, the pose of an author, and consented:

"Let her come in."

The woman who entered did indeed seem composed and well-bred—a trifle nervous—a glove buttoned, unbuttoned, re-buttoned—but nothing in looks or bearing to suggest that romance-chaser so disturbing to the man who loves tranquillity. On the contrary, an indefinable air of rationality, of the bourgeois, of the French bourgeois, which is to say that it was touched with irony. A line about the mouth indicated a touch of mischievousness in the midst of the worst eventualities.

Looking at this woman, Ragion, author that he was, thought of those stock heroines—drawn, after all, from the French race itself—whose chief characteristic is a sort of acrimonious uprightness. He indicated a chair, she seated herself and said:

"I beg your pardon for having presented myself to you in this unconventional way, and without giving my name . . . but it is essential that no one should know that I have come to see you. I am Mme. Kerque. Yes, Mme. Jean Kerque, the wife of your confrère. And I have come to see you because it is necessary that I tell you of things in which you are involved without in the least suspecting it. See here! I have . . . No! My husband believes . . . No . . . It is very difficult

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to explain it that way. I am embarrassed. Let me tell it as a story. That sort of explanation will force me to say what I want to and will make you excuse me more readily.

"The first time I saw my husband was in a café at Montpellier. Do you know Montpellier? This was one of those cafés on the theatre square. I was with my father and mother. We were visiting the region. Papa and Mamma detest public places, never drink anything and ordinarily go to bed at nine o'clock, but on a trip they believe that they lose face if they do not establish themselves of an evening in the booth of an ice-cream parlor.

"So we were there, all three of us. A few tables away was a young man with a too-much-rouged young woman. He leaned toward her, talking vehemently, while she sucked placidly on a straw. We were curious. I cocked an ear toward them and perceived that it was verses which he was reciting to her . . . A young man, a modern young man (he already had his American moustache), who recited poetry to a little flirt in a café—it was unheard of! It seemed touching to me.

"He observed that I was listening, then . . . then, naturally, he raised his voice. The verses seemed very beautiful to me. The next day at the same time both of us were in the same places. He again recited poetry to his friend, in a little higher voice, perhaps, and he said to her on one occasion, 'They are mine, you know.' As if she did not know it! But perhaps it was not to her that he said it. The verses still seemed very beautiful to me. I envied that young woman into whose ears they were poured.

"In short, several days later, as we were about to leave for Arles, I said to my father:

" 'No, papa, we must stay in Montpellier, at least until I have made a decision. I think I am in love with that young man who recites poetry to his mistress in an ice-cream parlor.'

"I was, and Jean was in love with me. And we were married.

"You must take me for a romantic little fool. But I wasn't. Or, at least, wisely. Doubtless I was enamoured of Jean Kerque's talent, as much as of his face, but isn't that just as sensible? And I did not overestimate: I did not think for a moment that I had married Victor Hugo or de Musset. I was only satisfied—and happy—to have as a husband a writer of worth, who would succeed, who would make himself known, who would be someone. Fame and wealth—aren't these, after all, what all women expect of their husbands?

"And Jean could not fail to achieve one or the other. He told me the ideas he had, ideas for plays, ideas for novels, and they were delicious, believe me. I clapped my hands:

" 'Oh yes, that will be a knockout, my dear, write that quickly.'

"He laughed: 'Oh, not during the honeymoon. I am on a vacation.'

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"And, since we loved each other very much, certainly he was busy enough.

"In the apartment in which we established ourselves in Paris, the room to which I gave the most care was his study. Warm in winter, cool in summer, an immense table, a nice little corner for meditation, space for pacing the floor in pursuit of an idea, and, wherever he stopped, a pad and pencil within reach of his hand. Jean went there every day, for long hours, but it was to smoke a cigar. And I decided I had married an idler.

"He was full of talent, effervescing with ideas, but for him a play was written when he had found the subject. He would discuss it, all that one could want; but to compose it, transcribe it seemed to him a secondary, material task . . . consequently, boring.

"How many time have I not heard him say: 'You see, it is finished, there is nothing left to do but write it.'

"No more than that, indeed. But that it always remained. He had not deceived me. He had suddenly shown me what he was: a reciter of verses in a café to an indifferent listener. I should not have stayed at Montpellier; I should have returned a little later, and I would have found him in the same place, reciting the same verses with the same fervor, and I would have observed that the verses also were the same . . .

"And so nice . . . such a good boy, and he loved me so much, besides! I have never been able really to wish ill to him. I did everything, you may well believe. I cried, I caressed him, I grew angry. Once I returned to my parents and threatened him with divorce. Often—if I blush, so much the worse—I had to say to him:

" 'Not before you have finished your act . . .'

"In the end, I made him do a comedy which succeeded, a second . . . But your profession is terrible to you writers: when you are nobody, no one helps you; when you begin to be someone, everyone impedes you. And, in the end, you have everyone against you: your director, your actors, your public. With you, to work is not your only task; you must work against the whole world. There is enough to discourage even one who is not an idler. Last of all, in growing old, you lose your best resource: enthusiasm, the beginner's confidence in himself.

"Jean . . . if I wished to coerce him, avoided me with schoolboy's ruses. He shut himself up in his study with a book which he hid under a sheet of white paper when I entered. He scrawled incomprehensible marks on a pad, telling me they were notes he had taken in shorthand. When I was provoked beyond endurance, he planned a trip in search of inspiration:

" 'My last act takes place in Naples; I shall have to go there to find local color. I have already done the first, which takes place in the Parc Monceau.'

"Ah! *ouat!* . . . it would have been

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enough if he had simply gone to his desk.

"There are many people, monsieur, who are not ambitious for themselves; they are ambitious for someone. I had long hoped that Jean would be ambitious for love of me. But no. Perhaps because he was sure of always having my love. Perhaps because love isn't enough . . .

"At last one day I understood that what one will not do for someone he will do against someone . . . And I invented you, M. Ragion. Yes. You will soon understand. You are of Jean's generation, you write the same type of plays . . . You understand? One will pay heavily to evict a rival. One will work oneself very hard to hurt an enemy, one will kill oneself with work to arouse the envy of a jealous person. So I invented your jealousy of Jean.

"I embroidered. I imagined. I reported would-be cruel words coming from you. I even sent anonymous letters. At first Jean was astonished.

" 'This man is an idiot! . . . What does Ragion have against me?'

" 'You have more talent than he, and he is consumed with jealousy because of it.'

"I beg your pardon, but it is really necessary that I explain . . . And so he became accustomed to see in you an enemy. Sometimes he came home saying to me:

" 'I met Ragion. The low trickster gave me a gracious smile.' Ah! Again I beg your pardon.

"And he was taken in. He set himself to work against you. He wrote one play to crib a turn from you at the Varieties, another in order that you would not crib his turn at the Athenée. And he, who had a tendency to be satisfied with his facility, took great pains with his work in order not to risk making you happy by making a fiasco. Ah! How many times I have heard:

" 'Ragion is going to be green with envy! . . . No stupid mistakes, that would give Ragion too much pleasure.' Or the day after a successful premier: 'I know someone who will be furious when he reads the papers this morning!' You!

"I owe you my husband's success, the fame and fortune I had hoped to gain in marrying him. I owe you my salon, my friendships, I owe you my collar of pearls here! I sometimes have thought that you have been my provider without knowing it. That did not make me like you. You see, it is absurd, but it is so—I detest you, as I would detest a rival. My husband did for you what he did not do for me . . . I know well enough that it isn't your fault, but I hate you all the same.

"But it isn't to tell you that that I came . . . see here! It seemed to me that my work was finished. Jean's career seemed to be outlined. One year you wanted the Legion of Honor; one year you would prepare a great play for the *Comedié Française;* one year you would talk of becoming a candidate for the Academy. And I feared only one thing—that you might die too

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young . . . Alas! Idlers are never cured. Jean gave himself over to dreaming of an epoch when he would no longer need to ruin you. And yesterday he said to me:

" 'At last I want to have an understanding with Ragion. This state of hostile hypocrisy is unbearable. Two men of talent like us ought to understand each other.'

"He is going to come here after lunch. So I have come running . . . first, to warn you. What a catastrophe if he found himself in the presence of a friendly man. I have invented so many mean tricks for you! . . . And now to be asking something of you, to be supplicating . . . I beg you to be nice; remain, become, in short, be the enemy of my husband . . ."

She had clasped her hands and her eyes were full of tears, despite the little line of malice around her mouth. Ragion smiled.

"Agreed, madame. And it will be very easy for me. He will be convinced for I am already his confrère."

She leaned toward him.

"But he will insist. He will be charming. Be on your guard!"

Ragion smiled again.

"Ah! Well, you may reassure yourself completely. I promise you that we will be embroiled until death."

And thus she departed. The afternoon passed. About four o'clock, Jean took his hat with decision:

"I am going to see Ragion."

She watched him from the window. He did not return until six o'clock. His face was radiant.

"I saw him. He was delightful."

She blanched. In promising an embroilment, had Ragion lied to her?

"Yes," continued Jean, "we chatted for two hours and do you know what he proposed to me? To collaborate with him."

Then Mme. Kerque breathed once more. She knew men of letters. And she knew that Ragion had not lied to her.

—André Birabeau

TELLING TALES II

If your boy flunks out of college and returns home with nothing but the usual form letter, then send him back. You are entitled to a first class rejection slip. But have you ever seen a letter from a college that had any sparkle of good sense or humor?

There was a merchant once in old Persia who wanted his son to be educated and accordingly he sent him to Sadi, the famous Persian poet, with a letter asking Sadi to please educate the boy and send the merchant the bill.

A few days later the boy came home with the following letter to his father:

"If the ass that brought Christ to Jerusalem had turned his head to Mecca he would still remain an ass. Wash a dog in the seven seas and in ten minutes he is dirty again. It's no use. I am returning your boy."

—Manuel Komroff

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LOVE IN A CHIMNEY

I sat before my hearth and heard
The little thunder that a bird
Made with its wings in checking flight
Down my chimney out of night.

And then I heard the gentle notes
In baby chimney-martins' throats,
The smoke my fire sent above
Could not check the work of love.

I had not known the birds were there
Hanging perilous in the air
With only a square of stars for light,
When I built my fire that night.

Love hung between the earth and sky
With a dark road to travel by,
But eyes like twin stars burned below
To light it up the way to go.

I might have known love would fill in
Every crevice wide or thin
In the house when my own four
Children weren't there any more.

I put my fire out and sat
Listening to a mother at
A belated mother's duty
And wings that thundered out its beauty.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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QUEEN OF TERROR-ROMANCES

ABOUT ANN RADCLIFFE, THROUGH WHOSE PAGES RATTLED ONLY THE MOST GENTEEL SKELETONS

AMONG all England's "lady-novelists"—and their name is legion—which have been the most important? No contemporary student could possibly fail on that question. He would name Jane Austen, George Eliot, and the Brontës, and then he would call it a day. But unless he had been enlightened by some such article as the one you are now reading, he almost certainly would not name Ann Radcliffe.

Now the interesting thing is that a hundred years ago Mrs. Radcliffe's name must have stood at the head of any such list. She was "the Great Enchantress," she was "the Shakespeare of Romance," and when Sir Walter Scott first appeared on the scene his admirers could think of no higher tribute to his genius than to regard him as her successor. Her books were translated and imitated throughout western Europe. All in all, Michael Sadleir probably does not exaggerate when he speaks of her as "the most influential woman novelist there has ever been."

Mrs. Radcliffe was the great Gothic romancer of the 18th century. She was born, Ann Ward, in London, in 1764. She was married at twenty-three to William Radcliffe, lawyer and editor, and it is said she began writing to pass long winter evenings when his business kept him away from her. She was a small, pretty woman, proud, unusually shy, and indifferent to society.

Her first book, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, 1789, is quite unimportant. In *A Sicilian Romance*, 1790, she begins to find herself, but the book is overplotted and crowded with hairbreadth escapes. *The Romance of the Forest*, 1791, is much better. As the title implies, it belongs to one of the loveliest traditions in English literature—the Robin Hood-*As You Like It* tradition. *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, 1794, was awaited with breathless interest. When it appeared it carried its author's reputation to new heights; indeed it remains her best-known book today. *Udolpho* is somewhat loosely-knit, but the atmospheric background against which the story unwinds is wide and impressive, and the development of the terror-theme while Emily is virtually held prisoner

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in the Appenines is masterly. But *The Italian*, 1797, is, for intensity and concentration alike, clearly her masterpiece. Like her other books, it deals with young lovers persecuted by entrenched wrong and terrified by nameless fears. The malign monk, Schedoni, who pursues them relentlessly, only at last to find his fate involved in theirs, is such a character as she had never achieved before. *The Italian* was the last book Mrs. Radcliffe ever saw in print.

On the historical side of the Gothic revival, Mrs. Radcliffe is weak. But when she comes to developing suspense and terror against marvelously picturesque backgrounds, then she need apologize to nobody. She would have agreed with Stevenson that "Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable, 'miching mallecho.'" In *The Italian* there is a perfect illustration. Vivaldi observes "a striking relic of antiquity," an arch "suspended between two rocks, the one overtopped by the towers of the fortress, the other shadowed with pine and broad oak." But the arch alone is not enough. Mrs. Radcliffe adds: "Now, either the grotesque shapes of banditti lurking within the ruin . . . or a monk rolled up in his black garments, just stealing forth from under the shade of the arch, and looking like some supernatural messenger of evil, would finish the piece." Passionately as Mrs. Radcliffe loves scenery, she did not describe it for its own sake. She presents it as it inspires, as it intensifies, the mood of her story.

She had a psychological interest in terror, which she distinguished sharply from horror. It is the first, not the second, that she sees as the source of the sublime: terror "expands the soul, and awakens the faculties to a high degree of life." Long before Emily ever visits Udolpho, or falls into Montoni's clutches there, she sees her father, one day, weeping over the miniature portrait of a strange woman. Before he dies, he asks her to burn certain papers without reading them. She obeys him, but her eye inadvertently falls on two lines (withheld from the reader), that she knows she will never forget. The servant Ludovico disappears from a supposedly haunted room; Emily herself sees a human face beneath the rising pall on the bed of the late marchioness.

But the classical instance is the story of the Black Veil. In an unused chamber at Udolpho, Emily comes across what she takes to be a mysterious picture covered with a black veil. Some terrible secret is supposed to be connected with it. After the reader's curiosity is as tortured as her own, she musters courage to go back and look at it. She "passed on with faltering steps; and having paused a moment at the door . . . she then hastily entered the chamber . . . She paused

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again, and then with a timid hand lifted the veil; but instantly let it fall —perceiving that what it had concealed was no picture, and before she could leave the chamber she dropped senseless to the floor." And that is all we are told until the end of the book.

One reason for Mrs. Radcliffe's immense popularity was that she gratified the current taste for terror without ever violating the gentility, the sensibility that the times prized. For if there was anything more characteristic of late 18th century fiction than terror-romanticism it was sentimentality; indeed it may be argued that the whole Gothic school simply applied a different and a coarser kind of pressure to induce the emotional orgies that such writers as Henry Mackenzie and Henry Brooke managed to call forth in a somewhat more genteel way.

Only Mrs. Radcliffe could be genteel and terrifying together. It is not what happens in her books that terrifies us; it is what we fear may be going to happen. All her heroines are variants of the same noble type; her favorite word to describe conduct of which she disapproves is "coarse." When Emily is confined at Udolpho, her maid gets hungry; Emily herself is much too refined to think of food. Prudery actually inspires grandeur in Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines; they achieve a really impressive severity whenever they find it necessary to oppose their superior delicacy to the comparative commonness of the pursuing male. And, on the basis of wholly fantastic scruples, they have the bad habit of coyly but firmly pushing the indelicate suggestion of an early marriage far from them, even when in so doing they are bound to let themselves in for much additional misery (and the reader for many gratuitous thrills). When, comparatively early in *The Romance of the Forest*, Adeline thanks Theodore for his generosity, he replies frankly, "Ah! call it not generosity, it was love!" And the tone of the scene is so delicate that we are almost as shocked as she is.

Mrs. Radcliffe's extreme sensibility does not help her with the modern reader, but this is not her most serious defect. Except for Schedoni, she was unable to create characters that were good enough for her plots. Her dialogue is unnatural, "refined." Miss Clara McIntyre is probably right when she links this shortcoming with the indifference to people which appears clearly in Mrs. Radcliffe's journals and in such records as we have of her life.

She wished her kind well, but she did not care to get too close to them. "The fairies gave her many gifts," says Miss McIntyre, "but they held back the one which a novelist most needs."

Her attitude toward her material is unsatisfactory also. She sets her scenes in Roman Catholic countries; she loves the dim, religious light; give her an abbey, a monk, or a friar, and she

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is happy. Happy as an artist, but not as a woman; for personally she is a bigoted Protestant, and so ignorant of Catholic practices that she imagines monks and nuns to inhabit the same convent!

The same contradiction shows up in her treatment of the supernatural. She must have supernaturalism. Supernaturalism is her stock-in-trade; she cannot get on without it. But she is a cultured English lady of the Enlightenment; she does not believe in the supernatural. How, then, can she have her cake and eat it too? In *A Sicilian Romance*, Madame de Menon does, indeed, discuss the whole psychic question in an apparently scientific, open minded way, but the same can hardly be said for Mrs. Radcliffe's own direct comments in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*.

Except in the uncharacteristic *Guy de Blondeville*, where she does dare a bona fide ghost, her aim (she does not always achieve it) is to follow Smollett's bad example and Clara Reeve's (and not Walpole's good one), by offering at the close a lame, naturalistic explanation of all the supposed wonders we have met.

That she manages it with great skill we admit freely, but we cannot get over an uneasy feeling that we have been tricked. A contemporary critic put his finger on her failure to learn the lesson that Shakespeare might have taught her: "We can believe in Macbeth's witches, and tremble at their spells; but had we been informed at the conclusion of the piece, that they were only three of his wife's chambermaids disguised for the purpose of imposing on the Thane's credulity, it would have added little to the credibility of the story, and entirely deprived it of its interest."

And even where the supernatural is not involved, Mrs. Radcliffe is often guilty of "manipulating" her materials too obviously. When Schedoni is about to murder Ellena, he sees a miniature portrait about her neck which leads him to believe that she is his own daughter.

Terrified, he asks her name:

"Have pity, holy father!" exclaimed Ellena in agony.

"Why do you not say whose portrait that is?" demanded he, forgetting that he had not asked the question before.

"Whose portrait?" repeated the confessor in a loud voice.

"Whose portrait!" said Ellena, with extreme surprise.

"Ay, how came you by it? Be quick —whose resemblance is it?"

"Why should you wish to know?" said Ellena.

"Answer my question," repeated Schedoni, with increasing sternness.

"I cannot part with it, holy father," replied Ellena, pressing it to her bosom; "you do not wish me to part with it?"

"Is it impossible to make you answer my question?" said he, in extreme perturbation. . . .

Evidently it is, and his "perturbation" communicates itself to the reader.

It is at least a question whether Mrs. Radcliffe does not usurp special privileges, when, as in the case of the Black Veil, or the two dreadful lines in the St. Aubert manuscript, she

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withholds from the reader vital information which the characters are supposed to possess. At the end of the book we are told what the Black Veil really concealed.

It was a realistic wax effigy of a human body in a hideous state of decomposition. Emily's single glance had left her with the impression that this was the actual corpse of a former inhabitant of the castle whom she suspected Montoni of having murdered. As a matter of fact, however, it was created for another person altogether, and with no other object save to aid him in his penance.

So the most famous incident in Mrs. Radcliffe's most famous novel turns out to be a quite gratuitous thrill, altogether unconnected with the theme of her book.

In spite of all Mrs. Radcliffe's shortcomings, however, one cannot but feel not only that she deserved her contemporary reputation but that she had enough talent to fit out several novelists as novelists go nowadays. And even of the Gothicists as a group one must say that though they perpetrated as much absurdity as ever connected itself with any movement in the history of English fiction, the work that they did was still vitally important and beneficial to the future of their art.

That fine critic, Miss J. M. S. Tompkins, remarks of Mrs. Radcliffe that "none of her Gothic edifices are ever fully known, even to their inhabitants, whose steps are always liable to stray, as in a dream, into unfamiliar apartments and down crumbling stairways." But is it not much the same with all of us, in this House of Life, and may not this be the very reason why the Gothic novel fascinates us as it does?

Fielding was a very great writer. One *Tom Jones* is worth all that the 18th century Gothicists did put together. Yet it is Fielding who writes, "I must confess I should have honored and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose than those noble poems that have so justly collected the praise of all ages." It would have been a very bad thing for English fiction if all the men who worked at it had felt just that way. There are Poe and Hawthorne out ahead, and the ghostly Henry James and Walter de la Mare.

The Gothic writers contributed something to plot-development and structure, though they failed unfortunately to weld plot with character.

They helped build up psychological fiction through their interest in emotions of fear and terror. But the most important thing they did was to prove that "reason" alone could never control English fiction.

They set the novel and held it in the presence of the Unseen, fronting squarely that great, impenetrable Mystery that enfolds our little life.

—Edward Wagenknecht

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GOD'S NOTEBOOK

A LITTLE WRITER SEES POSSIBILITIES IN THE SUPREME AUTHOR'S ROUGH DRAFT

A CERTAIN author carried with him everywhere a notebook for jotting down random thoughts and phrases.

In the midst of a field or a city street when an idea stopped him short, or on the bus or in the cocktail lounge, the tattered notebook came out and another fresh page was scribbled over.

The left-hand pockets of his coats were always frayed.

From time to time the author went over his memoranda, transcribing and elaborating, and from time to time one note or another bloomed as a story or article, poem or novel.

As even a writer sometimes thinks of God, that Author of All Things, so one night it suddenly occurred to this certain author that probably the universe itself was a divine notebook in which stars and street lamps, good and evil, mice and men, Hitler, Shirley Temple, and Einstein, furniture and fixtures, were jottings, plots, ideas, hints, scraps, and phrases on the way to a grand composition. Certainly the Life job was not complete; it was a jumble, at best an imperfect first draft, but with promise of something big.

"When he gets it finished it will be quite a world," muttered the author, squinting at the constellation Orion from the roof of the Gay Frolics night club. "In fact, a wow, a natural!" he cried.

An unattached blonde, overhearing and thinking she understood all, lingered.

"You were saying something, Big Boy?"

The author drew himself up to his full height of five feet seven. "I was merely observing that you were one of the undecipherable scrawls in the cosmic notebook."

"Nuts," said the blonde tersely. But the author did not hear.

It had just struck him that he himself was a note, an incomplete sketch for a man of some kind. It occurred to him that if he had the chance he could give some sound advice to his Cosmic Amateur in the way of revising the World Script.

The whole thing might even be an Idea. His left hand groped for the notebook again.

—LAWRENCE MARTIN

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FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

TO ONE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS IT WAS GIVEN TO DIE OUT ON A NOTE OF MAJESTY

WHEN Herr Leder turned into the Herrenstube for a beer before the evening concert, not even a stranger would have noticed his brief fumble for the door. He walked steadily between the crowded tables to his favorite one beside the dusty window and sat down and wiped his forehead with his great white handkerchief.

The youngest waitress, the country girl who'd been there only two years and was earning her way through the Universität, came to him at once and said, "*Heil Hitler!*"

"*Heil Hitler!*" said Herr Leder in a low tone. "A dark beer."

She hurried to fetch it and sat the dripping stein on its mat. "Drink well."

"Thank you, my child." He ran his forefinger around the top of the stein before he lifted it.

Well, he had never expected the end to come like this. The beer was cool down his dry throat; he drank it all quickly and called, "*Noch ein's!*"

It made him laugh—their saying apologetically, "But you cannot see the scores any longer, Herr Leder!"

Of course he couldn't see them. He hadn't seen them for years, and the directors knew it. But his bad eyes hadn't prevented his building up the orchestra to its present state of excellence. What was more, he didn't have to look at the scores because he'd known every note since he was knee-high to a blade of grass on the banks of the Isar.

The directors thought they were fooling him, but they weren't—he knew why he had been dismissed and it wasn't because he was nearly blind.

Herr Leder had chuckled when Heinrich Böch, his old, and once his best, friend, had muttered, "And you cannot read the new music, the modern music, Leder!" And he had asked, "Since when, Heinrich, have you wished to hear the new music, you who have always preferred Siegfried's *Rhine Journey* to any other music written by mankind?" That had caught Heinrich on the hip, so to speak, for he had a passion for Wagner so tremendous that Herr Leder had teased him unmercifully about it ever since they were boys together. Heinrich was the head of the board of directors, even though he couldn't tell one note

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from another if it came to reading. But he had paid his tribute to the government agents to be allowed to remain the head of the board of directors.

Herr Leder finished his second stein and put it down on the table with a thump. Yes—he knew quite well why the directors had suddenly decided he was too old and blind to go on conducting—he had refused point-blank to pay tribute, and it was known that he had no patience with the ideas of the government.

As he lifted his fresh stein, Herr Leder sighed. In spite of all the folly and foolishness of the Third Reich, he had never expected that the town to which he had given his life would no longer wish him at the conductor's desk of their orchestra. Hadn't he slaved all these years, endured smarty youngsters and trained them so that now he had a seasoned group of musicians as good as any in München even?

The war had killed most of the old orchestra; when he'd come back, he'd had to start all over again with what young players he could find. The war had caused his growing blindness and killed his two sons—Thomas, a fine first violin, and Ludwig who'd done some decent composing and had just started a symphony that might have been good. Herr Leder didn't think about them much. Their mother had starved. He tried not to think about her, either. He had come home from the war to music only, and worked and whipped the orchestra into shape for this Kurt, who'd been in diapers then, to take away from him!

"*Noch ein's!*" said Herr Leder.

Blind? What if he was? He knew more about music than Kurt would learn in forty years with ten pair of eyes! And yet, at his guest performance last month, the way Kurt had handled the Largo in the Sibelius Fourth had been all right. But if it was Sibelius the townspeople wanted, he, Leder, could give them icebergs too and better ones! True, he had to read a modern score with it up to his nose, the first time, but after that he remembered—didn't they know how he remembered every rest, every hold, every modulation of every instrument? *Ach*—he had forgotten—it wasn't his townspeople who wanted to get rid of him—it was the government.

Herr Leder took out his watch and held it close to his eyes. He felt the almost-darkness more today than he ever had: it had been a part of everything and he hadn't minded it until Heinrich Böch said, "Leder, the directors have decided—" and until the directors said, "But you cannot see the scores any longer, Herr Leder."

He paid his bill and stood up. The smoky Herrenstube wavered around him as he walked out. Tonight was the last night he would be walking toward the conductor's desk with its scores he never read any more because he knew when to nod at the horns, when to add the trumpets, when to cue the strings—*Himmel!* Tonight he died, that was it.

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What would he do tomorrow? He might teach if he could find students. But he knew well enough that a dismissed conductor would not be allowed to teach—by the government; Well, it was still tonight, and here was the theatre.

When Herr Leder walked onto the stage as steadily as if he could see for miles, a murmur ran through the packed hall.

Herr Leder's heart swelled. This was his farewell to his neighbors, to those who were still his friends and those who were not. When he reached his desk, he bowed to the vast blur of faces. Instead of lifting his right hand and crying, "*Heil Hitler!*" as the government had long ago instructed him to do before and after a concert, Herr Leder said simply, "*Grüss Gott!*"

There was a great sound of sharply indrawn breath. Herr Leder turned to his orchestra and rapped on his desk. He sensed the tension and excitement of his men, and his heart thudded. It was a program he had chosen with care: the Chaconne, for himself; the Beethoven Sixth for old Frau Länger who had taken care of his wife; the Prelude to Act One of *Lohengrin* for Herr Schneider who, by the grace of God, was still professor of history at the Universität; Siegfried's *Rhine Journey* for Heinrich Böch. He lifted his baton.

His men played as they had never played before, as they would never play for Kurt. Herr Leder was lost in the music.

It was toward the close of the *Rhine Journey* that he saw the faint movement of many bodies at the door leading off-stage. For an instant terror invaded him, but then the last cry of the horn and the sweep of the conclusion commanded him.

There was an absolute hush as he lowered his baton and turned to his audience. Herr Leder smiled.

"*Grüss Gott,*" he said, and laid the baton down on the conductor's desk and walked toward the black shirts waiting for him. —FRANCES FROST

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 50-51-52

1. A	11. B	21. A	31. B	41. B
2. B	12. B	22. A	32. A	42. A
3. A	13. A	23. A	33. B	43. B
4. A	14. A	24. A	34. A	44. A
5. B	15. A	25. B	35. A	45. A
6. A	16. A	26. A	36. B	46. A
7. B	17. B	27. A	37. A	47. B
8. A	18. A	28. A	38. A	48. B
9. B	19. B	29. A	39. A	49. A
10. A	20. A	30. A	40. B	50. A

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MAKING THE 7:30

DIALOGUE IN THE FORM OF A MONOLOGUE, OR "DISCUSSION BETWEEN MAN AND WIFE"

DAR-LING! . . . Well, it's a good thing you came back . . . I like that! I don't forget to kiss you good-by when I have a busy day . . . Well, what if he is an important old somebody! I'm important too, or am I? . . . Of course I believe you. After all you told me last night about your deal . . . I know. Oh, that reminds me. I have a big day planned for tomorrow—wait! Here! See Honey, this is a list of four girls I want you to phone for me from the office and ask them to come for lunch Friday . . . What? . . . Why of course I could, but you can save twenty cents by calling—oh all right, if your time is worth so much! . . . No, I'm not mad . . . Well, if your stenographer's time isn't too precious, perhaps you won't mind asking her to type these notes for me . . . It's a paper I have to give tomorrow and you know how hard it is for me to read my own writing . . . This is the first paragraph down here. There! I'll mark it. Then tell her to skip this part and go back here, then over here and . . . Well, look and I'll tell you again . . . What? I like that! I'm not making you miss your train. If you'd pay attention instead of—Henry! You're rumpling the pages stuffing them in your brief case like that. The poor girl never will know how it goes now and—Dar-ling! Wait! Oh dear! Oh, where did I put that list? I'm certain I laid it on the table—oh, here it is on the piano. Here, look dear, leave a little early and run into Ralph's on your way home and pick up these specials for me . . . What do you mean, your time is too valuable? . . . Well, pennies make dollars, don't they . . . All right, if you want to be mean, don't go. After all, you're the one who is always preaching economy . . . Oh, don't talk to me. I'll go. But aren't you the one who said there is no saving in going to sales unless you are going past anyway? . . . Well I'll have to burn gasoline, won't I? And there's the what-do-you-call-it wear and tear business on the tires and . . . Don't yell! It's your argument, not mine. I always have thought it was a silly reason . . . Well, go on and go . . . My time is too . . . Well, don't you ever tell me to try and save money again. You could save forty-six cents if you . . . Hen-ry! . . . You haven't kissed me!

—E. WARDMAN BELL

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PROTESTS

I

Some Homer, Spartan Helen said
Will talk about me when I'm dead,
I wonder which one will recite
My escapades some winter night
Beside some village gossip's fire,
Some Greek, I guess, or other liar.
While valiant men for me were fighting,
Some cad took me down, in writing.

II

The Shulamite said to her King,
Dear Solomon, if you must sing
My qualities to skies and prophets,
I think that I should share the profits.
As you find my charms inviting,
I'd like to have your Word, in writing.

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III
TO SAPPHO, FROM ATTHIS

Last night I saw you on the starlit summer grass
singing praises of me. I heard the secret laughter of
the gods murmuring, The violet-weaving one is indiscreet.
Sappho, I beseech thee, silence.
I do not care for such publicity.

IV
TO HERRICK, FROM HIS JULIA

When to his desk Bob Herrick goes
Capable in sombre gown,
To celebrate my eyes and toes
I wish that he could see me frown.
He writes of dew upon my hair,
My silken petticoats and such,
Though of his love I am aware,
I do not like the limelight, much.

V
TO BYRON, FROM "SHE"

I walk in beauty, like the night?
How prettily you phrase your notions.
A friend of mine said Byron might
Just refer to rhythmic oceans,
Or else perhaps I'm not quite bright,
To rouse such physical emotions.

—Sylvia Lyon

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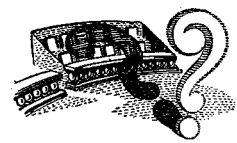
THE JURY NUISANCE

SIX-COUNT INDICTMENT BY AN EX-JUROR WHO HAS SWORN OFF BEING SWORN IN FOR SERVICE



Is it the duty of every good citizen to do jury duty? We are constantly told so, mostly by lawyers. No sweeping generality like that is ever true. Certainly that one is not true. Probably it is not true, either, that any intelligent citizen will avoid jury duty; but I believe a better argument can be made for the latter statement than for the lawyers' virtuous bromide.

The jury system is so staunch and revered a pillar of the civil rights that one hesitates to assault it, even constructively. When it was conceived, and wrenched from the powers that were, it was a superb achievement in the struggle of the submerged classes against their lords and masters. Whether or not it still is so today is a question which cannot fail to rise insistently in the mind of any thoughtful person who serves on a jury. It may be the best device we have been able to conceive; but I suspect that is because we have not put our minds to conceiving anything else.

I have been afflicted with a good deal of jury duty. Criminal Courts, General Sessions, Supreme Court, Grand Juries. Mention of the Grand Jury impels the statement that this is a type of jury with very genuine value. But it derives that value from the very fact that a Grand Jury is not, in the strict sense, a jury at all. It tries nothing. It is really a citizens' investigating body, and a very useful one. But it is not a jury intended to weigh and ascertain justice or punishment. Let us therefore leave the Grand Juries out of this discussion.

Many things are stupidly wrong with the jury system. Indictment number one, the great majority of the cases brought before juries are of such trivial nature that they should never be permitted to consume the time of citizens or civic servants. In these trivial cases, juries serve the interests only of the lawyers, who make a living by them.

When I say that cases are trivial, I mean that many of them concern absurd quarrels between individuals, of no importance and of no interest. I have sat as a juror in many such. There was the case of a householder who sued a builder because a piece of masonry had fallen from his porch and injured his wife. He wished to

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recover damages for six months' loss of his wife's services in the home. Sounds very reasonable, doesn't it? All cases do, until one hears the other side's argument. In this instance, the defense was simply that the woman was not the man's wife, she was his mistress. The judge threw the case out of court, but not until twelve good men and true had wasted a whole day listening to testimony.

Many, many of the cases between individuals are of equally silly nature. Did not the lawyers profit by bringing them to court, they would not get to court. But just as foolish are many of the cases dignified by the title "People vs." I have just finished listening to the People of the State of New York proceeding in majesty against a citizen charged with selling a box of gold to another citizen. The gold, on being analyzed, turned out to be brass. A heinous offense indeed; and the hearing of it took the better part of a day—a legal day, that is, which begins about eleven and ends before five, with two hours off for lunch. The trouble with this case was that the victim was utterly unable to identify the accused man as the seller of the gold. In other words, the State had brought in a silly case and a supposed criminal whom the State could not identify. The State should have ascertained this long before it took twelve men away from their daily jobs.

Again, I sat last month on a jury trying two men on a charge of assault against a third man. Two were night washers in a garage, and the third man had visited the garage where the two were working, at four in the morning. One of them had applied to another the fighting phrase, "You Bronx washer," and in a minute a fight had started. There were no witnesses. Only divine wisdom could have unraveled the actual facts of the case, which amounted to nothing more than an early morning squabble in a garage. Yet we sat for a morning listening to testimony, and we stayed in the jury room nearly three hours while ten of us tried to hammer two of us into a unanimous verdict. We succeeded at length only because the judge sent in word that he was going home and that if we did not come out soon we would have to wait until he had finished dinner and could return. So we brought in a verdict of not guilty. Was that worth the time of our twelve good and true citizens?

What are these cases, to justify dragging busy men away from their work, herding them into ugly and uncomfortable court rooms, compelling them to sit hours waiting to be drawn, and then to sit further hours as spectators of the forensic skill of two lawyers?

Second indictment: the jury system is incredibly wasteful of time. During a month's service, the average juror attends court twenty days, of perhaps six elapsed hours each. Out of the 120 hours service, for which he is paid, he actually serves on juries perhaps a total of ten hours, probably less. In

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my recent service, I was on a jury eight hours all told. I received my $3 a day, however; that is $60 for 20 days; and that in turn averages down to $7.50 an hour for the time I really did serve.

If one is a busy person, it is exasperating to endure the wasted time of a court day. One reports at ten-thirty. The roll is called. The judge enters at perhaps ten-forty. Then for anywhere from fifteen minutes to two hours, calendars are called, lawyers plead for delay, witnesses are lost, or other cases are sentenced. It is a broadening human experience to sit and watch humanity at its bar of justice, but we jurors are not paid for a broadening experience. Eventually, the actual business of the day begins, a case is found ready for trial, and a jury is drawn. About that time the judge leaves the room for half an hour, whether to transact business in his chambers or to have a cup of tea I do not know. When he returns, and while the jury sits in the box, another jury is drawn for another case. By that time the luncheon hour has arrived, and everyone is excused until two-thirty. The morning has passed, and the case on trial has not started yet.

Third indictment: the jury system has one startling distortion in logic, which is gravely surprising in any system constructed by lawyers. Is it logical that, in trying the case of a garage brawl, there must be a unanimous verdict, whereas in trying Acts of Congress and settling major national policies there need only be a 5-4 verdict? One or the other is wrong. If 5-4 is good enough to settle the biggest questions the country faces, then 7-5 ought to be plenty for the garage men's fracas.

Fourth indictment: a peerless crop of perjury flourishes in and about court rooms, and the jury is always instructed to note that fact. Of course, the Bible is much in evidence. Every jury and every witness in every case places hands upon the Bible and takes the oath of honest intention; and then half of the witnesses take the stand and lie away like veterans. They must lie, because the jury's verdict, in finding one set of witnesses telling the truth, of necessity finds that the others did not tell the truth. They do lie anyway, as any normally perceptive person can readily see. The judge knows that; and of course the lawyers know it. Indeed, the lawyer for one side, it may be said, is bound to be consciously building his case upon what he knows to be untrue. The law is a curious business. But to return to the oath, its purpose is supposedly to insure the telling of the truth, and also to make possible subsequent prosecution for perjury if a witness deals lightly with the truth. How many witnesses are so prosecuted? None. Then why the oath? Tradition. And tradition which is occasionally ludicrous, as when I saw one day a Mahometan sworn in on the Bible, and the next day a Hungarian Jew

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who spoke only Yiddish and was obviously bewildered by the Biblical ceremony in Manhattan English.

I would not lay violent hands on the jury system, but I would suggest that it can be improved, and sharply improved. A commission of able citizens, not lawyers, could reconstruct it so that its valuable elements could live many years more. If it continues in its present direction, it will certainly be under wide attack at some future time. Indeed, it is today in far too great an extent a shelter and protection for criminals. We can make of that a fifth indictment, and lawyers generally will agree with it. District attorneys, representing the people, are good men and hard workers, but they are not as able lawyers as those whom a guilty criminal will engage to represent him in court. One may make this broad generalization: if the accused man is actually guilty, he is certain to have an abler attorney than the State has.

A sixth and last indictment rests on the iniquitous habit which lawyers have of challenging any juror who is not completely ignorant about the type of case involved. If a fraud case is under way, the defense lawyer will challenge and get rid of any juror who knows anything whatsoever about fraud. This is known as "selecting an impartial jury" and "serving the ends of justice." The less able the juror is, because of experience, to form a really intelligent opinion in the case, the more acceptable he is as a juror. In the case of the gold brick sale, mentioned previously, one of the defense attorney's questions to jurors was "Have any of you ever bought any worthless stock?" If we had, we presumably knew the feeling of being swindled and would be prejudiced against his client.

As a matter of fact, if lawyers would only realize it, jurors are more impressed by the personality and manner of an attorney than by all the court tricks and objections and motions he can devise.

Having gone thus far to find fault with the jury system it is fair to suggest certain very obvious improvements. The most childishly obvious is to sift litigation so that much of it is prevented from coming into court. This should be very easily done by a qualified body. I have made no count of court calendars, but from my own experience I should say that 60 per cent of the cases tried before juries could easily have been resolved without ever coming before juries, and should be so resolved. The stumbling block to this, of course, is that lawyers derive profits from litigation. Only a very few lawyers are enthusiastic about the Arbitration Society, for example. They are lawyers of the highest standing.

Secondly, let us by all means have women jurors. It takes very little of the divine and superior wisdom of the male to equip an ideal juror. Women could do it without undue strain on their characters. Women are tried,

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women are lawyers, women sit on judicial benches. Let the encrusted and moldy tradition of the jury yield to the same pleasing invasion. It has, in some states. It should, everywhere. My interest is not that of equal rights for women so much as equal rights for men. Let women share the onus of jury duty and the men won't have to serve as often. Besides, there are many women, particularly in big cities, who have more time than men have for such civic luxuries as jury duty.

I have already suggested the wisdom of altering the 12-0 decision to a 7-5 decision. That would be merely a palliative, not a basic corrective to the troubles with the jury system. More basic would be a court system under which all sentences were given on certain set days. Why should a whole panel of jurors sit around the court room while cases are brought up in which the accused pleads guilty and receives his sentence? Why not do that on Monday, all day, and let the jurors attend to their businesses? Placing this sort of case at the very start of the day means that the jury's work rarely if ever begins before noon.

When it comes to delays of this type, a good word should be said for the elective method of obtaining judges. Judges, by and large, are considerate of jurors, partly, I suspect, because election day does come around. If this be too sordid a reason, it is likely that the judges themselves are worn to the quick by the lawyers' maneuvers and sloth. One of the few bright moments in court rooms is when the judge rebukes the lawyers for wasting the time of the so-called "gentlemen of the jury."

This may seem at first thought a radical idea, but I see no reason why we should not have professional and permanent jurors. There is no more strong argument against that than against having professional and permanent judges and attorneys. The sole argument for his being a layman is seemingly the theory that he must know nothing about the law in order to render justice. There may be merit in that; but I see no merit in the logic which says that the judge must be a specialist, trained in his work, and that the lawyer must be a specialist, trained in his work, whereas the juror must be the opposite of a specialist and as ignorant of jury work as possible.

Jury duty spurs one to many analytical thoughts about our whole penal system, but it does not induce respect for it. It is difficult to retain, during a month's jury service, the conviction which lawyers would have us retain, that jury service is a civic duty. Seen from within, it is a civic nuisance, which the discriminating citizen will avoid by any means within his power. Excepting always the Grand Jury, it will be a long, long time before this particular writer is again forced to endure jury service. For every time he has served, he has escaped two or three times. Hereafter it will be unanimous. —R. W. Rus

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COLLECTOR'S LUCK

ANY HONEST EDITION-HUNTER IS SATISFIED WITH A MEASLY THOUSAND PER CENT PROFIT

In nearly thirty-five years of indefatigable book collecting pretty well all over the world, I've been continually tugged at, as most collectors have, by my love for the books themselves and my need for the money they'll bring. But with the years, my greed has gradually given away to reason, and ever since the bursting of what I call The First Edition Bubble —the hectic 1919-1929 decade—I've been pretty calm about the whole matter. Nowadays I pick up a rare book just because I like it, and I don't expect it to make my fortune.

For instance, I just sold a first edition of *The Green Mountain Boys* to a dealer for eight bucks. All but two-bits of it was clear profit, but my real purpose in selling wasn't profit, for I might have got ten times as much for it ten years ago. It was simply to have some cash to swap for the regional American books on food and drink that happen to interest me just now.

It looks as though the rare book business may flare up again, even though prices are still cheap in comparison to those a decade ago, but I'm off the gambling end of it. I'll be content to grab off an occasional "first" for purely sentimental reasons and let those "unique" items alone. But for old times' sake let's go back to around 1927 and a few hectic incidents that stick in my mind.

When I say books I mean those mellowed and ripened in value by age, for unless it's a modern first edition a book must have been buried for at least a century in attic, basement or library, so when it's dug up it's as well mellowed as cheese, tobacco or wine and has taken on some of the venerable attributes of incunabula.

So it's with shame that I confess having been false to this instinct for well-ripened editions by dabbling a bit in 20th century firsts. Once I ran to earth the first issue of the first edition of Conrad's *Chance* and stood exulting as a lion-hunter over my kill. Because this was, in fact, the extremely scarce two thousand dollar *Chance*, born incognito, without even a dust jacket.

In a motley bunch of books I picked up in Rio de Janeiro for two cents apiece, lurked my *Chance*. Vaguely I remembered seeing this pick-up priced

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somewhere at five dollars, or was it ten? It didn't matter. Nothing to get excited about. Besides, my copy was in wretched condition. That is, its cloth jacket was shabbier than a bookkeeper's. So I threw it into a big box of books my friends were privileged to paw over, looking for things that had escaped me and paying just a jitney apiece for their "finds." A dozen other amateur sharp-shooters picked it up and threw it down with disgust before I sailed, which didn't help that ragged cover any.

At the last minute, however, I reached for any old volume to fill up a gap in my book trunk and this plug came up in my hand. So I wedged it in to keep the good merchandise from rubbing and during the trip looked it up once more in the price manuals I always carried along. Sure enough! There it was—one copy had sold for two hundred bucks just a couple years ago. But that was a presentation copy and probably its whole value lay in Conrad's holograph, with nothing left over for an uninscribed "first."

Maybe I had something. Anyway, I got up the nerve to show it casually to a Fifth Avenue dealer and you could have knocked me down with a Poor Richard's Almanac when he took the tattered old thing seriously, asked how much I wanted for it.

"Oh, I'll take a hundred."

"Leave it here till tomorrow, will you?"

"Sure thing."

Next day he allowed as how he might just possibly be able to use it, but pointed out how very, very shabby the cover was, and there was even a small rip in it, right near the spine.

Embarrassed for my two-cent book, I agreed. "Doesn't look very good, does it? Well, what'll you give for it?"

"I might make it eighty in spite of the condition, if you'll throw in those two Indian tracts."

"Oh, all right." I'd paid a cent apiece for the Indian items. They were good, but nothing much. Both of us knew that. Anyway, I could afford to be magnanimous.

But a couple of months later I got a jolt. I was shaken to the very depths of my book-grabbing soul on seeing this very copy of *Chance* that I'd sold played up in the latest catalogue of the dealer who'd bought it, but priced now at exactly two thousand two hundred dollars. Pretty rapid advance, better than arithmetical progression—2c (my cost)—5c (my offering price in Brazil)—$80 (his cost)—$2,200 (his offering price). How could such a thing happen?

The elaborate catalogue note below this treasure explained the whole mystery in these words: "The exceedingly scarce first issue of the first edition. Until recently the 1914 edition was considered to be the first, but due to a binder's strike, fifty copies of *Chance* were bound up at the end of 1913, with that date, and the regular first edition came out in a better binding a month later, with a new title page, dated 1914. The binders com-

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mitted sabotage on the first issue by using a very flimsy cloth, which went quickly to pieces, especially along the spine, so that the outstanding point of this exceedingly rare first issue is *its shabby cover*."

That burned me up. I felt I'd been gypped. I'd let the old book buzzard get away with using that priceless shabby condition, the greatest asset the book had, as its outstanding weakness when he bought it from me. Dipping my pen in vitriol, I indited a stinging epistle to him. But I never sent it. On second thought, I'd made an even higher percentage of profit than he. With nearly 500,000 per cent gain on my 2c investment I couldn't very well cheep. He'd only hiked up his profit a couple thousand per cent.

Shortly thereafter, I stuck my neck right out and got the noose again. It was like this: in the private back room of an uptown New York dealer I was poking around, as always, for out-of-the-way items to warm my pocket book when I chanced on a prize of equal, or even greater value, and let it slip through my fingers again. Next time I'll wear sandpaper gloves.

I was fingering around in the musty, dusty book piles when all of a sudden I found an enormous deed on ancient parchment, smooth as your girl-friend's cheek. I opened it out and there, instead of just one sheepskin, was a sheepskin and a half, nicely sewed together to make room for a big meadow of faded writing in a very small, cramped hand. I'd never seen anything like this outside of the British Museum. At the bottom were half a dozen signatures done with old-time curlicues. I couldn't make out the names and didn't try to, for fear of rousing the seller's attention. Six seals there were, too, all pink with age, dangling beneath those dim but elaborate signatures. It looked like the mummy of a manuscript and was positively Egyptian with promise. Folding it up hurriedly, I found penciled on the back "From the Belmont Library," so it was obvious that this rarity had been carelessly thrown out during some kind of a house-cleaning.

"Say, how much do you want for this?" I asked as evenly as I could.

"Five dollars to you, or I'll match you double or quits."

Both of us being born gamblers, we had taken to matching coins when there was any question in our continual bargaining. But I didn't want to get stuck for ten bucks so I asked if I could take it to the hotel and try to decipher it.

"Sure. Take it along."

"I'll let you know tomorrow."

With a soft art eraser I brightened the old names of the signers and almost collapsed with a stroke when the first one turned out to be "William Penn" and the second "Robert Carteret." With difficulty I deciphered the old English text with its quaint looping "f's" for "s's." Actually, it was the original title deed transferring a territory half the size of the whole State of Pennsylvania. I remember

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that the Delaware Water Gap was one dividing line and "rights to falconing" were included. The date, I think, was 1618, but since by now it must be in the Pennsylvania State Library, anybody interested could look it up. Obviously I had stumbled onto a prime piece of Americana.

To assay its value I looked in the back of my *Auction Prices Current* where manuscript, holographs and such important papers are recorded. There I found that a much smaller Penn deed, of a later date and with fewer signatures had sold for two thousand just the year before. So there must be a ready market for mine—I considered it mine from that moment, although I hadn't even paid for it. This sheepskin and a half ought to fetch more than any ordinary little one.

But when I offered it to one of our biggest buyers of exceptional material he smiled at my price, two thousand dollars. "The market's full of Penn deeds," he said. "I wouldn't touch them."

So I went out head down, convinced that my parchment wasn't worth any more than a cigar coupon. Maybe nobody would buy it, at any price at all. But the Penn autograph alone ought to bring something. I cut my price to one-tenth and took the thing modestly to an autograph dealer. The autograph dealer-collector offered me a hundred. I held out for fifty more and got it.

Not so bad, considering I hadn't even invested the five spot yet. So I went virtuously uptown and told my book-seller friend I thought I could use the deed all right, and didn't even offer to match for it. I paid the five dollars outright and felt virtuous, for it didn't occur to me that I might be taking advantage of his friendship, or that I might share my abnormal profit with him. Such an idea was as foreign to me as it would have been to that Fifth Avenue guy who ran up my *Chance*. After all, business is business, and collecting is collecting.

Next day I told the story to Gabriel Wells, the well-known book fancier. He smiled, twirled the combination of a wall safe and took out a folded packet of ancient parchment. "Too bad you didn't bring your deed to me" he said. "I would have given you anyway as much as I paid for this one."

"And how much was that?" I asked.

"Wait a minute—let's see how it compares with the one you had." Opening it out, I observed that it was half the size of mine, had only two or three seals and was dated eight years later. Meanwhile figures raced on the ticker tape of my mind: $5.00 (my cost)—$150 (selling price)—$2,000 (small deed)—$4,000 (probable value of my deed). I could have bought a house with that.

"The one you've got in your hand," said Mr. Wells, "is the very item you saw listed in *Auction Prices Current*. As a matter of fact I'm commissioned to buy every Penn deed that comes on the market. It's just too bad for both of us that you didn't happen to come here first." —Bob Brown

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KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

FOUR PAINTINGS OF THE REFORMATION

The artists reproduced on this and the following three pages were, along with Dürer, pre-eminently painters of the German Reformation. Lucas Cranach the Elder (1472-1553), whose *Adam and Eve* is shown above, rode best the stormy seas kicked up by the great Martin Luther.

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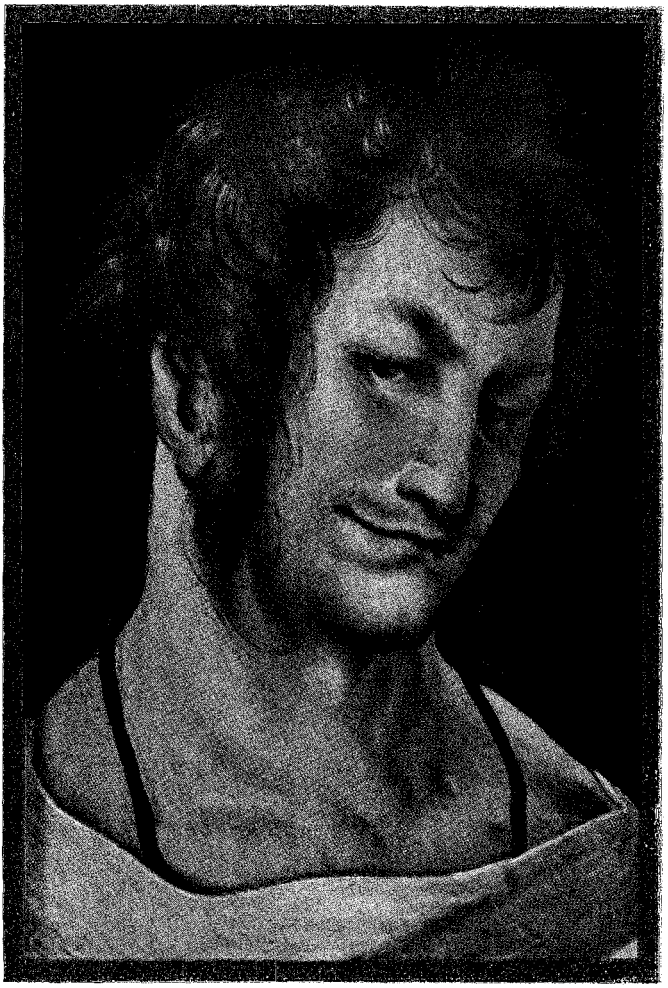

MALE HEAD BY SCHÄUFFELEIN

What the Renaissance did for the Italian spirit, the Reformation did for the German conscience. One was an uninhibited classical evolution, the other a confused politico-theological revolution. But both were emancipations, and in both was the wellspring of reawakening.

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FEMALE HEAD BY SCHÄUFFELEIN

All early 16th century German artists proclaimed Luther—the greats like Cranach and the near-greats like Schäuffelein (1480-1539). But the latter was not unworthy of an epoch when German art was at its height (though, by that token, also at the brink of its decline).

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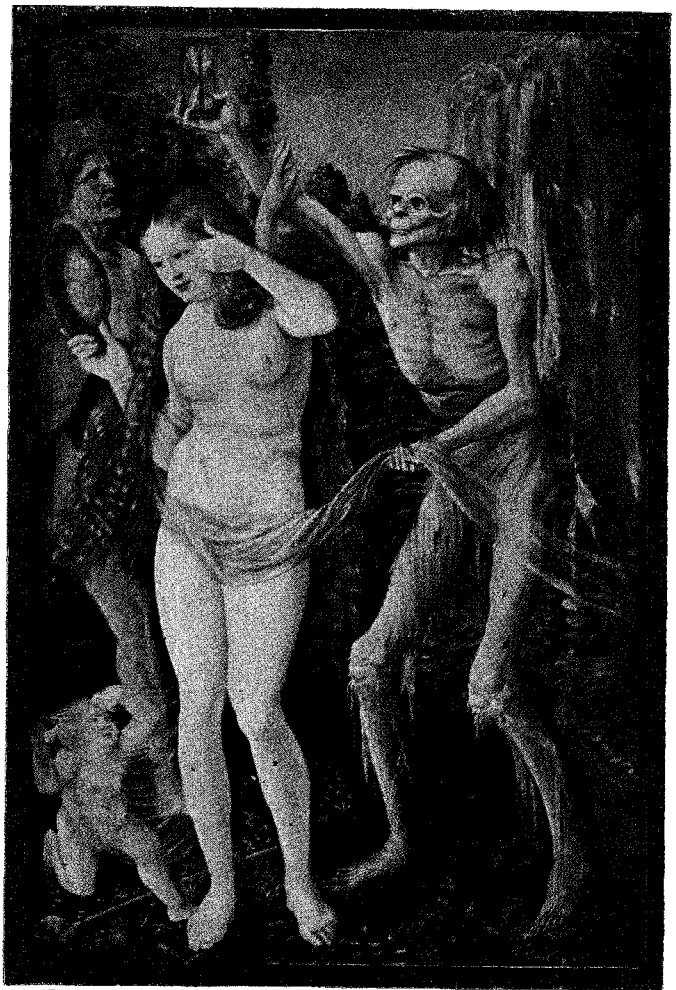

KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

THE TRANSITORINESS OF LIFE BY BALDUNG

A disciple of Dürer and equally a product of the *Sturm und Drang* of the Reformation, Hans Baldung Grün (1476-1545) was an archetype of Teutonic introspection. The "Dance of Death" shivered through his works, sounding many a variation on the theme of philosophic despair.

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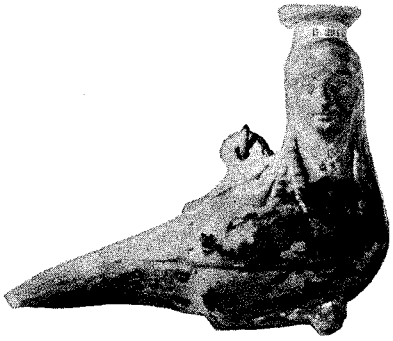

THE OTHER GREEKS

A GLIMPSE IN TERRA COTTA OF THE ONES WHO WATCHED THE PARADES

Boeotian (bē-ō′shăn), *adj.* Of or pertaining to Boeotia; hence, stupid; dull; obtuse.—*n.* One of the people of Boeotia; a stupid person.
—*Webster's New Internat'l Dictionary*

THIS sort of thing had been going on now for twenty-five centuries. The dog was given a bad name when, in the 6th century B. C., Boeotia was first taking its place as one of the most powerful states of ancient Greece. Only those contemptuous neighbors, the Athenians, were a bit more terse than Webster. Their phrase was "Boeotian swine." It was a pungent phrase, one word to tell who the people were and the other to tell what they were. It stuck.

TERRA COTTAS FROM BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

The smoke of calumny, of course, is much more prepossessing than the fire. Then, as now, Boeotia had foggy winters and sultry summers. So the Boeotians were said to be as dull as their native air. They were the gluttons of their day, and the famous comic poets of Athens jibed them unmercifully about it. Their cities made a gesture toward consolidation by forming the Boeotian League—and the net result was to increase the general inter-

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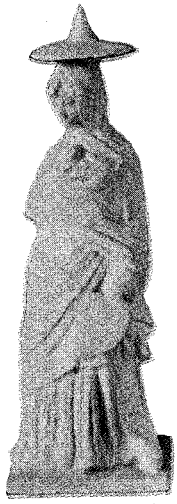
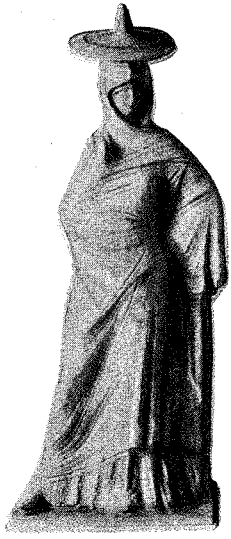


Girl, from Boeotia



Girl, from Boeotia

necine strife when their principal city, Thebes, started to depopulate the countryside in order to maintain its claim to leadership in the League. Finally, and this was their real crime, in the great crisis of Greece, when the Persian archers gave way before the Greek phalanx on the fields of Marathon and Plataea, the Boeotians deserted the national cause.

But all this is no excuse for Webster. Excessively pugnacious, the Boeotians were. And they may have been prone to gluttony. Nor can it be denied that, in the supreme struggle of Greece, they stood on the wrong side. Yet that did not make them stupid; dull; obtuse. In no respect were the Boeotians markedly overshadowed by the Athenians, the historic standard-bearers of culture and art. They produced their Pindars, their Hesiods and their Plutarchs, and they held their place in the glittering pageant of ancient Greek civilization.

This could go on. It could touch on the exploits of the great Boeotian statesman and general, Epaminondas. It could relate how the Boeotians routed their hated Athenian rivals in the Battle of Delium, 424 B. C. But it will be more pertinent to introduce at this point an account of what happened in the winter of 1873, for in the following paragraphs a terra cotta tail is going to wag the Boeotian dog.

★ ★ ★

In Boeotia, not far from the borders of Attica, was the city of Tanagra. To it the Athenians, with their pleasant

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flair for pinning special defects on the various Boeotian cities, attributed the comparatively mild vice of envy, having run out of more opprobrious terms on behalf of the larger cities, such as insolence for Thebes and contentiousness for Thespiae. The Athenians to the contrary notwithstanding, it is now thought that, at least as a center of Greek culture, Tanagra was more enviable than envious. Quite by accident, in 1873 on the site of this ancient city, several tombs were discovered containing terra cotta statuettes in a quantity and of a quality that dwarfed all previous finds of this type.

What the discovery of gold is to prospectors this proved to be to archaeologists, and indeed they put on a surprisingly vivid re-enactment of the California gold rush twenty-four years previous. There was an immediate stampede of explorers to the site, followed by indiscriminate digging of the most frantic sort. Hundreds of tombs were opened, thousands of statuettes were found, all accomplished with a complete absence of any scientific system of recording. Ultimately the hodgepodge was unscrambled, catalogued, and exhibited, in part, to public view. The cute little statuettes made a great hit with the public, which soon forgot all about them, but archaeologists found them more than cute and have not ceased pondering them to this day.

In ancient Greece, as in the modern world, there were sculptors who modeled heroic statues and monuments

Nike, from Boeotia

Seated Goddess, from Boeotia

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Girl, from Boeotia

Boy, from Boeotia

and potters who made household utilities and vases. But it would be difficult to find a modern parallel to the "coroplasts" of ancient Greece who stood midway between the sculptor and the potter and who produced the terra cotta statuettes. They developed from the potter, and it is characteristic of the Hellenic race that it did not long employ clay for utilitarian purposes alone. At first the tendency was to combine the vase-idea with the statuette-idea, an example of one of these early dual purpose terra cottas being shown at the top of page 103. But eventually the statuettes became a separate field of production in themselves, with their own artisans, the coroplasts.

Originally, the statuettes were images of deities, closely associated with religious and superstitious rites and used for funerary and votive purposes. Then a gradual transition took place whereby new subjects were introduced more in accordance with the artistic trends of the time than with the growth of religious ideas. Reams have been written on both phases in the development of the terra cottas, but it will be more profitable to consider, for a moment, the terra cottas in their relationship to Boeotia, allowing each to cast its light on the other.

★ ★ ★

First off, it is a supreme merit of the statuettes from Tanagra and from other sites in Boeotia that they are marvelously realistic portraits of the everyday people of everyday Greece.

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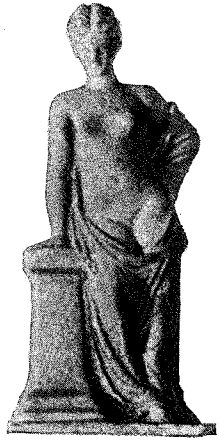
Even where the coroplast aimed at portraying a divinity, through a happy defect of his art whereby he could not quite leap the threshold between mortal and divine representation, his figures for the most part still remain portraits of human beings.

It has been said of the Boeotians, intending no compliment or a very back-handed one at best, that they were the Dutchmen of Greece. So they were in a way, but in a way that reflects credit on both races. Just as in eras of general confusion the Dutch have maintained a comparatively sharp perspective, in an age of penetrating realism the Boeotians excelled in this quality. It is a trait reflected in the art of both—in the famous genre paintings of the Dutch School, descriptive of the day-to-day life of the people, and in the terra cottas of Boeotia which, because they form such an accurate mirror of the people and fashions of the time, are considered as ranking high in the category of genre art.

Another significant point about the terra cottas is the fact that they represent female figures far more often than male. This is taken to be an indication that women held a higher position of honor in Boeotia than in other regions of ancient Greece, a presumption substantiated by inscriptions proving that in Boeotia women sometimes received recognition for public service elsewhere reserved for men alone. In most Greek centers, semi-seclusion tended to be the rule for all except



Woman, from Boeotia

Woman, from Corinth

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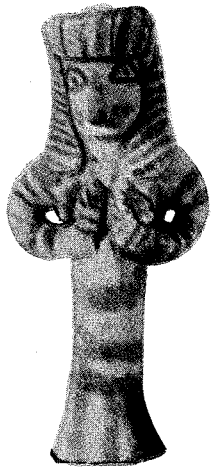

Primitive Figure, from Cyprus

Primitive Worshipper, from Cyprus

those ladies for whom the Greeks had a word, the hetaerae. It is interesting to note that many of the Boeotian female statuettes are modeled with hat and shawl, a characteristic detail that hardly smacks of seclusion.

Another count on which the testimony of the terra cottas must be heard is the question of popular culture. This is something apart from the monuments and public edifices. The terra cotta statuettes were the lively art of Greece in general and of Boeotia in particular, appealing to popular sympathies with a coquetry and charm that is as fresh today as it was in ancient times. The abundance of the statuettes in the communities on whose sites they were discovered alone gives evidence of the existence of a widely appreciative audience.

It should not be assumed, however, that Boeotia was the be-all and the end-all of ancient Greek terra cottas. It was their chief source, and in the statuettes of Tanagra especially is the key to the understanding of all terra cottas. Worthy of honorable mention are the particular centers which, in addition to Boeotia, produced terra cottas of which examples are shown on these pages.

The dictionary describes Corinth as "a city of ancient Greece, famed for its luxury and licentiousness," and here Webster is on surer ground. No one has ever arisen to testify on behalf of the purity of Corinthian morals. The institution of the "hospitable damsels" who were ordered to be at

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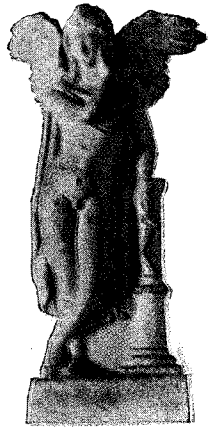
the disposal of strangers was actually a state organization and a matter of considerable civic pride. But the level of Corinthian art production, at least in terra cotta, was far below that of its hospitality. Not that Corinth was a total loss to the terra cotta hunters, but it stands about on a par with Athens—and that is so far below Boeotia as to limit it to this brief nod of acknowledgment.

The island of Cyprus, now far removed from the main highways of commerce, was in ancient times the link between either shore of the Mediterranean and between the more remote East and West. Cyprian coroplasts played an interesting part in the development of terra cotta work, although they never reached the degree of perfection attained on the Greek mainland. Because of its Eastern background, the terra cottas of Cyprus, especially the earlier types, have a markedly oriental character.

The town of Myrina, lying near the coast of Asia Minor, was never an important center. In the production of terra cotta, however, it ranks quite high. The terra cotta of Myrina closely imitates the Boeotian types, having presumably been produced by Boeotians who, during the era of migration in the 3rd century B. C., transposed to Myrina the craft which they had carried to such a high level.

The small neutral island of Melos is chiefly noted for having been on the receiving end of a barbaric assault when, in 416 B. C., the Athenian im-

Boy, from Myrina



Eros, from Myrina

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Persephone, from Melos

Dancing Girl, with Eros

pression that the sea and everything in it belonged to them led to an unprovoked attack on the island. Melos is the site that yielded the famous Venus of Milo but its terra cotta statuettes merely enlarge the scope of knowledge on this subject without materially affecting it.

★ ★ ★

In setting forth the essential contribution of the terra cottas of ancient Greece, it must be remembered that the coroplasts of all the localities mentioned were little artists. That is all to the good. Students of history have been too much bemused with such over-idealized pictures of Greek society as that drawn in Thucydides' version of the funeral speech of Pericles. In the same way, the heroic statues of Greece represent ideal rather than real conceptions.

It is as enlightening, therefore, as it is refreshing to come across these statuettes, the little chroniclers of their time, and see in them the ordinary people of ancient Greece as they actually were, as their contemporaries saw them every day—among them the mothers who brought their children to obedience with threats of Medusa and other bogies and who rewarded them at bedtime with the thrice-told fables of Aesop. In these statuettes lies our clearest view of the unremembered names that did not make history but made the foundation of history's most magnificent civilization. They are the other side of the tapestry of ancient Greece.

—BERNARD GEIS

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

BUDS

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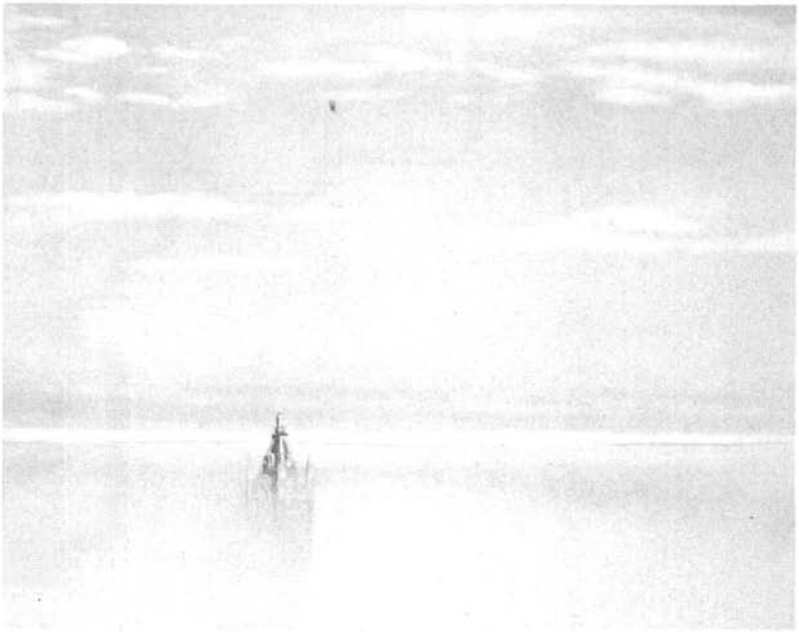

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

LOW CEILING

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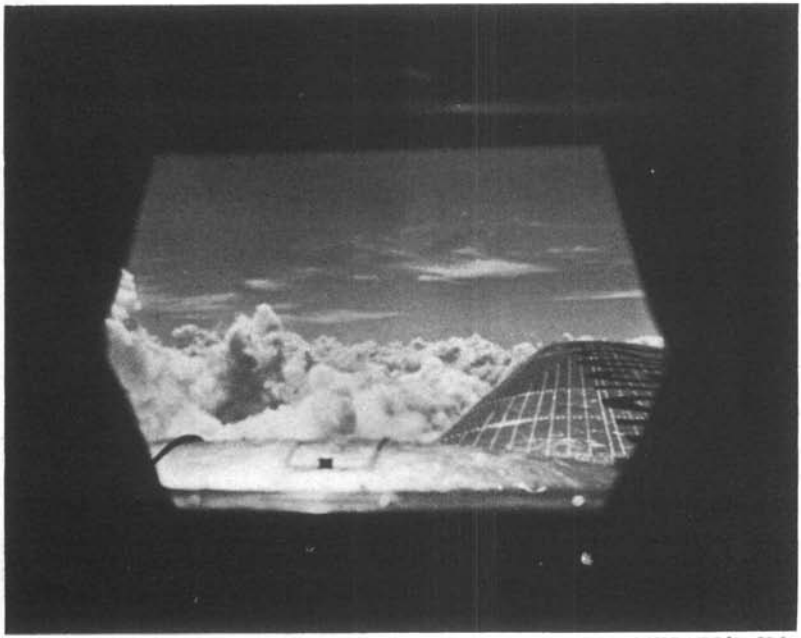

M. A. SMITH WHEATON, ILL.

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BLANC ET DEMILLY LYONS, FRANCE

FLICKERING EMBERS

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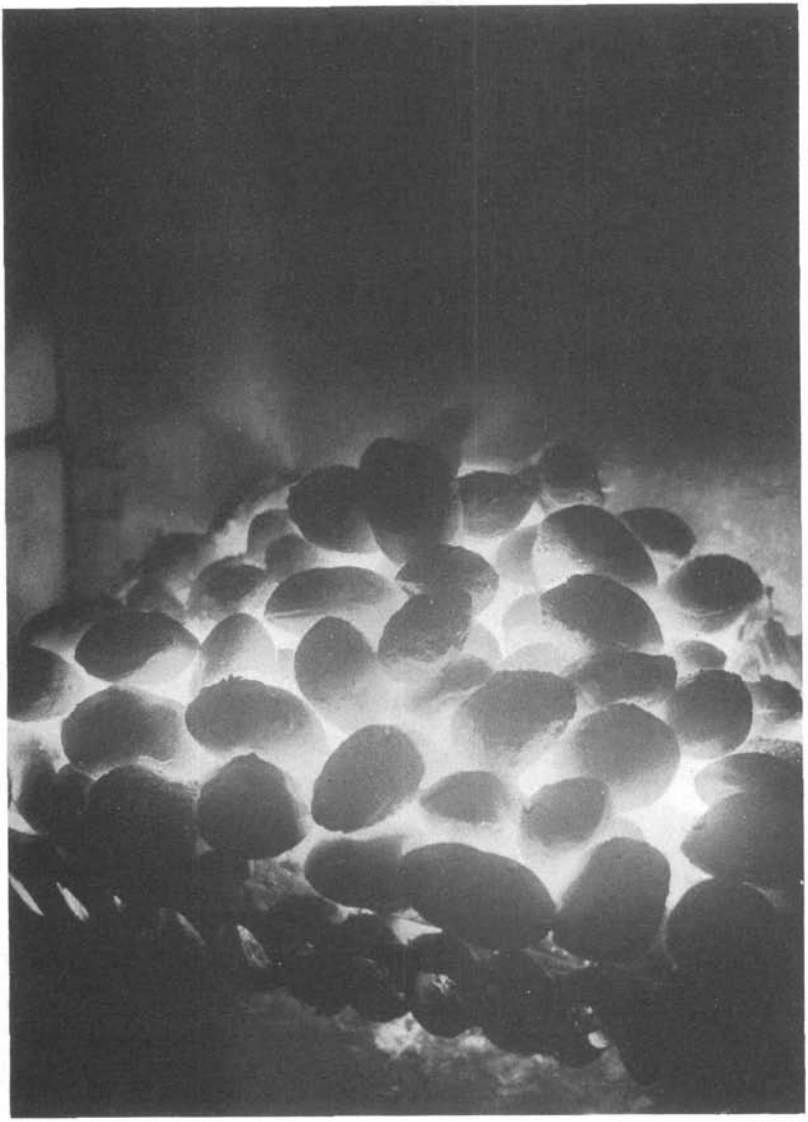

ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

GLOWING COALS

JANUARY, 1938

115

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

NOCTURNE I

CORONET

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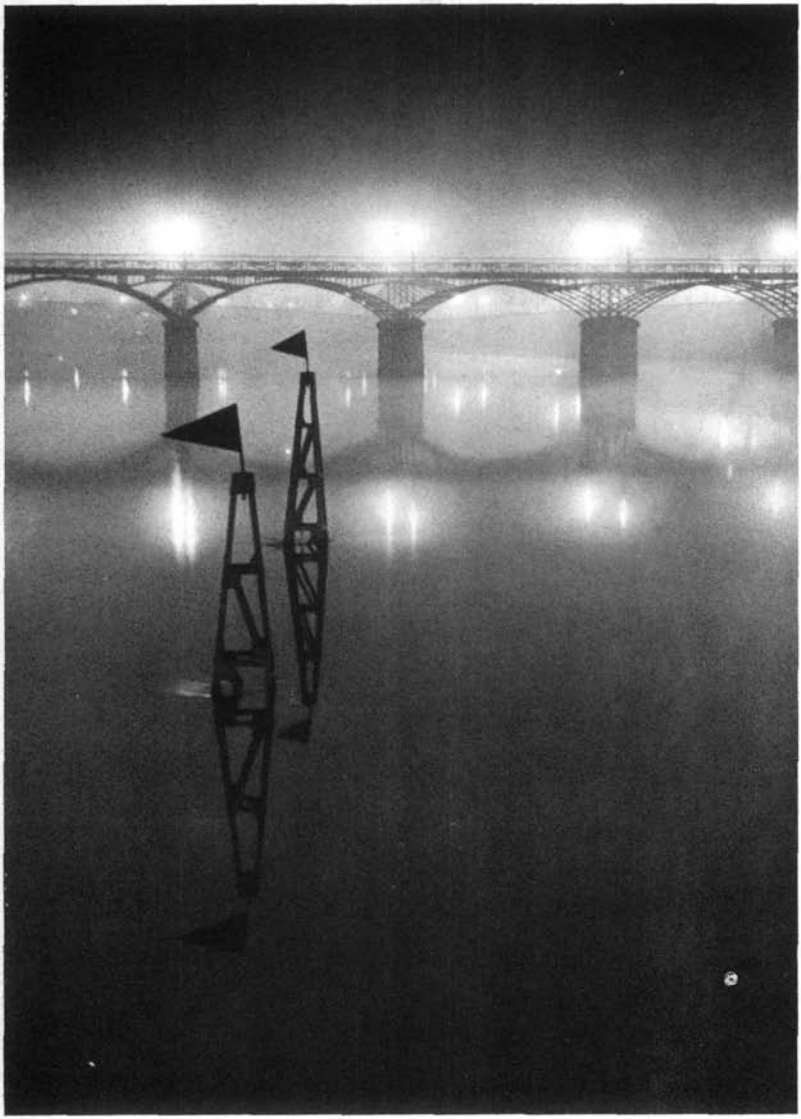

BRASSAÏ PARIS

NOCTURNE II

JANUARY, 1938

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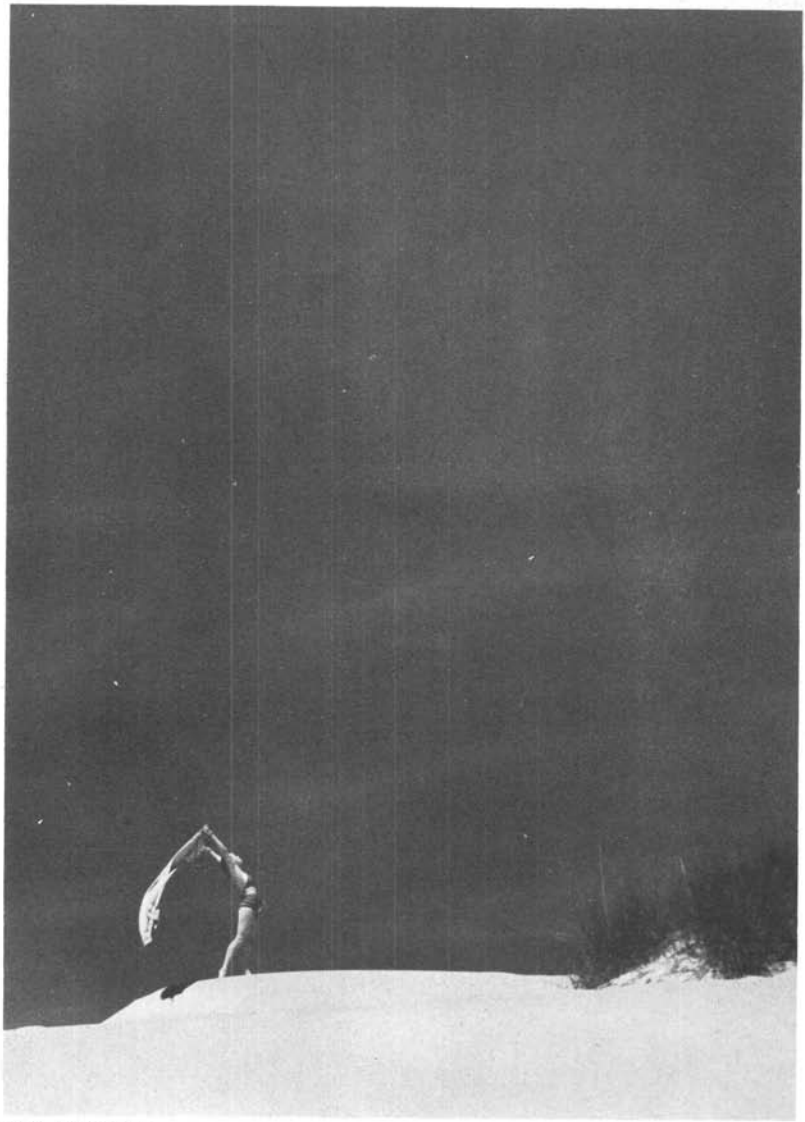

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

DUNE

CORONET

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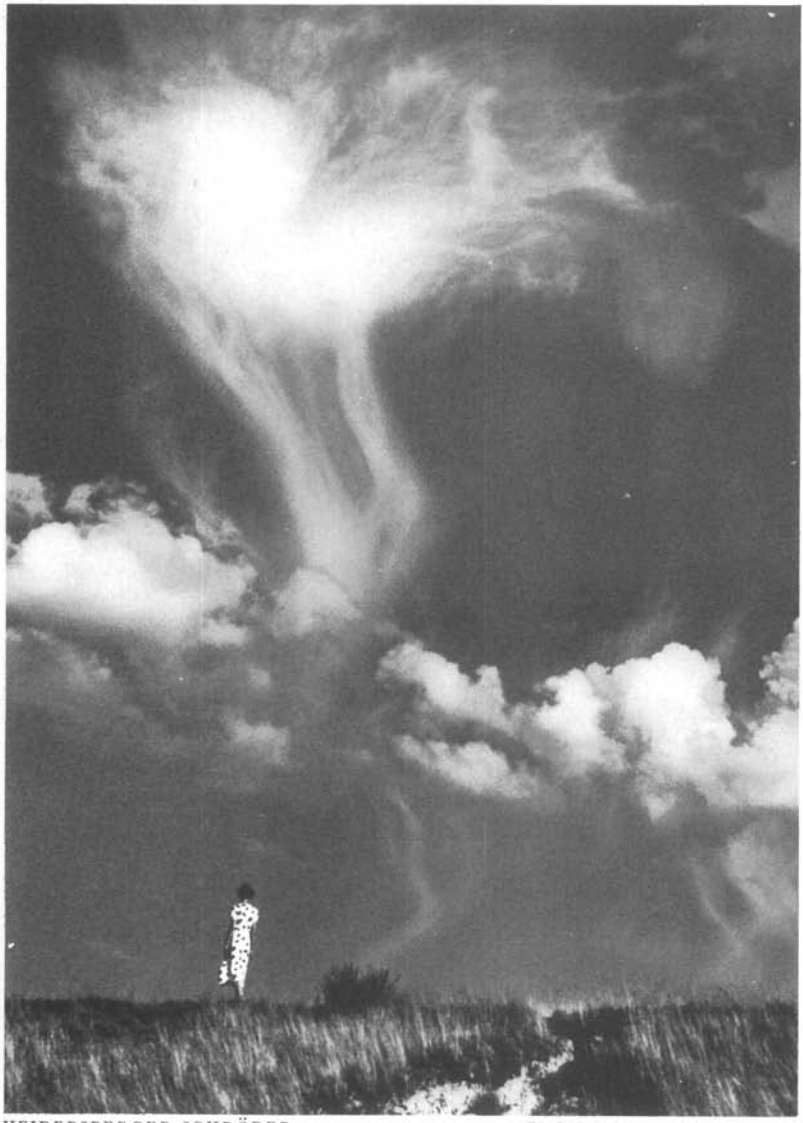

HEIDERSBERGER-SCHRÖDER FROM MONKEMEYER, L. I.

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NELL DORR NEW YORK

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

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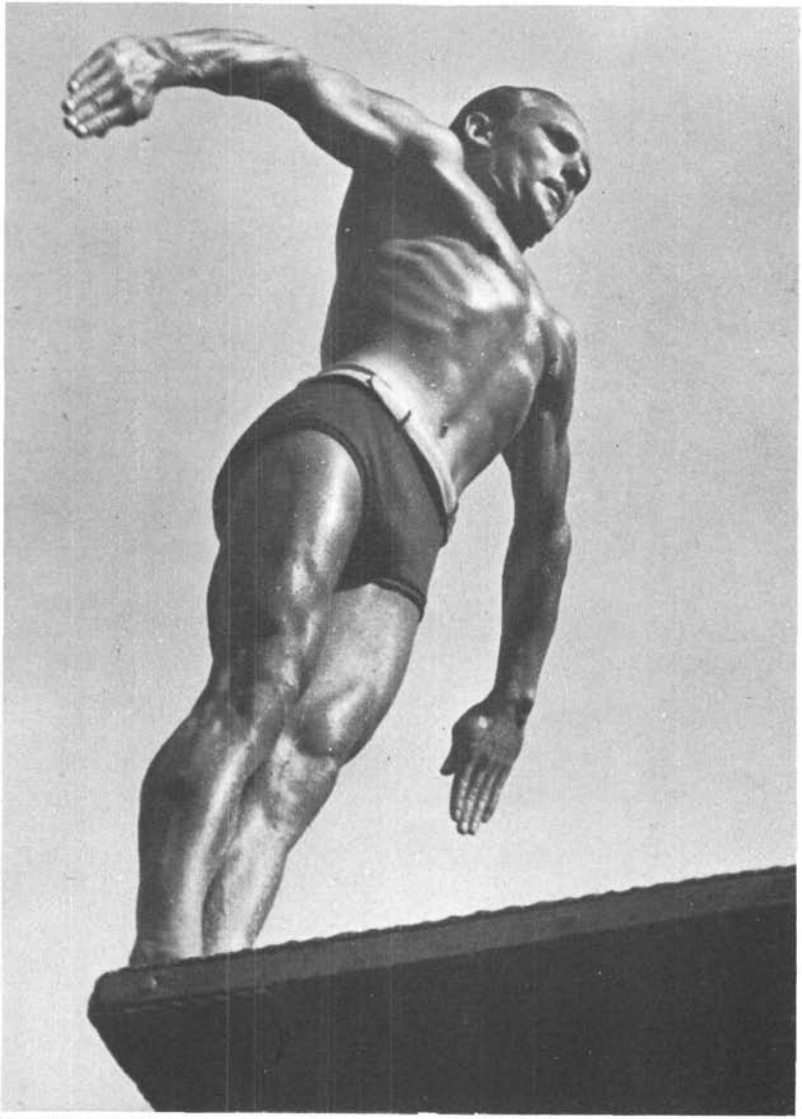

OTHMAR TATZEL MÄHR OSTRAU, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

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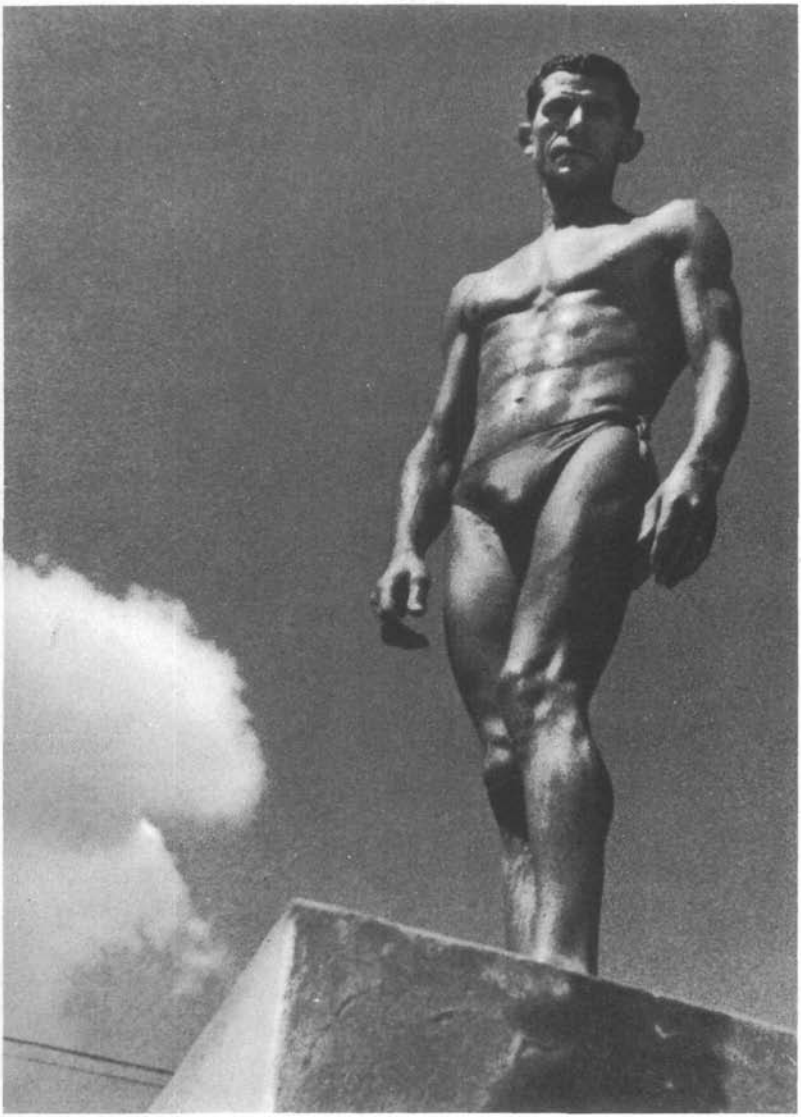

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

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H. NIEDECKEN ST. MORITZ

ARROW

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DR. CSÖRGEÖ BUDAPEST

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FRED C. KORTH CHICAGO

GOLD COAST

CORONET

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EWING GALLOWAY NEW YORK

SIDEWALK IN RIO

JANUARY, 1938

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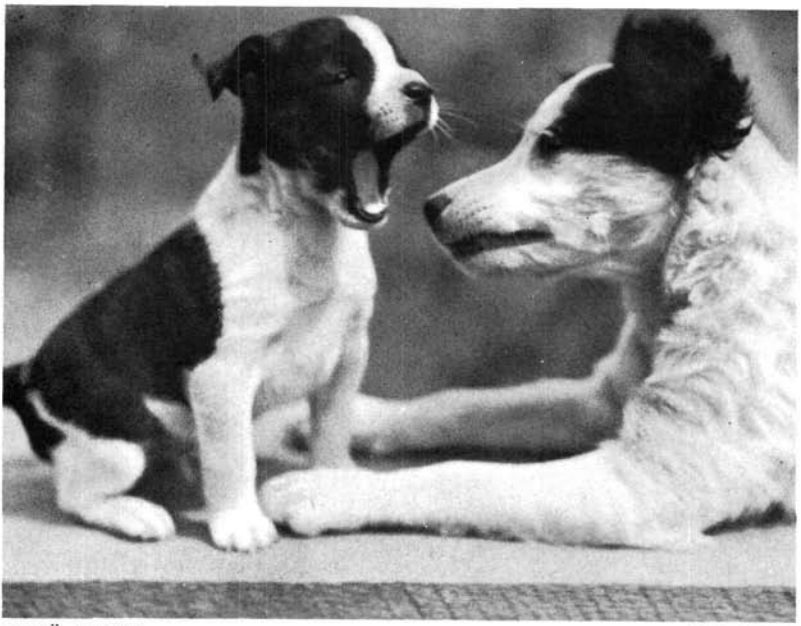

ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

ENNUI

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

AMOUR

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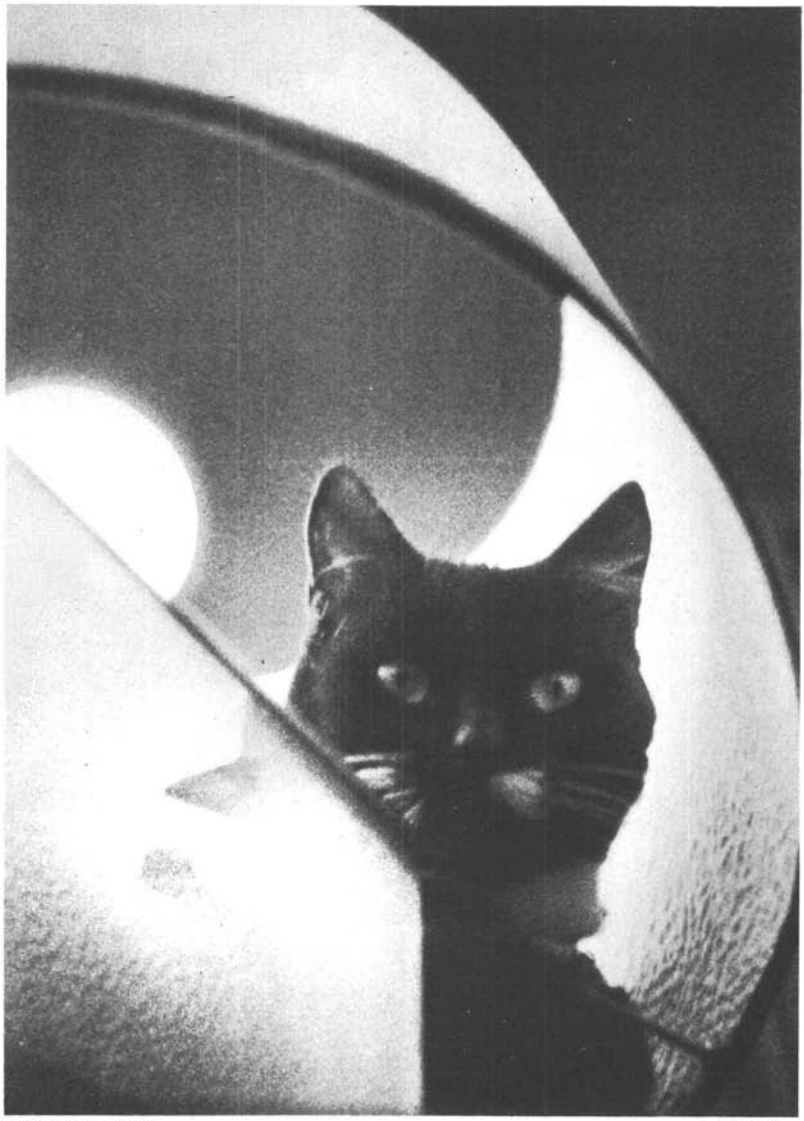

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

INTRIGUED

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

BLASÉ

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NELL DORR NEW YORK

AT DAWNING

CORONET

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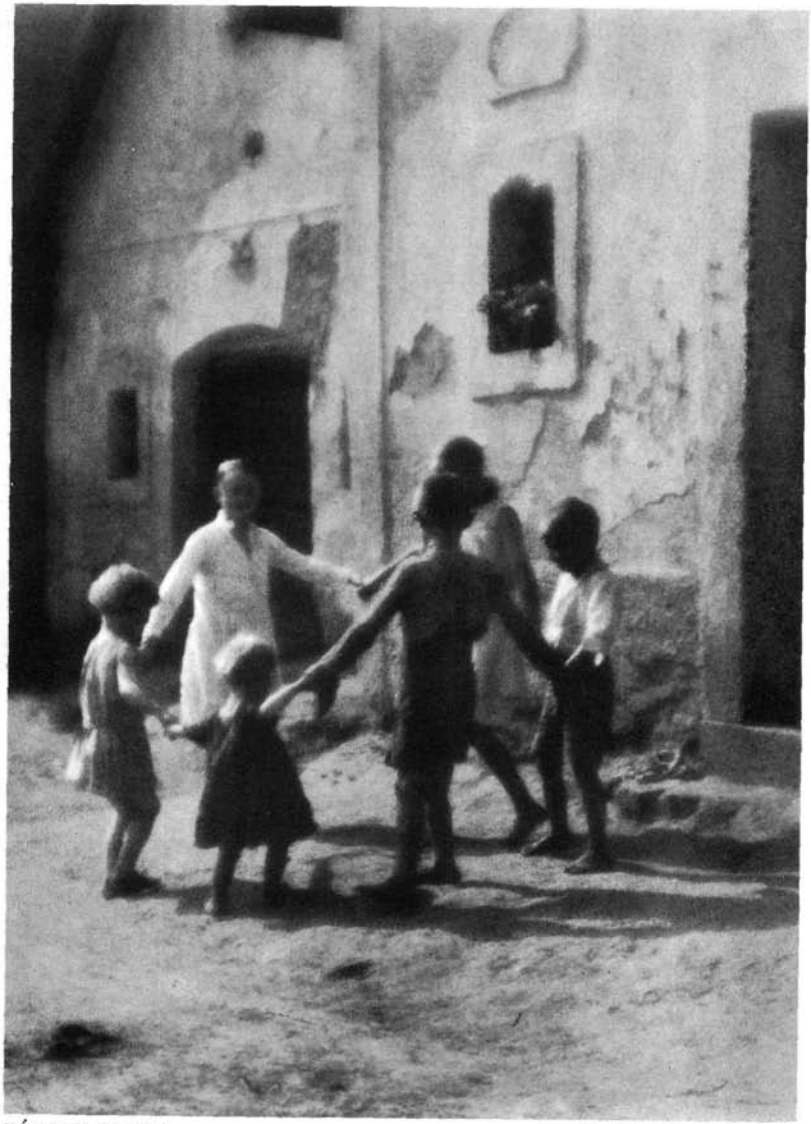

KÁROLY KLETZ — *MISKOLC, HUNGARY*

ROUNDELAY

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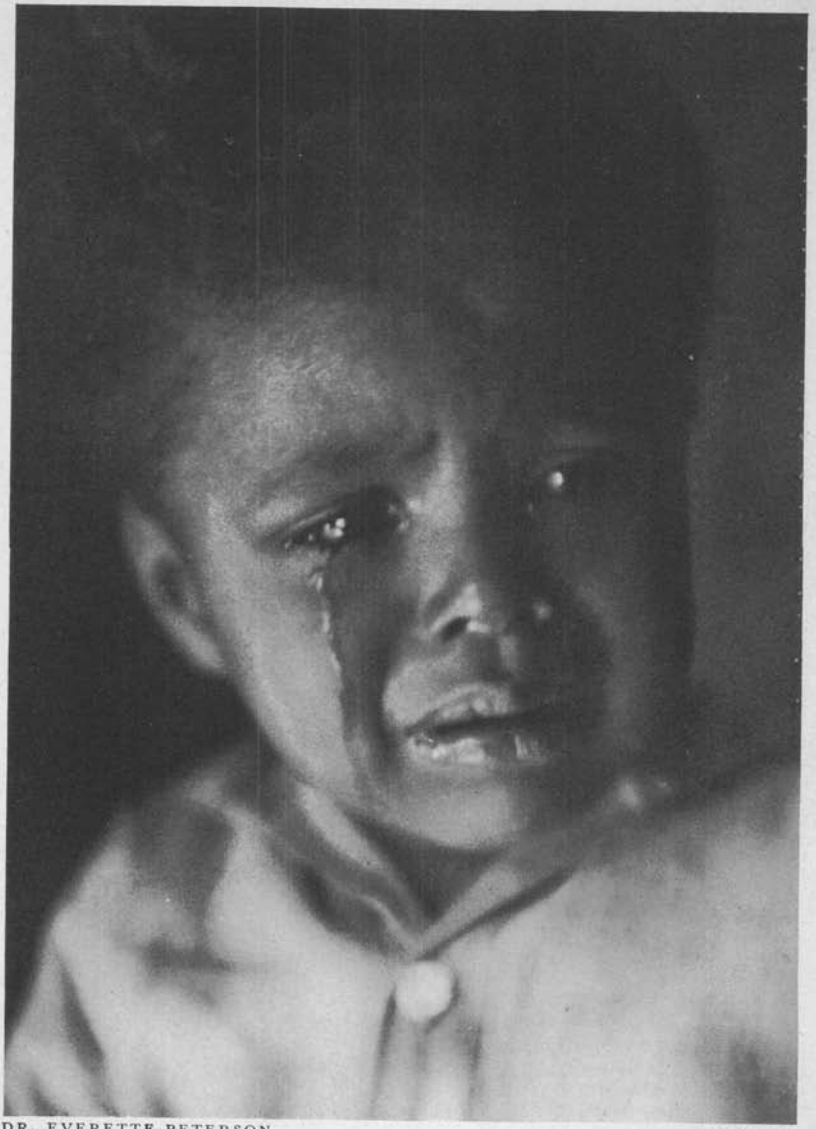

DR. EVERETTE PETERSON DENVER

EXPOSED

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NOWELL WARD CHICAGO

SHELTERED

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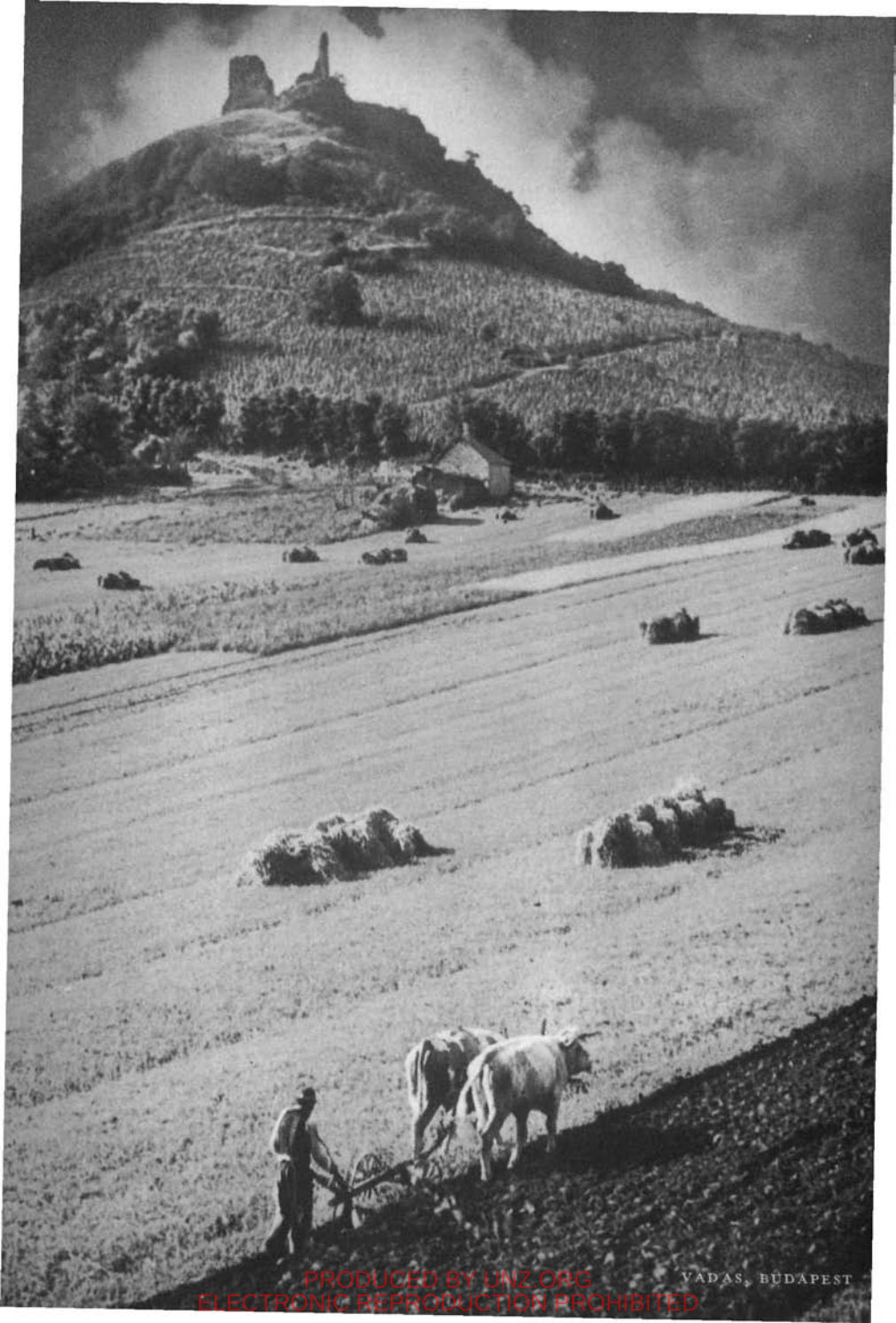

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

VESTAL I

CORONET

138

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

VESTAL II

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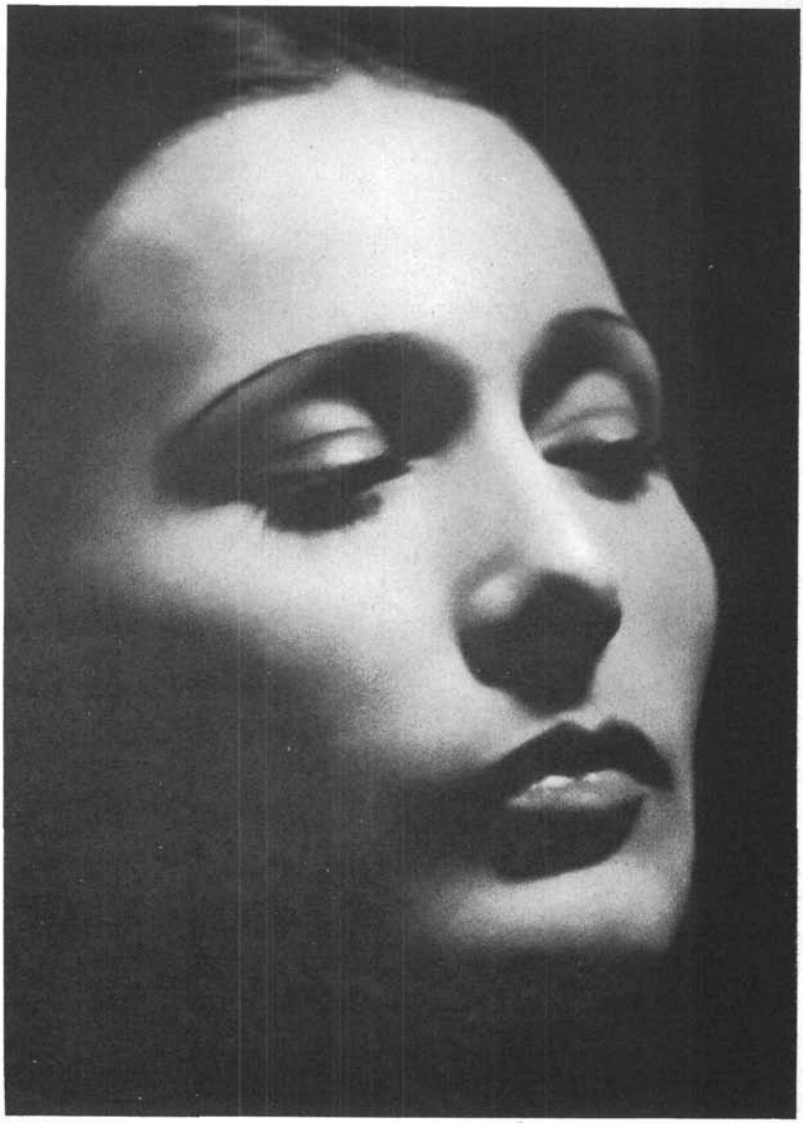

WILLINGER VIENNA

ANDANTE

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

BILLOW

CORONET

142

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

CHEVELURE

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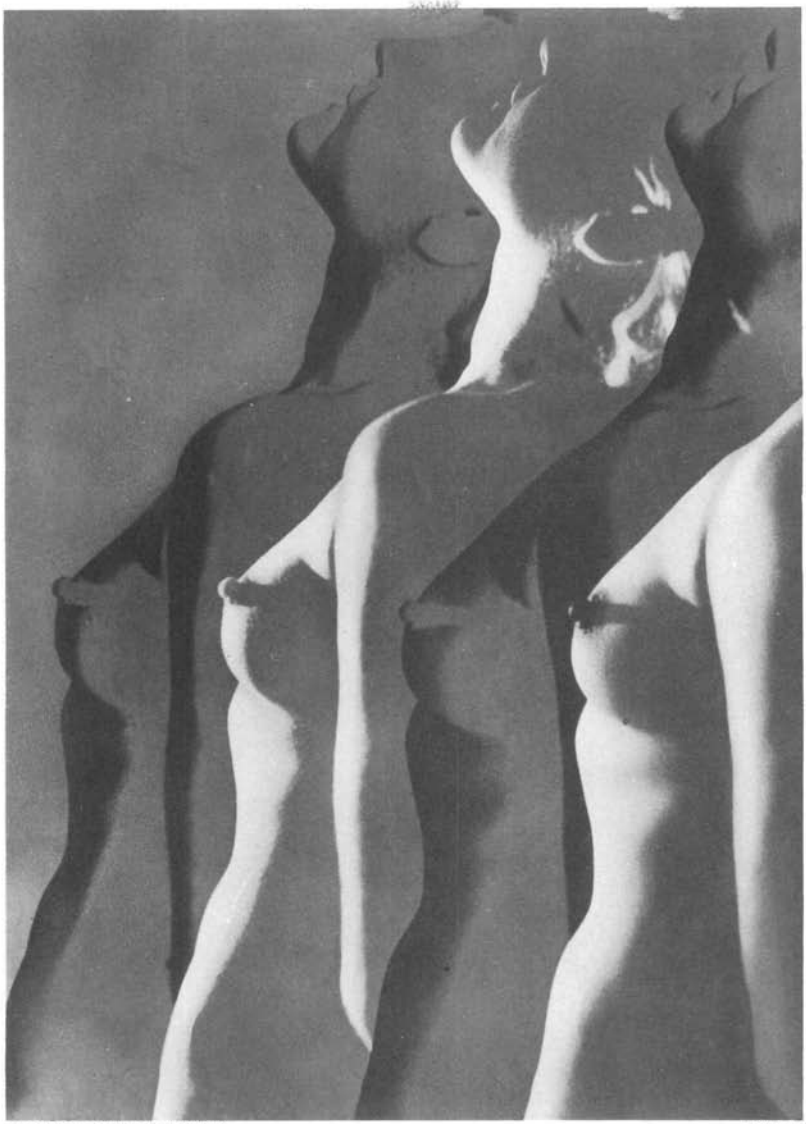

ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

ÉTUDE IN 2:4 TIME

JANUARY, 1938

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

BERCEUSE

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

AUBADE

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NELL DORR NEW YORK

RENASCENCE

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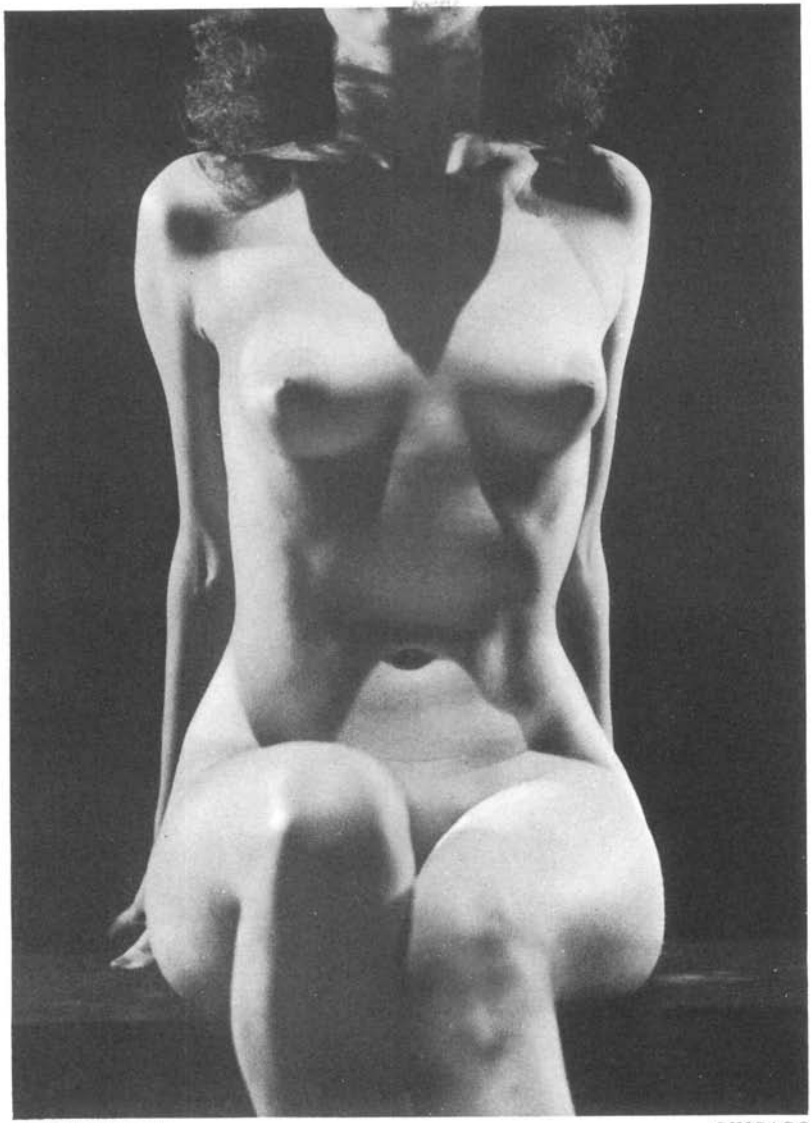

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

ORISON

CORONET

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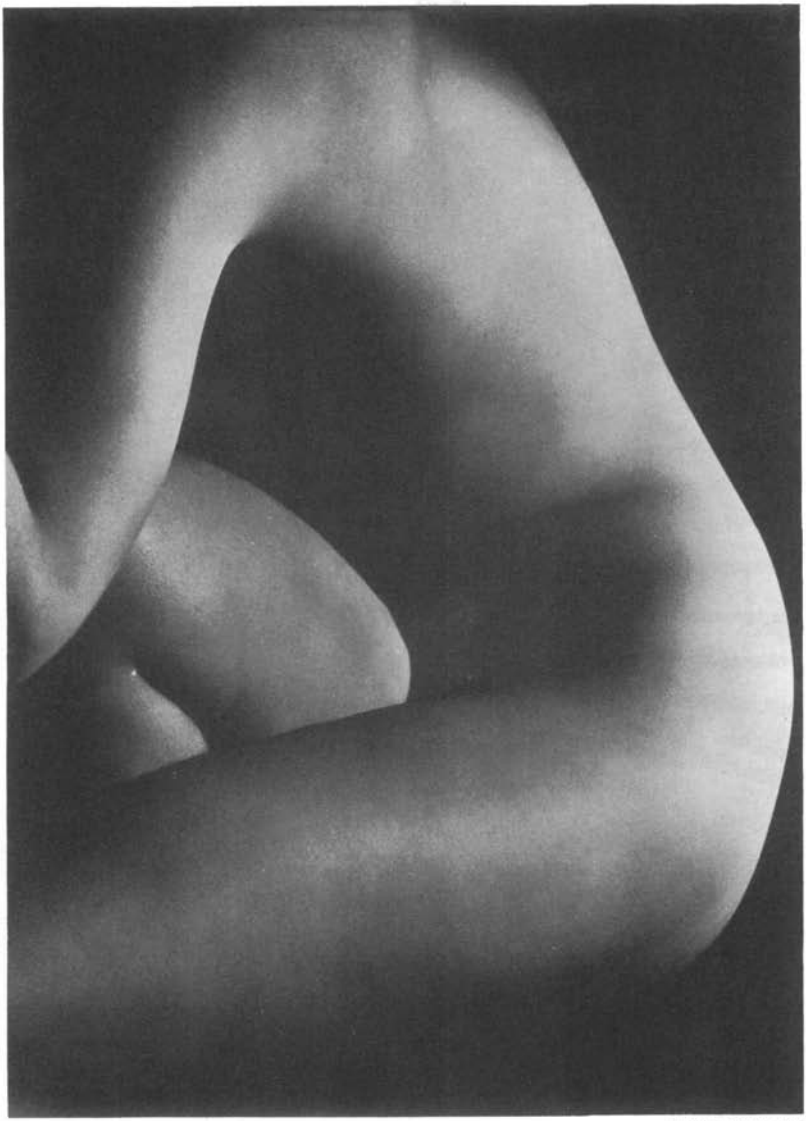

HURRELL HOLLYWOOD

GENUFLEX

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANTE KORNIC LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

RING OUT THE OLD

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANTE KORNIČ — LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

RING IN THE NEW

JANUARY, 1938

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SCHERL FROM EUROPEAN

DUG OUT

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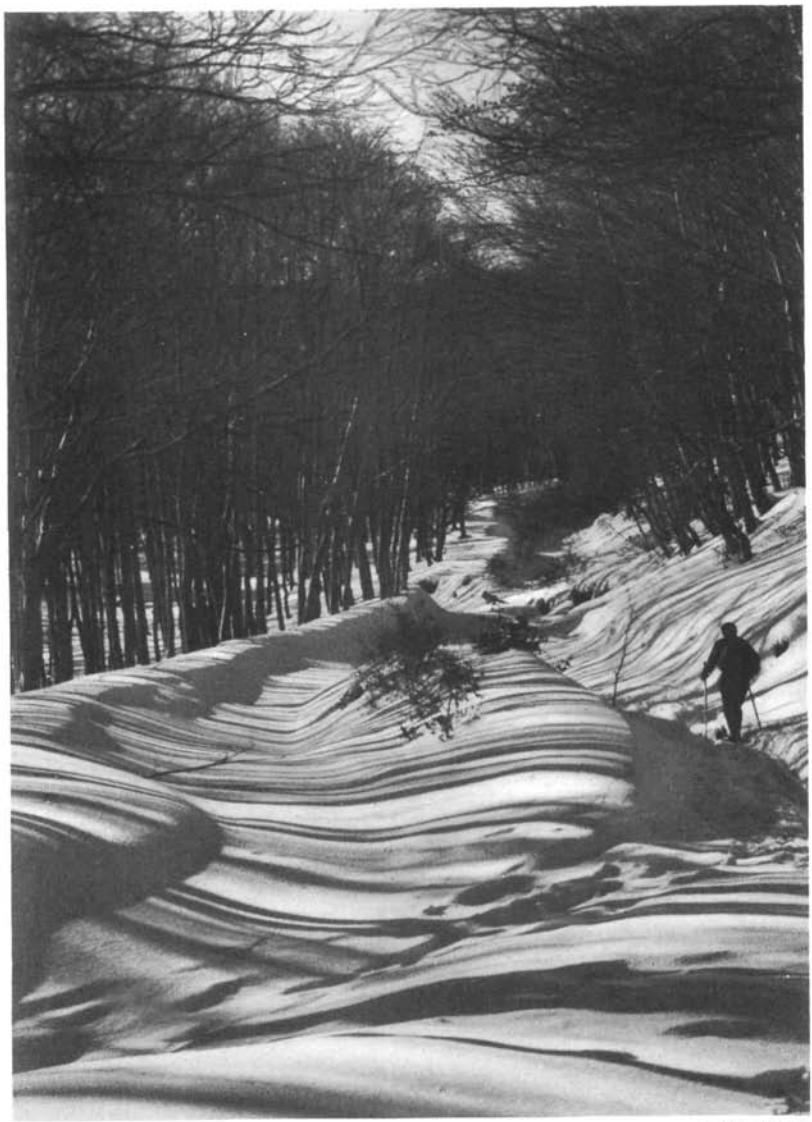
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GUSTAV SEIDEN BUDAPEST

SKI TRAIL

JANUARY, 1938

155

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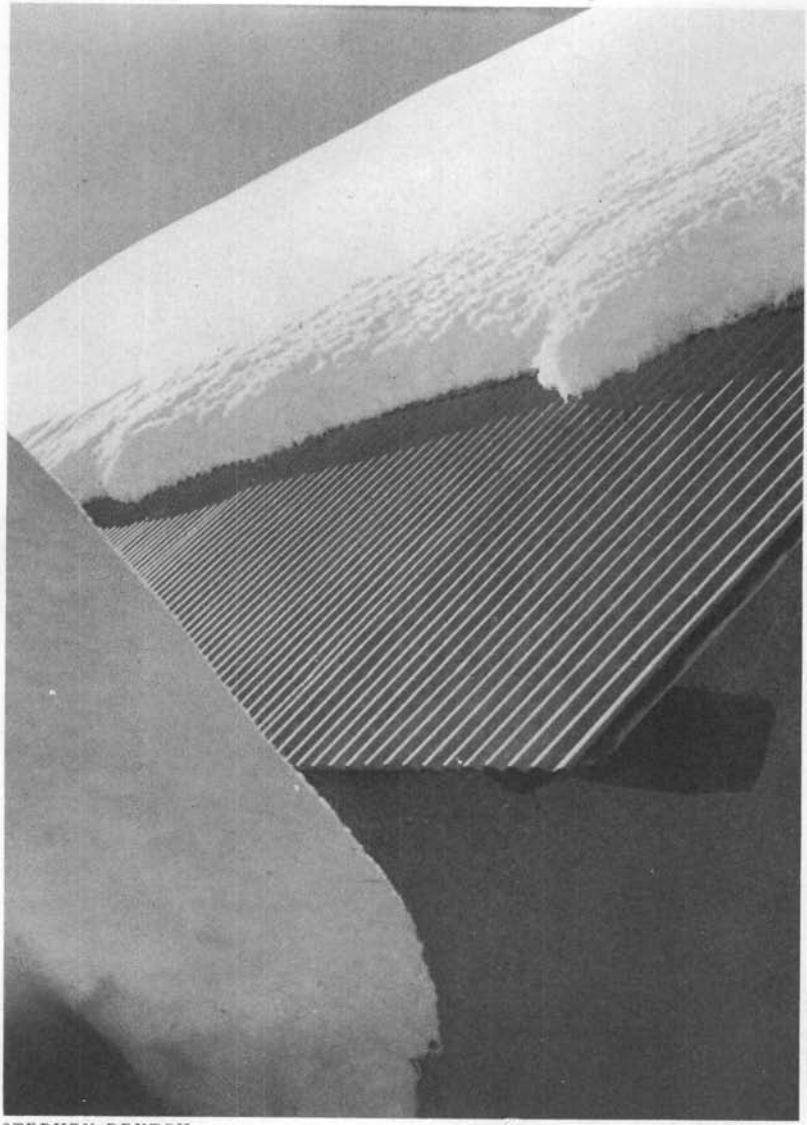
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

SNOW THATCHED

CORONET

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRASSAÏ

WINDSHIELD WIPER

JANUARY, 1938

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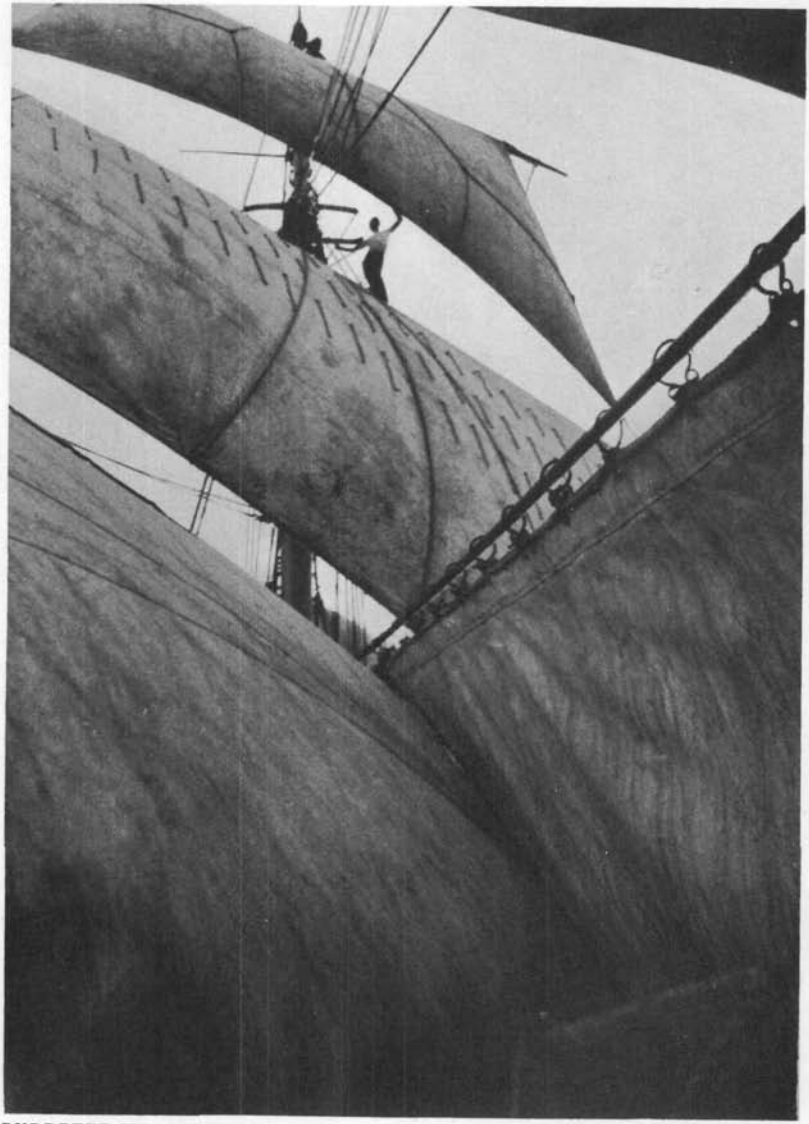
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BURDETTE H. BUCKINGHAM BOSTON

ALOFT

CORONET

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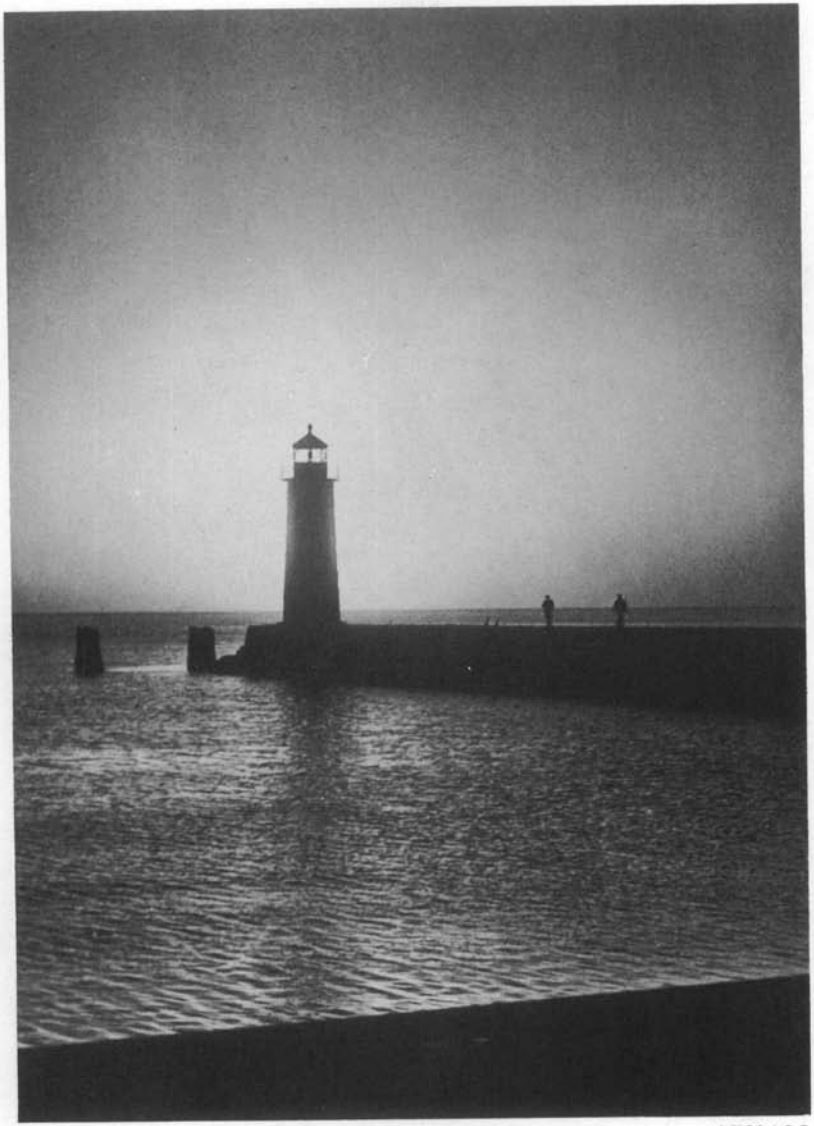

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

LAKEFRONT

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PETRUSOV FROM SOVFOTO

COLLECTIVIST

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

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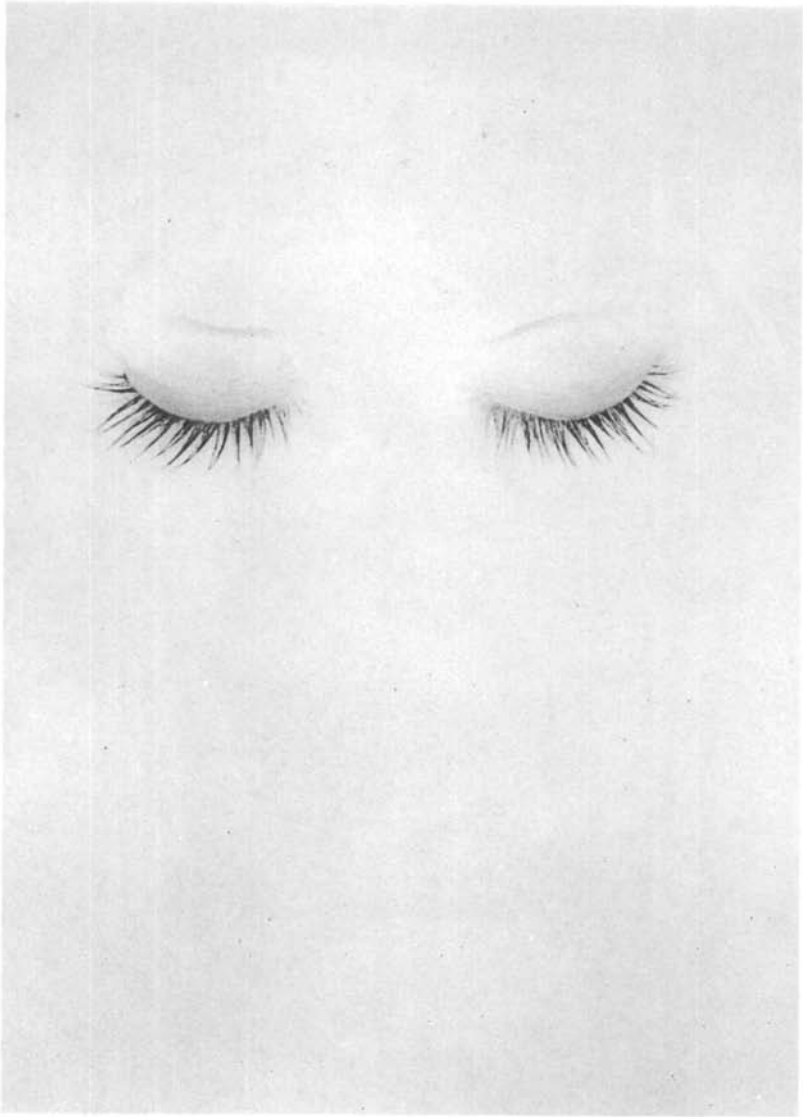
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

ASLEEP

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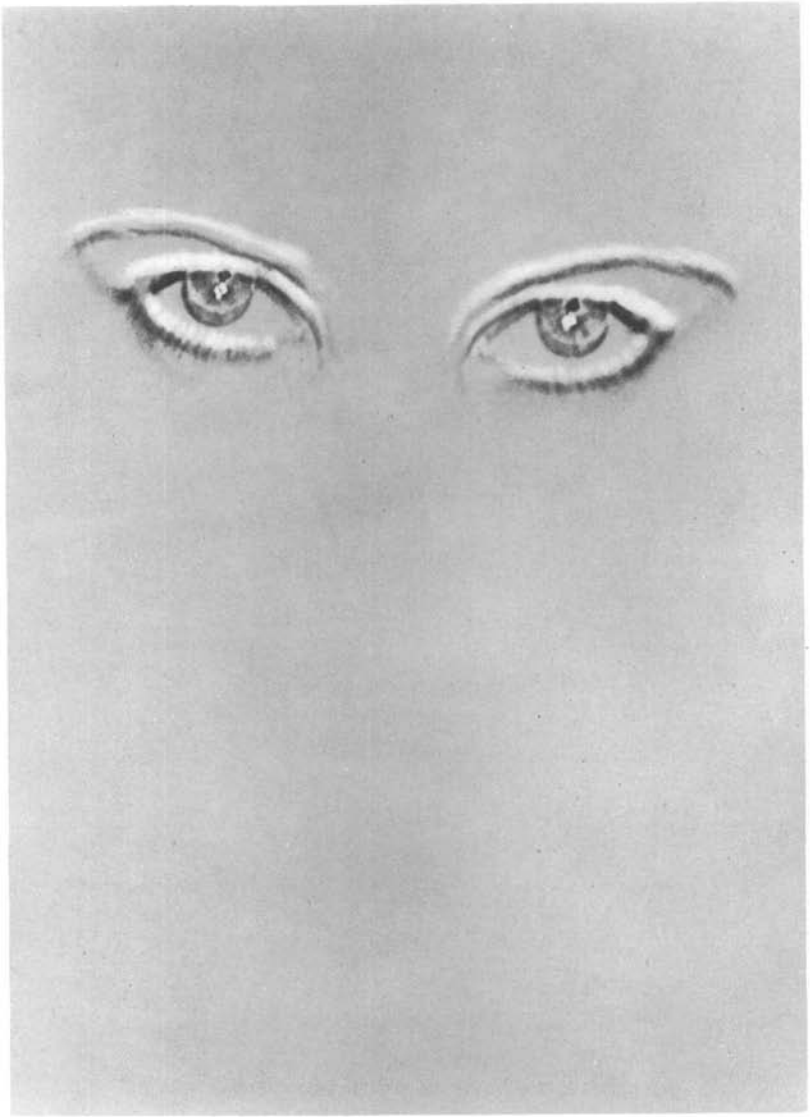

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

AWAKE

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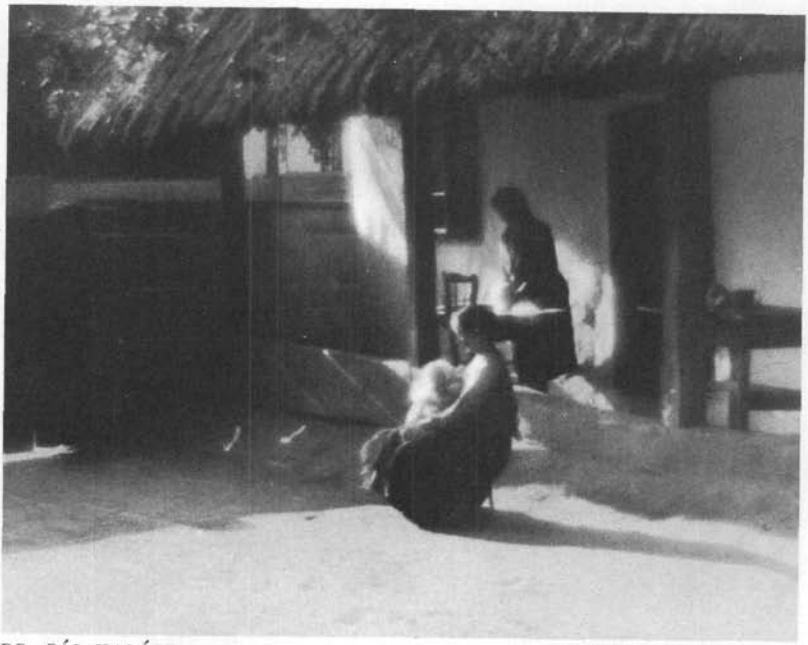

DR. PÁL HALÁSZ NAGYKANIZSA, HUNGARY

MORNING SUN

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DR. MICHAEL WISHENGRAD NEW YORK

EVENING SHADOW

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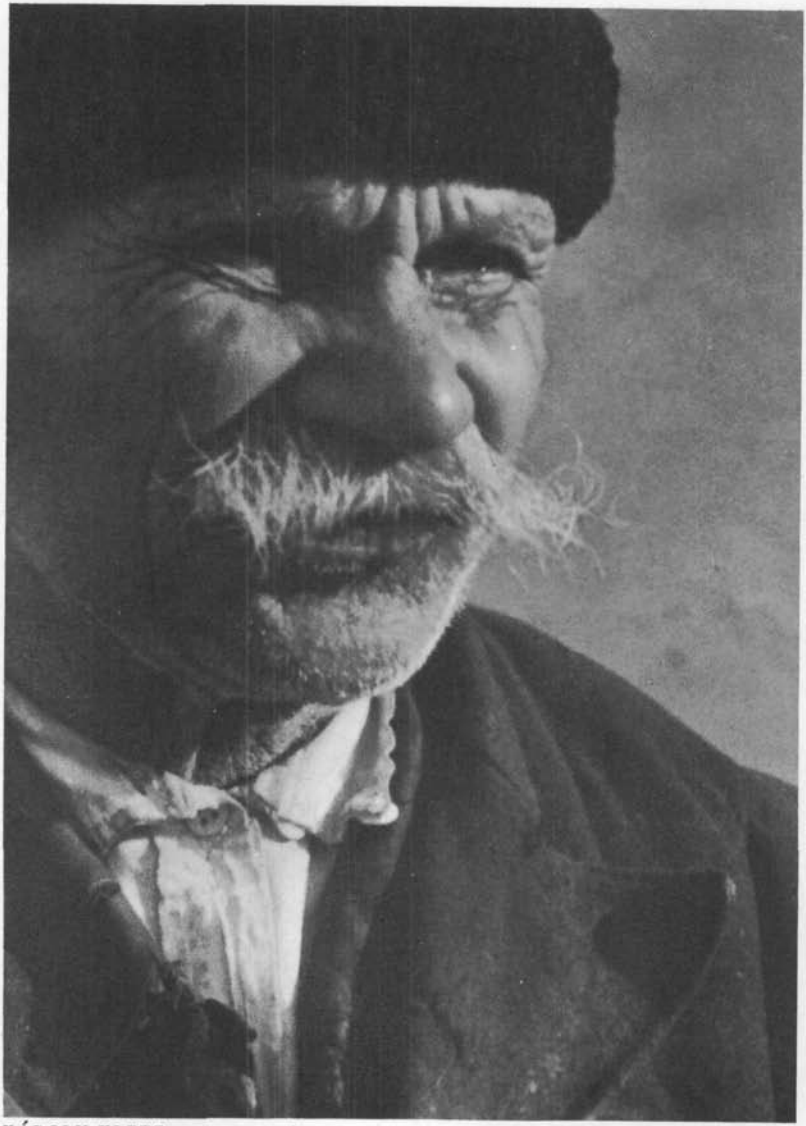

KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

LEFT

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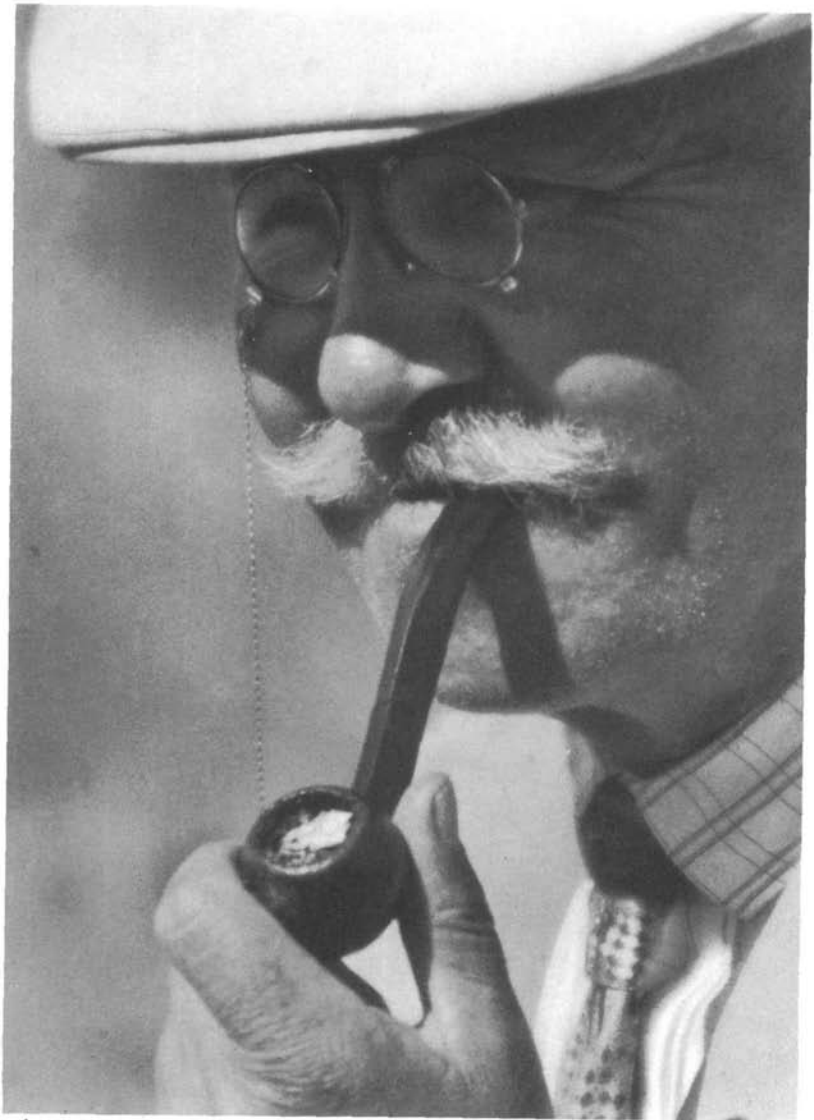

KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

RIGHT

JANUARY, 1938

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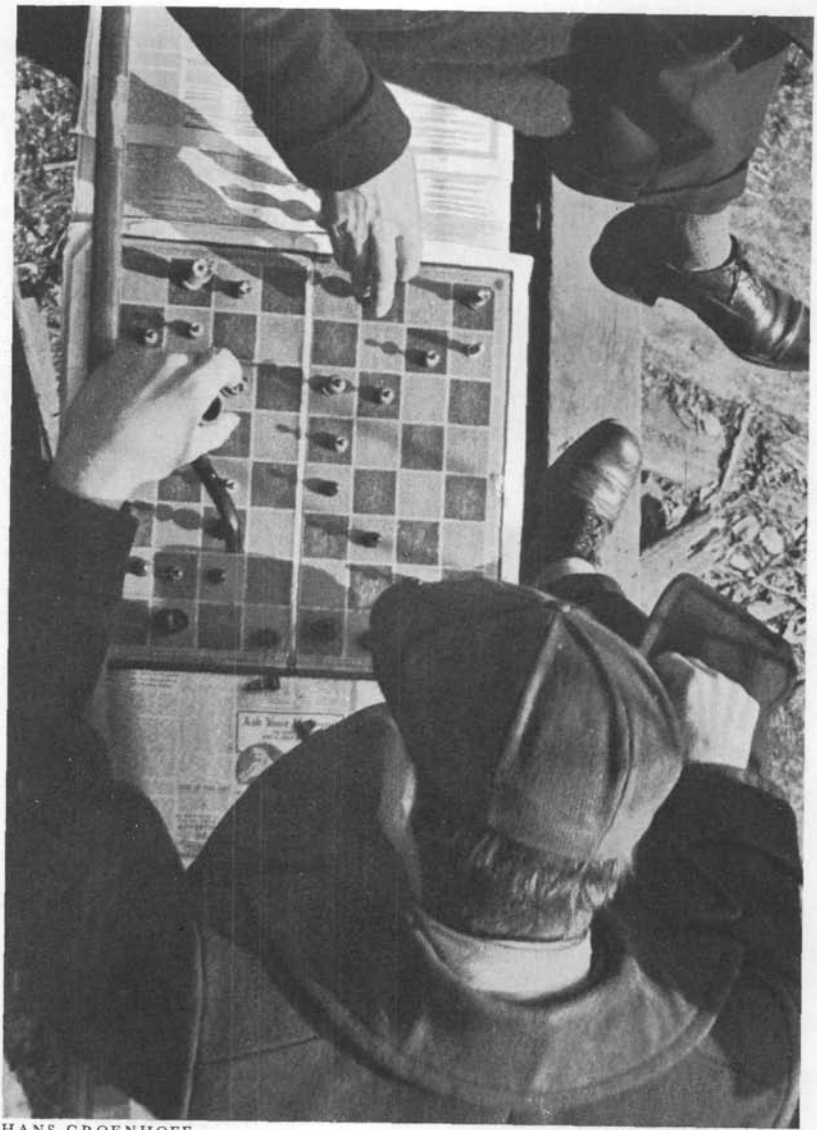
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HANS GROENHOFF FROM BLACK STAR

PARK BENCH

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRWIN ROSENBERG PASSAIC, N. J.

HALL OF FAME

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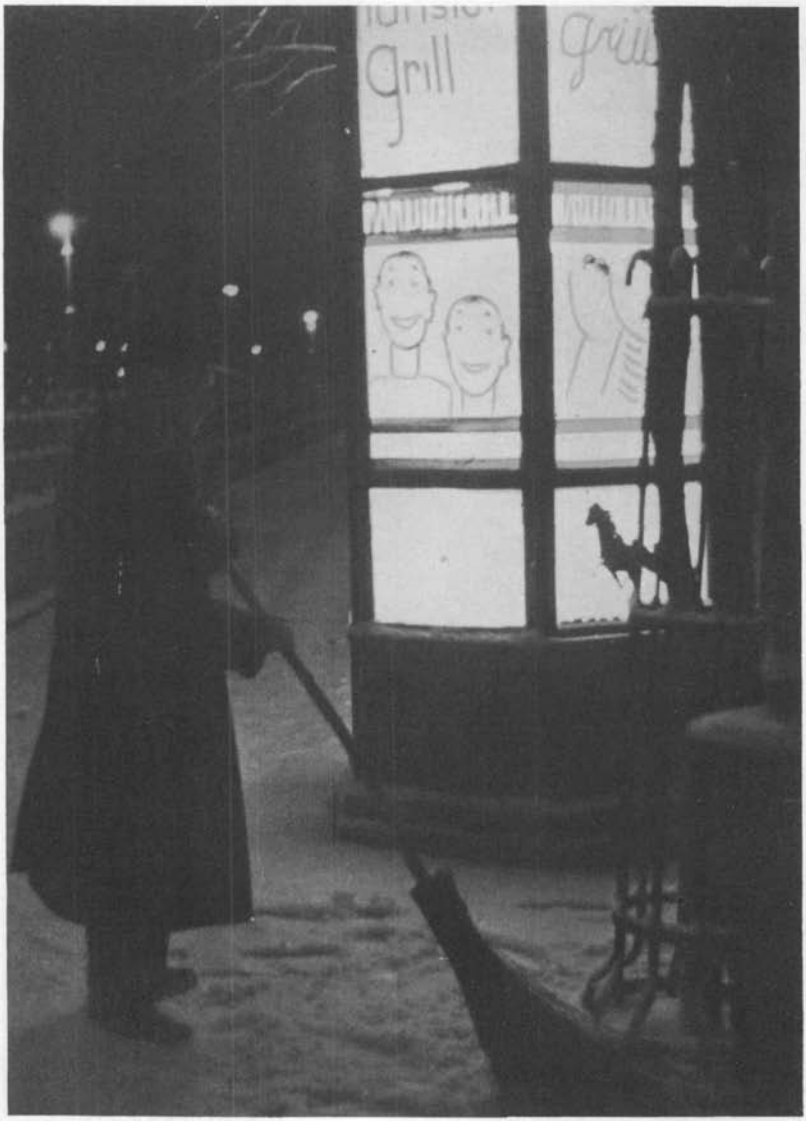

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

STREET SWEEP

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLARENCE MITCHELL SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

THE THREE WEAVERS

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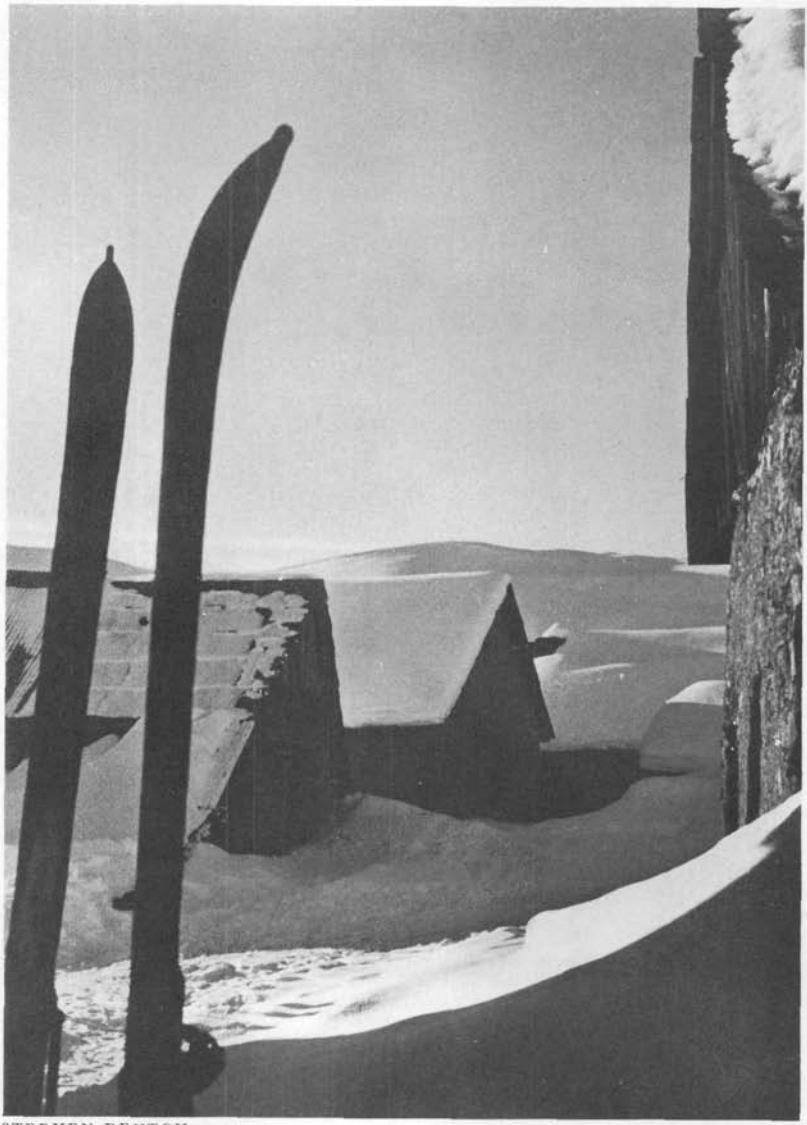

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

HAVES

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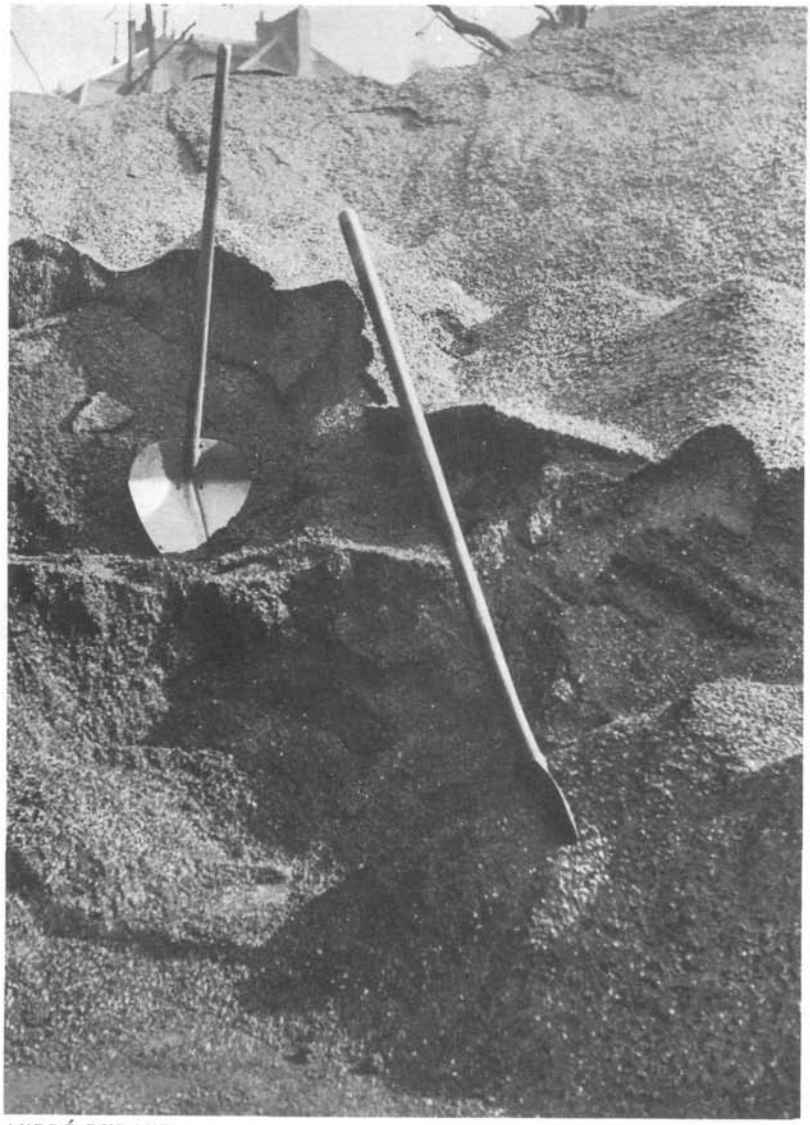

ANDRÉ DURAND PARIS

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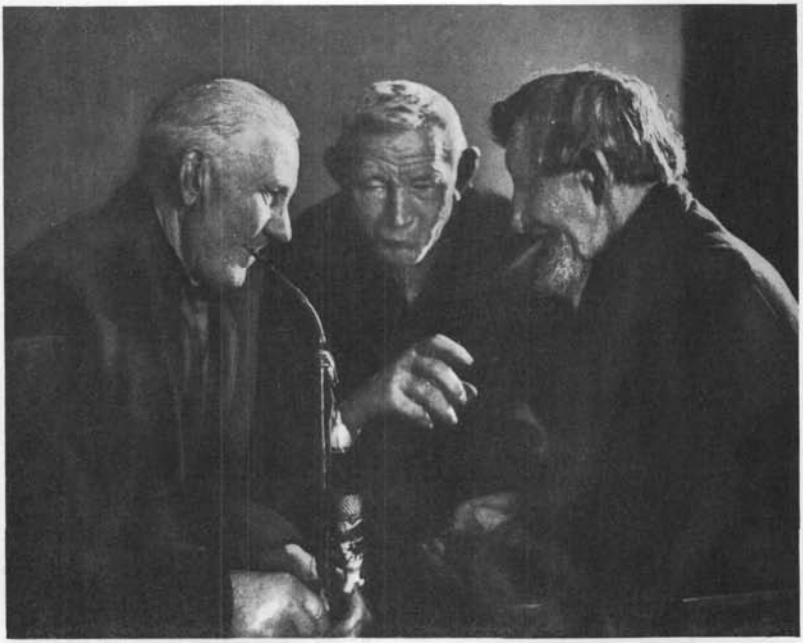
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JULIUS FRANK DETROIT

VILLAGE POLITICS

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THE CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS

MEDIEVAL ALABASTER BAS-RELIEFS

From the infinite storehouse of English 14th century religious art come these alabaster bas-reliefs, originally produced for the edification of those church-goers who, being unable to read, came under St. Gregory's classification of "the uneducated who can only look."

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THE RISE AND FALL . . .

Alabaster-carving came into fashion in the 14th century as a flourishing industry centered around Nottingham. In addition to the bas-reliefs, the alabaster shops did a thriving business in effigies and in "weepers"—mournful little figures adorning the sides of tombs.

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. . . OF THE "ALABLASTER MEN"

By the 15th century the enterprising "alablaster men" (as they usually misspelled themselves in their records) were carrying on an extensive export trade. Eventually the commercial spirit got the better of them and their products began to suffer from careless workmanship.

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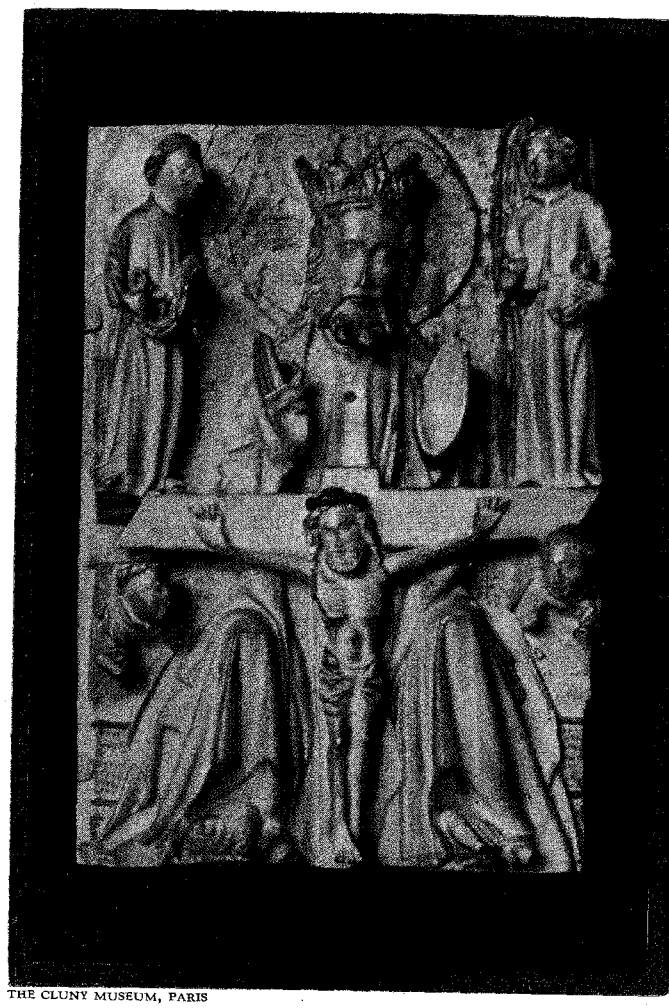

THE CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS

COMMERCIAL ART, MEDIEVAL STYLE

The "alablaster men" adopted mass production methods and took to hawking their wares about the country. In 1491 Nicholas Hull sued his salesman for the value of fifty-eight heads of John the Baptist. It was a symbol of the final commercialization of a once worthy craft.

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A NOTE ON CHOPIN

A LOVE AFFAIR BROKE HIS HEART, BUT HIS SOUL EMERGES INTACT FROM THE PIANO

CHOPIN, as well as his music, excited women. His fragile, delicate frame, his pale, ghost-like face, his subdued, veiled voice appealed to their mothering instinct and made him the object of persistent coddling. His desirability was markedly enhanced by one of the best advertised love-liaisons in history, and for fifty years after his death, at least a half-hundred countesses around Europe claimed to have held him in their arms while he breathed his last.

Yet with all the stir around him, it is not likely that he made any thorough-going and aggressive exploration of the "dreadful heart of woman." He was too retiring for that. If he lost his heart, it was only a mood. He fell in and out of love in an evening, George Sand said, and mostly because he needed "some one with whom to sigh." A Dulcinea in the background is useful when writing music, if only to supply a reason for being out of harmony with oneself.

Of serious romances, his biographers list three: a vocal student at the Warsaw Conservatoire when he was twenty, a beauty of the Polish aristocracy five years later, and George Sand, with whom he spent the last decade of his life. The first he worshiped from afar: "Six months have passed and I have not exchanged a word with her of whom I nightly dream . . ." The second rebuffed him and the third enveloped him. With none did he play a commanding role.

His sensitive, almost feminine nature produced an immediate response in the ultra-masculine novelist who, above all else, was concerned with the development of her own personality and with the securing of material for her writing.

In Chopin she sensed unexplored territory and her energetic, imperious mind lost no time in arranging details. "Tell Chopin," she wrote Liszt from Nohant, her home, "that I beg of him to accompany you here: that Marie (the Countess d'Agoult) cannot live without him and that I adore him."

Within a year she had literally carried him off to Majorca, to recuperate from the tuberculosis that had attacked him early in life. Together they lived amid primitive conditions

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in a dismantled Carthusian monastery, the natives avoiding them. Chopin grew worse and three doctors, according to him, "the most renowned on the island, were called in for consultation. One smelt what I spat, the second slapped me where I spat from, and the third sounded and listened when I spat. The first said I would die, the second that I was dying, and the third that I had died already, and in the meantime I live as I was living."

During these days he wrote the incomparable set of *Preludes*. "Bearing pain courageously, he could not overcome the disquietude of his imagination," George Sand recorded in *Histoire de Ma Vie*. "The monastery was for him full of phantoms . . . On returning from my nocturnal explorations in the ruins with my children, I found him before his piano, his eyes wild, his hair almost standing on end. It was some minutes before he could recognize us. He then made an attempt to laugh, and played us the sublime things that he had just composed; or rather, to be more accurate, terrible and heart-rending ideas which had taken possession of him, as it were without his knowledge, in that hour of solitude, sadness, and terror . . ."

Chopin was accustomed to luxury, and the pair returned as soon as possible to Paris, spending the summers at Nohant, where, at first, he felt "as calm and serene as a swaddled baby." He had become attached to George Sand: the vacillating, indecisive elements in his nature found support in her strength.

Yet, as time passed, he showed signs of being irritable. In Paris, he always wished for Nohant, where he composed, and once there he never could bear it. Her cigars and her trousers, her friends and her tastes, her ideas and her liberal political principles, her way of looking at facts annoyed him. He made no compromises with human nature and he had scruples about their illegal intimacy. "He would not accept reality," George Sand wrote, "and in this lay his vice and his virtue, his greatness and his destitution." And he would not speak out his heart. He was inordinately polite and reserved, so that it was not easy to suspect his inner thoughts. "In these days I knew his spirit was flayed alive," she said. "A crumpled rose-leaf, a fly's shadow made him bleed . . . but he endured the feminine martyrdom of tortures never confessed." Music was his sole confidant.

Thus it is that his pieces furnish the key to his character. Into them, he poured all his emotions, his frustration, and his suppressed prayers. They constitute his best biography, for there is no drama in his life worth recording that is not to be found in them.

He wrote few letters, and the printed commentaries are niggardly in significant incident, full of contradiction, and filtered through an impossible haze of rhapsodical gush. They picture him as a moonstruck,

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pale, sentimental calf, who wept whenever he heard music and who, at school, sent unruly boys to sleep by "representations of night on the piano." Liszt writes that "when his wandering fingers ran over the keys, suddenly touching some moving chords, he could see how the furtive tears coursed down the cheeks of the loving girl or the young neglected wife; how they moistened the eyes of the young men, enamoured of and eager for glory. Can we not fancy some young beauty asking him to play a simple prelude and then, softened by the tones, leaning her rounded arms upon the instrument to support her dreaming head, while she suffered the young artist to divine in the dewy glitter of her lustrous eyes the song sung by her youthful heart?"

Statements about the all-important cause of his break with George Sand, which Chopin regarded as the most momentous crisis in his life are conflicting. It is attributed to the publication of her novel *Lucrezia Floriani* in which Chopin, as Alfred de Musset had been before him, is depicted and analyzed . . . to a quarrel between her children in which she and Chopin took opposing sides . . . to the fact that she offered a chair to some one else before offering one to him . . . to the belief that she grew tired of nursing a peevish and irritable invalid. She herself wrote: "He complains to me that I have killed him by refusing sexual relations, whereas I knew for certain that I should kill him if I acted otherwise . . . I have displayed prodigies of patience in this matter, ended by suffering a perfect martyrdom, and in the midst of all these efforts and sacrifices he whom I love is dying, a victim to the insensate affection which he continues to feel for me."

In this she was correct. After leaving her, he wrote no more music and shortly thereafter he died. Why she didn't see him again, since they both wished it, remains a mystery.

★ ★ ★

In his short lifetime Chopin knew success. He enjoyed the flattery of the fairest, the homage of the discriminating. His second opus was greeted in Germany with: "Hats off, gentlemen! A genius!" Before he was thirty, Schumann had proclaimed him "the boldest, proudest poetic spirit of the time." He was early recognized as the greatest of all purely pianistic composers.

His life was that of an aristocrat. Studs, walking-sticks, and cravats were his hobbies. His dress was fabulously elegant; and his chestnut-brown hair was curled daily. He ordered violets for his room and discussed details of curtains, lounges and furniture with the zest of a young bride. The slightest detail jarred against his exquisite taste and caused him pain.

He was offended that Liszt should have a larger public following than he. His piano-playing was too delicate, refined, and subtle for large

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audiences, but he delighted in showing his mastery to those who were sympathetic. "The public intimidates me. Their breath stifles me," he claimed and, unless circumstances forced him to do otherwise, he played only for "perfumed heads and snowy shoulders." He was not like the piano virtuosi we know: he persuaded rather than commanded the instrument. "Chopinetto," Mendelssohn called him. His *fortissimo* was a full, pure tone without noise—a coarse, inelastic sound distressed him—and his nuances were modifications of that tone, decreasing to the faintest yet always distinct *pianissimo*.

Under his hands, the piano ceased to be a percussion instrument. He used the pedals as a painter used colors and was the first to surround the musical image—the theme or melody—with an atmosphere of more delicate tone in which it might float. His playing was filled with all the tender, delicate tints of mother-of-pearl. Because he allowed the singing hand to deviate from strict time, critics said he couldn't keep time and raised a fuss whenever he touched works by other composers. His own compositions he seldom played twice alike, varying according to his mood. He was always himself, playing as he felt: the true Ariel of the keyboard.

His entire output—not a single page of it without the piano—is the product of ecstatic, evanescent moods. All of it echoes feelings; none of it is freighted with cerebral or ethical messages. What there is to say is said in miniature with a maximum of compression. There is no padding and no repetition. Each prelude, valse, ballade, polonaise, mazurka presents an aspect of a subject not expressed before: each has a *raison d'être* of its own. And in all Chopin's music thought and form, matter and manner, shades of emotion and shades of style are perfectly matched. Five measures and you know it is Chopin.

It may be the emotional material is not always of great moment. That depends on one's philosophy of life. Chopin has none of Bach's calm security or Beethoven's titanic struggles or Brahms' ponderous reflections.

His music furnishes, beyond a doubt, one of the most colorful psychological portraits in existence. It is a record of the changing sensations in the soul of one of the world's most sensitive natures, which cries out its own joys and sorrows and the joys and sorrows of the deeply-wronged people from whom it sprang and among whom it was cradled.

Unfortunately, it is music for which our decade has little sympathy. In the days before symphony orchestras gave daily concerts in farm houses, it was known to musician and amateur alike. Suddenly, it became old-fashioned, out-of-date . . . submerged by Wagner and noisier expounders. Its vogue may never return, but it will endure in the hearts of those for whom romanticism is neither a pose nor a myth.

—CARLETON SMITH

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NEW YEAR'S EVE

EVEN A VICARIOUS PROJECTION INTO THE TURN OF THE NEXT CENTURY BRINGS SOME COMFORT

I REMEMBER it clearly. I was nine years old when a peculiar pain bored itself into my heart. And I have felt it ever since, sometimes very dull, sometimes quite sharp.

It was New Year's Eve, and this was the first time I was not sent to bed right after supper. I was permitted to await the New Year with the grown-ups.

My eyes grew heavy with the tobacco smoke in the dining room. I got so sleepy long before midnight, I could hardly keep them opened. At last the clock struck twelve. Everyone clinked glasses, they kissed and hugged, and good wishes crowded the air.

When the noise died down, my father said:

"We'll not live to see another New Year's Eve like this, to bid farewell to an entire Century!"

So came the year 1900, and I was a witness of the great moment when the nineteenth century, like some immense iceberg, broke away and started to float in the icebreak of time.

Before long I was discovered sitting in the corner by the stove. My Uncle Gyula, a country squire who wore yellow boots, took my hand and pulled me into the lamplight:

"And why is this child bawling?"

Startled, they turned to me; they questioned me; but I could not answer. I just kept twisting my nose and sniffling. I wanted to escape back into the dark with this great pain that had come over me. They cajoled me; but in vain. I would not tell. If I had they might have slapped my face.

"The kid is sleepy, put him to bed," my father said, not dreaming that it was he who started me on my first *weltschmerz*.

They put me to bed but I could not fall asleep for a long time. The whole thing was a confusing, childish fantasy. I never spoke to anybody about it since. By now, I don't care, I'll tell. After I had heard my father's words, I started to think, and I figured out that I would not live to reach the year 2000. I would have to live for one hundred and nine years, and even then I felt that that would not work. I saw sharing in the birth of the year 2000 some mysteriously great thing, a world upsetting fête, a Midnight Wonderful in the flames of a fairyland

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of fireworks, music and ringing of glasses as the world had never before seen. The overture to a new Millennium!

That's why I was bawling. I would be left out of it. I must admit that this thing is a thorn in my side to this day, and I am very regretful that I will not be part of the fun with a top hat perched on the side of my head at the age of one hundred and nine.

In the meantime I also discovered, of course, that this ridiculous *idée fixé* was only a fear of death which is gently concealed in the soul of every man.

Until then there are still sixty-two years. I wonder what the world will be like. I look back sixty-two years: our grandfathers were writing 1876. What things have happened since then! What terrifying changes in the entirety of human existence! And now the world, shaken to the roots of its very being, is preparing for an entirely new age. It is really annoying that we will be left out of it. If one could only survive, at least to the 2000th year!

Last night after dinner when I laid down to take a nap, this thought came swirling into my head again.

The curtain was drawn, the room was in twilight and I was in half-sleep.

There stepped into the room through the door, a sixty-eight-year-old man. He went straight to the bureau, opened it and started poking around the little leather box in which I keep my shirt studs. He looked very familiar, although I did not have the faintest idea who he was.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I am dressing," he said. "Tonight is New Year's Eve, 2000."

I strained my sleepy eyes in the dark, and saw Micky, my six-year-old son. In a flash, it was all clear to me. Of course, Michael will be only sixty-eight years old then.

Now suddenly I was atremble with the feeling that he was I. A strange transmigration of my ego into the child had taken place. I'll be there, I'll be there!—Something shouted within me joyfully. It does not make any difference whether my name is Michael or Lajos. Time opened in me, and in it I caught a glimpse of the Resurrection.

I called the child to my side. I took his hand and said:

"Have a good time tonight!"

Michael looked at me baffled.

But I peacefully turned over, and fell asleep. —LAJOS ZILAHY

TELLING TALES III

The revolution in Spain brings me once more to the pages of Don Quixote. And if you should look into this book again you must remember that when the author cries out: "And I swear it by my good right arm . . ." that it really meant something, for Cervantes had only one arm. He lost his left arm in battle.

—MANUEL KOMROFF

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THE WAR AGAINST INSECTS

EVEN IF HE WINS, MAN WILL BE THE LOSER IN HIS PARADOXICAL BATTLE ON THE INSECTS

IN RECENT years scientists have been telling us that man will have to wage an increasingly strenuous war against insects in order to survive, with the result of that war not certain. Some of them have predicted that insects in the end will be the victors, with man his food supplies gone, slowly starving to death.

Now scientists are warning us that we are waging the battle too successfully—exterminating insect friends as well as enemies, and the results may be disastrous. We can't grow things unless insects pollenize the plants. There is no way, for example, to do artificially what bumblebees do in a buckwheat field, traveling from blossom to blossom, carrying the fertilizing pollen on their bodies.

Date palms are pollenized by hand, but the process would be impossible with other fruits—apples, for instance. Apples are pollenized by honey bees. No bees, no apple crop.

The main cause of alarm in man's fight on pests is the widespread use of the airplane to poison them. A plane can cover a greater area with a poisonous liquid or powder in a day than one hundred men could cover in a week with hand apparatus.

At first glance this looks like an admirable development. Planes are being used successfully to fight the boll weevil and other pests in the South. The trouble is, they can't be selective in their work. The poison they scatter kills all insects, good and bad.

The problem was discussed at the last annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. John J. O'Neill reporting the proceedings says: "Man appears to be in a dilemma. If he does not exterminate the insects they will exterminate him; and if he does exterminate the insects he will be exterminated with them . . . Most plants depend upon insects to carry the pollen which fertilizes them and enables them to pass from flower to fruit. Without the insects they would be unable to produce. We would then be without our major food sources in the vegetable kingdom . . . The lack of insects would be as disastrous as a drought or a plague of grasshoppers."

—MORRISON COLLADAY

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NIGHT LIFE IN MOSCOW

PAINTING THE TOWN IN THE CAPITAL OF THE SOVIET UNION AFTER DARK

THE Reds may sing the Bolshevik Blues occasionally, but when they do the carioca or sway to *Stormy Weather* at the Café Moscow on Pushkin Square they do not appear to be particularly proletarian, oppressed, exploited or downtrodden. As a matter of fact, Moscow is beginning to live the gay life in a big way. And, allowing for a certain difference in species, its night life belongs generically to the night life family of Berlin, New York and Paris. It carries on all the functions of a night life metabolism. Moscow is learning to match every mood. The Café Caucasus on Gorki Street is intimate and expensive; its wine carefully selected, its *shashlik* spicy. The Café Moscow, with its functional furniture of chromium steel is modern and lively; its dance floor smooth, its orchestra competent.

Night life in Moscow is gay and gaudy; smart and smooth; chic, fashionable and fast. But it is essentially Moscow, and Pushkin Square is not Broadway, the Piccadilly or the Montmartre. There is the same surface brilliance, but there is a difference in tone difficult to pigeonhole or explain away. In attempting an explanation, it is easy to fall into the commonplaces of the foreign critics of the Soviet scene:! Moscow is bizarre; it is a delightful combination of the new and the old; it is Asiatic, barbaric, proletarian. Their comments contain a grain of truth, of course, but they have the smug certainty of people who deal in cadavers and pretend to know all about life. The labels are convenient and satisfying, but they are inorganic, dead, while Moscow is notoriously flesh-and-blood.

Right after the Revolution, when the country was beset with civil war and famine, it was considered the fashionable thing to do for young girls, with short skirts, strong chins and a Bolshevik bob, to make soap box denials that they had personal lives. The population grew, but it was all on the sly. The Bright Young Woman lived for the Revolution, not for a Saturday night date, and if she had hips, she simply tried to make the best of a bad situation. The symphony concerts, however, were free and crowded, and artists did their sketches for theatre sets on brown wrapping

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paper. Life was bleak, lean and gray, but it was, in a way, heroic and exciting. And if, in describing the old days, Muscovites sometimes lapse into the sentiment and garrulity of old men describing the hard and golden age of their youth, one must be somewhat tolerant and appreciative.

When the Soviet Union completed the First Five Year Plan in 1932, the Jazz Age began, although its course has been fitful and even frantic at times. The truth is that there have been a certain number of prudes among the Bolsheviki, and for a while they had the upper hand. When cafés began to dot the Boulevards of Moscow and other cities, the Tories recalled the old catchwords of October, 1917. Jazz belonged to the bourgeoisie —as if Tchaikovsky and Beethoven were more proletarian than Grofe and Gershwin. Dancing was not serious and refined—as if the Russian folk dances, which had been danced by tipsy aristocrats, were the last word in the New Spirit. For a year or two, jazz was dammed up, bottled, suppressed. The Blue-Nosed Old Guard did not see, however, that the harmless foxtrots played at the Hotel Metropole, the hangout for foreigners, would become a leak in the dike that would sweep both them and the dike into oblivion.

The lid is off, and Moscow dances. The carioca, the charleston, the rumba, the tango, the waltz and two fancied imitations of America, the Boston and the "slowa blyues" have become commonplaces in Moscow life, along with cornflakes, eskimo pies and hotdogs. Moscow is going western in a forthright, Bolshevik manner, with set chin and steady step. The boys from the Bronx and Broadway living in Moscow are cashing in on what their girls back home taught them about the light fantastic.

The professors of the dance, foreign as well as domestic, conduct their circles in the big factories and even in the Red Army itself. Knowledge of the carioca pays big dividends, and teaching the dance has become an honorable profession; although the Soviet steps are somewhat stiff and scientific and one tends to feel the touch of the textbook on the Moscow dance floor, one tries to be tolerant and courteous. The Bolsheviks are only beginning, and if, to recall the phrases presented to the Lost Generation by their elders, they are going a trifle jazz mad, it is, after all, only the giddiness of playing with a new and pleasurable toy.

Moscow's American colony distributes its patronage among a number of cafés in the city, but it is especially attracted to the National Café, on Gorki Street. Its Russian manageress, educated in the United States, has taught her staff how to prepare strawberry ice cream sodas and pie à la mode, although she once complained to me that her cook would never learn the delicate touch necessary for pie crust. It's a pleasant kind of place, however, although somewhat stiff and

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refined. The waitresses all wear neat brown uniforms, and they bind their hair with a kind of lace doily, which makes them look prim and English. The café closes at 1 A.M., the time that most of Moscow's night life begins. Nobody goes there to get drunk. The dance floor is smooth, however, if somewhat small; the decorations modern, if not too tasty; and the orchestra versatile, if a bit behind the times. Night lifers with a flair for the severely modern may find the National somewhat garish and vulgar, a little consciously elegant, with its pilasters and its conventionally dainty decorations. Most of the bands belong to the boom-boom school, the lungs of the man in the oboe being the measure of orchestral virtuosity. The maestros are stiff and a trifle self-conscious, and they take their batons very seriously. The drummer at the National, however, has learned to throw his sticks into the air, jump from his seat and make funny faces.

The coffee *glacé*, which comes in tall, thin glasses, and the pastry, which is not too sweet, attract many of Moscow's Americans to the Café Moscow, on Pushkin Square. A more compelling reason, however, is that it is the most occidental point in the city's night life, and in it one most feels the gay winds of the west, of the Montparnasse, of Broadway. The café is brightly lighted, its service is adequate without being unctuous, as it is in the hotels many times, and its informality is pleasing. The severe simplicity of the chrome furniture, imported from America, and the cool effortless decoration done in the modern manner lend it an easy international air. It would not be easy to place the café on the map of Europe, in contrast, for instance, to the Café Sport, whose principal decoration, the statue of a girl making a parachute jump, is a dead give-away.

The soft warm lights and the intimacy imparted by the low-vaulted ceilings of the cellar café draw Moscow's moody to the Café Caucasus. In the Caucasus, a *weltschmerz* is considered a kind of poetic license and one is permitted to ponder the relationship between himself and the world without being elbowed by dancers or hearing the sharp, stinging note of a jazz orchestra. The Caucasus is a rendezvous for artists and writers, although the somewhat defiantly named Artistic Café draws its share of Moscow's arty, too.

The shrill monotone and the dull drum beat of the Caucasus are pleasing on nights when its habitués feel pleasantly old, adequately moderate in their tastes. The native dancers performing the brilliant Lezginka, the Caucasian national dance, in native costume lends a spicy Asiatic tang to the café—a tang which an industrialized Moscow is quickly losing.

In the eyes of many of the two-week and one-month tourists, Soviet life, and particularly its night life, possesses no inner logic, no integral pattern. It is therefore retailed abroad as either

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bizarre or inexplicable. The lavish tip in an avowedly tipless world, the epauletted doormen who adorn the cafés and the tender kissing of the hand common among the sentimental few are touches which still lend a vestigial elegance to gaiety among the Bolsheviks. In many of the cafés, too, one has the feeling that they are umbilically tied to the past, to the days when gay young dandies of the 19th century tried so hard to be lecherous in the grand manner of 17th century France. One feels that the "open under new management" sign should be lying somewhere about.

The chandeliers still hang heavily from the ceilings and cut glass beads throw somewhat pathetic rays on the dance floors. The mustaches of the waiters are thick and gray, and your order is taken with a short, stiff bow in the manner of the Viennese *biergarten*. But this archaic elegance which lingers on from the past is rapidly disappearing in an industrialized world; for the combination is incompatible, if not impossible. The song of the aristocracy is over. The melody has lingered on for some eighteen years for the simple reason that a heritage of manners and morals has a certain amount of staying power.

A kind of eclectic café has sprung up since the opening of the Jazz Age. It is an attempt, perhaps, to bridge the gap between the past and the future by appealing to both. Jazz bands, which have already surpassed in popularity the old gypsy bands, are now installed in many of the popular gypsy cafés. The Prague Café on Arbat Square, for instance, has both.

Personally, I like my entertainment of a piece. The attempt to blow hot and cold at the same time does not permit a mood to crystallize or to reach a satisfying depth. At the Prague, for instance, I often found my moods quarreling among themselves. Barely had the last yi-yi-yi of a piercing gypsy song ceased echoing in my ears or the last sharp image of the dark-skinned dancers disappeared from my mind, when the orchestra's oboe would boom out an exceedingly sloppy version of *Dinah* and dissipate the tenderest mood I had formed in a week. Such a performance is, it seems to me, an insult to the emotions. It displays the same lack of taste evidenced by the American financial wizard who fits an air-conditioned, streamlined, knee-action bank with floating power in a building designed to recapture the glory that was Greece.

In the Restaurant of the East, the combination of past, present and future is especially unfortunate, because its decorative effects, done in the eastern manner, are especially pure. The walls, curtains, chairs and tables are painted in colorful, twisting designs which are extremely effective and which easily introduce an eastern mood. The gypsy entertainment is also flawless, but the tinny jazz orchestra, prominently advertised in the window, brings the whole thing down to a pedestrian level. A string en-

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semble introduces further confusion. Chopin, George M. Cohan and the Gypsy lyrics were never compatible.

Drinking is, of course, part of the night life routine in the Soviet Union as it is in the rest of the world, but with certain reservations which may be ascribed either to the Bolsheviks or simply to Russian tradition. The flowing bowl may be filled and refilled many times in the course of a gay night and empty vodka bottles may stand up like ten pins, but to be actually drunk in the better class café is to be ill-mannered and without culture. There has been a certain modification in this course of late, however. Last New Year's Eve, the first to be celebrated in the wild manner of the western world, was bawdy and bacchanalian. Moscow pulled at the vodka bottle unwisely and unwell. In previous years, January 1 had been the traditional holiday for honoring the *shockworkers* of industry and agriculture. This function was quietly forgotten. January 1 became simply the day after the night before.

If somewhat confused in design and inept in execution, the modern Soviet tavern represents a striking contrast to the mean and melancholy taverns of two or three years ago—when a request for beer was met with a liquid which flavored of nothing so much as last year's red flannel underwear. Bolshevik beer is now effervescent.

In the more pedestrian taverns on the street corner, where one may drink his beer with less flourish and formality than in the formalized café and with the forthrightness with which, it seems to me, beer demands, there is a type of gaiety missed in the highly polished bars in the night life center. In the street corner pubs, Ivan Ivanovich and friends sit about a table, tip their chairs back and sing the folk songs of yesteryear as the accordion player in the rear bawls away in melodies difficult to place as either melancholy or gay. The comrades wear their caps and, if they are factory workers, their gray flannel shirts, and they get drunk in a free, easy and gay manner.

Soviet night life is beginning to achieve a certain completeness. Predictions are dangerous, of course, because they are predicated upon logic in a world notoriously illogical, if not cockeyed. Danger notwithstanding, one may venture a guess that life after dark among the Bolsheviks will achieve a richness and diversity unattainable in the capitals of America and western Europe. The reason is not difficult to seek. Moscow's Montmartre is the child of two worlds or perhaps more. It is the corporate offspring of East, West and Revolution; of gypsy wagons, chromium and the zeal of the founding fathers. Moscow is pushing to the West, but the East will always play about her apron strings. Night life knows no party line, but it is safe to say that the Bolsheviks will never permit their amusements to outgrow the common touch, even after midnight.

—Arthur Behrstock

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WHAT IS CORONET?

OUT OF THOUSANDS COMES THIS, THE BEST ANSWER TO THE QUESTION ASKED MONTHS AGO

CORONET may have the epidermis of a magazine, but it is no more a magazine, really, (although to simplify reference I shall call it one) than the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna, would be a circus if it were housed in a tent. For that matter, even if CORONET were a magazine, it would not be *one* magazine. It would be four! Will a single definition of it, then, apply with any accuracy throughout?

The most serious danger, of course, is the unavoidable pitfall of the subjective (but only sensible) approach. You remember the six blind men of Indostan examining the elephant? The first, hitting on its trunk, mistook it for a wall; the second, feeling of its tusk, declared it was a spear; the third, grasping its tail, could not have been dissuaded by seventeen caravans of lawyers from believing it was a snake . . . "And so these men of Indostan disputed loud and long. Though each was partly in the right, and all were in the wrong." That analogy applies, to some extent, here. CORONET, multi-faceted, may be one thing to one man, another to another.

CORONET is an assembly of fact, fiction, photographs and reproductions of art; but these parts, although almost inviolably distinct except for a common participation in excellence, are not assembled haphazardly, like the ingredients of a bread-pudding. CORONET is an *organism*. In the same sense that the human body is an organism, a functional unity. And if the juxtaposition of two things as dissimilar as a note on Bach and an inlaid snuff-box should seem to outrage the principles of unity, notice how the eye is just as different from the toe, yet the body has an identity quite separate from that of its parts—an identity which may survive growth, mutilation or destruction in any or all of them. The constituent sections of CORONET collaborate in just such a personality . . . elusive to definition but accessible to perception, like love . . . at once real and imaginary, like the square root of minus one.

On this basis, CORONET is (for me at least) the condition for a lively cognitive and aesthetic experience, an experience at once stimulating and sedative, provocative and at the same time satisfying. It takes me from the narrow

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room where I sit to participate vicariously in the illimitable activities of mind and sense. It is at once a mine of information, a feather to humor, an introduction to wonder, a passport to beauty and a theatre for the incalculable transmutations and transfigurations of art.

If this definition suggests a mere effect on individual opinion, the objective approach is equally vulnerable. You can't find the music by taking the piano apart. CORONET defeats vivisection. Forgetting for the moment, however, the carved gold saltcellar by Cellini, it may clarify matters a little at least, to divide its "infinite riches" quite simply into articles, fiction, photographs and reproductions of art, and examine them point by point.

For instance, the articles are so engaging the authors can leave their big names to the end. They bristle with information. They tingle with novelty. And they are so varied, that perusal of CORONET is like a steady streak of luck in shopping—one is continually coming across something *unusual* one wanted to know but was never conscious of looking for, as well as discovering something one should have known but somehow didn't about the *standard* topics of significant conversation.

Let no one think, however, that these articles are (God forbid) digests. They are in no way shriveled or deformed with brevity but, for all their compactness, as perfectly developed as the intricate entrails of small watches—and if the fact stories in CORONET are sometimes stranger than fiction, the fiction stories are often truer than fact. So, for that matter, are the photographs.

Annotation to the photographs would be, if not superfluous, futile. They can define themselves better than I can. For words, clumsy instruments of communication in the most practised hands, blotting up truth, shatter it into fragments; whereas pictures speak their deeper subtleties directly and intact. These photographs are not intended to be ingenious miracles of duplication but the infinite masquerade of beauty—beauty cast as body, as wheat-field, as pig, as raindrop . . . They are not photographs of beautiful things but beautiful photographs of things. Their beauty is broad enough to include interest and exclamation. Their importance lies in their disclosure of the universal which absorbs their particularity and infuses them with meaning. They glow with the steady, quickening incandescence of truth. They are beautiful much as a faithful theatrical performance, apart from any sympathy with the role, is beautiful. They have the kind of beauty which, transcending topicality, is its own preservative. The photographs in CORONET will *keep*.

The art reproductions are a fascinating labyrinth, paintings, sculpture, lithographs, engravings, etchings, aquatints, wax reliefs, Ceramic pottery, Renaissance jewelery, Mexican straw mosaics and God knows what other artistic windfalls as impos-

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sible to classify in one sentence as the mosaic of nerves, muscles, tissues, etc., which constitutes the human body. I used to think, myself, that Art was all fat frumps in funny hats. But I'm learning. One *can* learn. In fact, I have discovered that for full appreciation and understanding, one not only *can* but *must* learn. That's what CORONET does. It trains the eyes by painless instruction and pleasant practice, to read pictures as well as print . . . and I, for one, was surprised as all get out to find how vital is the satisfaction this illimitable broadening and deepening of one's horizon gives. Yet CORONET is no textbook. CORONET is food. Even for the skeptical, it is surprisingly tasty food. If, on the other hand, you never doubted the arts, you'll think it's humming-birds' tongues . . . Finally, granted the time, how else could you, under expert selective guidance, visit the Kunsthistorisches Museum, the Louvre, and the Met. (to name only a few) for thirty-five cents a shot? How else, but in CORONET, could you carry them around in your coat pocket? B.C., for popular art, means Before CORONET!

CORONET may be serious but never solemn, flexible but not spineless, frank but not obscene, vigorous but not rude, refined but not prim, true but not trite, beautiful but not sticky, successful but not smug, suggestible but not corruptible, wrong but never false . . . These qualities do add up, sometimes, to nonentity or a yawn; but, in this case, ask the man who owns one.

The man who owns one will be intelligent but not precious, curious but not sure, cultivated but not of a clique, artistic but not arty, full-blooded but not coarse. In short, CORONET belongs (or should) to almost every sensitive person who can read or, for that matter, see. CORONET is a feast for the sense and the senses alike.

—ERNEST REDMOND BUCKLER

★ ★ ★ ★

As YOU have already learned if you have read the pages immediately preceding, the best letter in answer to the question asked (or rather passed on to) our audience in this space in the October issue was that of Ernest Redmond Buckler, of Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, Canada. Mr. Buckler has received, in accordance with the promise made here in October, publication of his letter as a regular feature article and payment at the announced "semi-pro" rate of one hundred dollars.

But receipt of Mr. Buckler's winning letter only deepened our dilemma. His letter was one of the last to come in before the announced deadline of November 25th. We felt that it was by a measurable margin the best of all the several thousand submitted, because it best grappled with the difficulties of propounding an actual definition of CORONET. But we had already, some weeks before its receipt,

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incautiously confessed in print that the "contest" was snarled in a three-way tie. And even though we felt that Mr. Buckler won clearly, and fairly, we couldn't help feeling a sense of obligation to the three who were, among them, second best. So we decided to pay off all around, by way of bending over backward to be fair. Accordingly, checks for one hundred dollars each have also gone to Miss Jean Flickinger of Duluth, Minnesota; to Miss Janice Helen Saunders of Mobile, Alabama; and to Mr. Harold Blodgett of Schenectady, New York. We'll try, too, to find room for their letters in an early issue.

Meanwhile, here's the portion of Miss Saunders' letter that we found most intriguing:

"Now, when nearly a dozen (I missed a few) small magazines are lending a rainbow of color to my book-shelves, I have found that this little book has one faculty that is unusual wherever you find it—a faculty that would charm the moon out of the sky (if the moon could be charmed). And it is this: Wonder. I have never read one copy of it without thinking I wonder what's coming next? I have never read even one article, or looked at even one picture, in it without wondering a little—or, more often, a lot. In the case of the picture, how the artist got that effect, perhaps; in the case of an article, where the idea came from, or what could be done about it. Mind you, I haven't said that I always agreed with them—heaven forbid!—*but*—I *thought* about *all* of them. I never start at the front of CORONET without skimming through it completely right at first—because I can't wait to see what's "coming next." Then I go back and digest the whole thing—cover and all.

"This wonder business is very valuable to all of us. It's what made our remote ancestors (whom some of us would like to forget) begin to use a thumb like a thumb and not another finger. It built the Empire State Building (if that is an achievement) and the Lick Observatory (which certainly is). And it put a light in the dark and music in the air.

"Sometimes it's called 'thinking' and sometimes 'curiosity' or 'dreaming' or, in its lowest form of life, plain 'nosiness.'

"But what you call it is beside the point, which is: that the thing that can make you wonder is beyond price.

"CORONET has other interesting traits. It isn't, thank heaven, all sweetness and light. Neither is it plunged into gloom, ever. What it has to say is quite matter-of-fact, sort of a take-it-or-leave-it air. I like that air. The audacity of it!

"It has beauty, too, and I know Don Daugherty believes it has a heart. So do I.

"I made my point five paragraphs ago, but like a woman I couldn't stop. And the point was this: To answer your question, in my idea of a nutshell —'CORONET is the magazine that makes you *wonder*.'"

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CORONET

for

JANUARY

1938

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ARNOLD GINGRICH
EDITOR

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